Collier's

TEN CENTS

JUNE 10, 1944

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MUKY

"WE NEED AIRSHIPS!"

Says Admiral Rosen

June, 10, 1944

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RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
RESERVE
First among fine whiskies THREE FEATHERS
Reserve

Please Note: Our distilleries are now producing alcohol for war use by the government. No whiskey has been made since October, 1942. The base whiskies you now enjoy in Three Feathers blended whiskey were drawn from our ever-diminishing inventories.

FEATHER YOUR NEST... HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY! Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.

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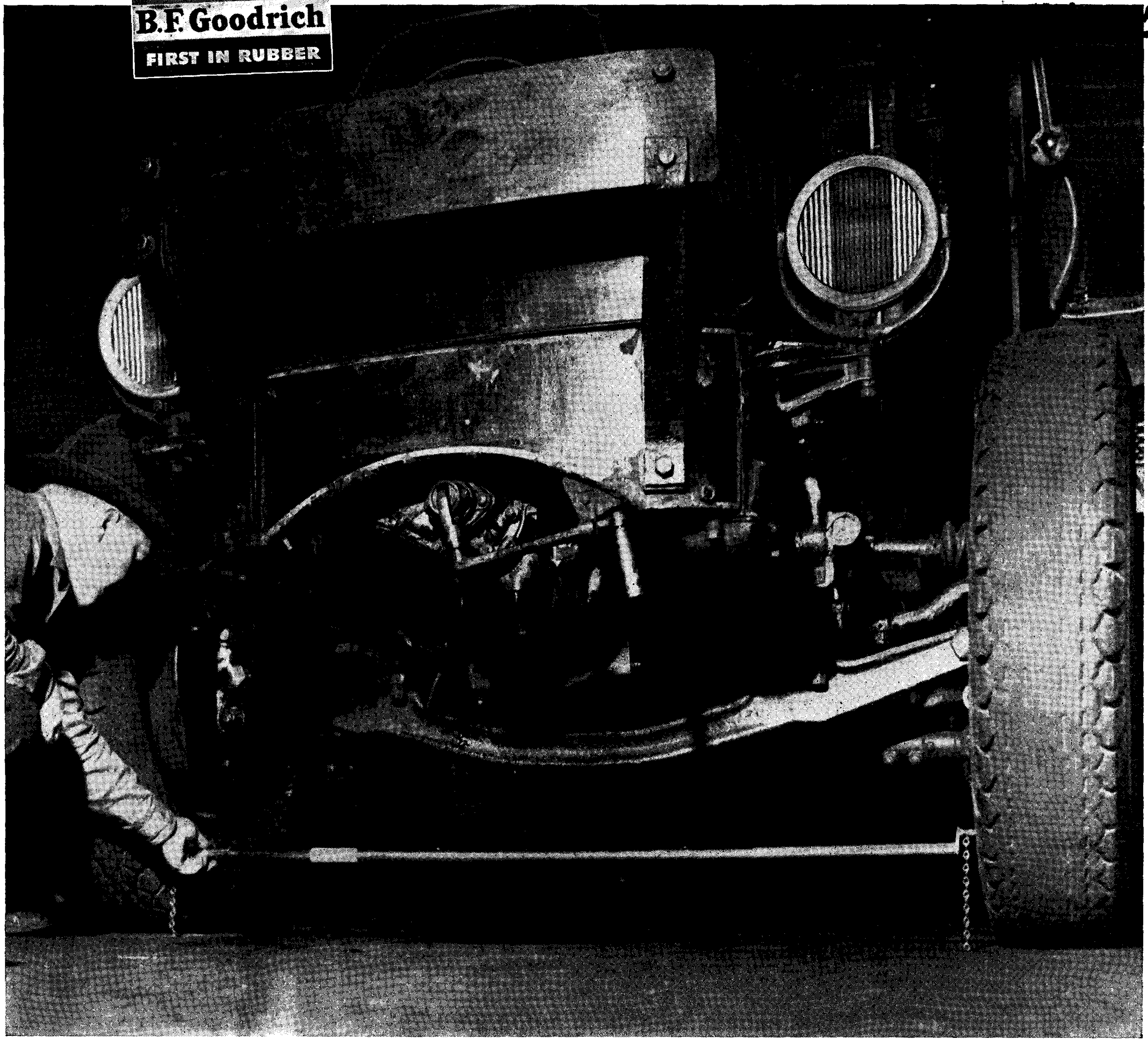
In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



The truck with the pigeon toes

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

FOR years many truck tires have worn out long before their time.

Take the case of the "pigeon-toed" truck. Most front wheels should toe-in slightly when the truck is standing still so that they will be parallel when running. If they toe-in too much, excessive tire wear results. A wheel that is only one-half inch out of alignment is dragged 87 feet every mile it rolls. Excessive wear results.

Truck owners have done their best to watch these seeming details which may shorten tire life. But still too many tires wore out before their time.

Then B. F. Goodrich drew on the experience of many years in handling completely the tire maintenance of large bus fleets. They established the B. F. Goodrich Tire Conservation Service for fleet operators. Under this plan factory-trained tire men take over the complete supervision of tire maintenance. These men know how to spot the pigeon-toed trucks such as that shown in the picture. They know what to look for, how to stop tire troubles before they start.

Today hundreds of fleets, including many of the country's largest, use this conservation plan. Savings of rubber, mileage, and money have been huge. Typical of the comments of operators are "We believe we will show a 25% saving" . . . "This service saves far more than it costs" . . . "The number of failures has been reduced 60%."

Only a few trained men are available to take over a limited number of additional fleets in certain areas. If you would like to know how this unusual tire conservation plan can increase your truck fleet tire mileage write the Tire Conservation Dept., The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio. For good truck tires see the local B. F. Goodrich dealer or Silvertown store.

B. F. Goodrich
Truck & Bus Tires

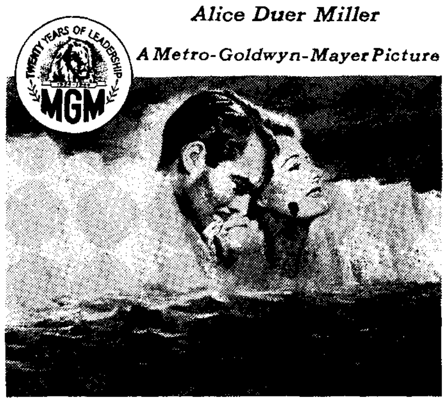
Picture
OF THE MONTH

"THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"
Starring
IRENE DUNNE
A CLARENCE BROWN Production
and with **ALAN MARSHAL**
Roddy McDOWALL • Frank MORGAN
Van Johnson • C. Aubrey Smith
Dame May Whitty • Gladys Cooper

Directed by............*Clarence Brown*
Produced by...........*Sidney Franklin*

Screen Play by *Claudine West, Jan Lustig* and *George Froeschel* • Based on the Poem "The White Cliffs" by *Alice Duer Miller*

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



While the motion picture industry is celebrating its Fiftieth Anniversary, this year Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer takes the center of the proceedings with its own twenty years of leadership.

This organization which started in 1924 and released such films as "The Big Parade", "The Merry Widow", "Ben Hur", "Trader Horn", "Grand Hotel", "Mutiny on the Bounty", "San Francisco", "Good Earth", "Boys Town", "Gone With The Wind", "Mrs. Miniver", "Random Harvest", "Madame Curie" has something to shout about.

And fortuitously they are releasing "The White Cliffs of Dover" as the example of what the twenty years background has enabled them to produce.

We wrote about "The White Cliffs of Dover" last month. But with the release somewhat delayed, it is fitting to write about it again, for frankly you can say it twice about this picture.

It is one of the most distinguished we have had the privilege of seeing.

Irene Dunne confirms our suspicions that she is probably the best actress on the screen. What a performance she gives as the American girl who falls in love with the British Alan Marshal.

A great deal will be said about international amity—hands across the seas—but "The White Cliffs of Dover" remains primarily a love story.

Clarence Brown, the director, and Sidney Franklin, the producer, have seen to that.

This picture is a real competitor for "Mrs. Miniver's" honors. We recommend it without ands, ifs or buts. Leo the Lion can take a bow on his birthday.

Collier's

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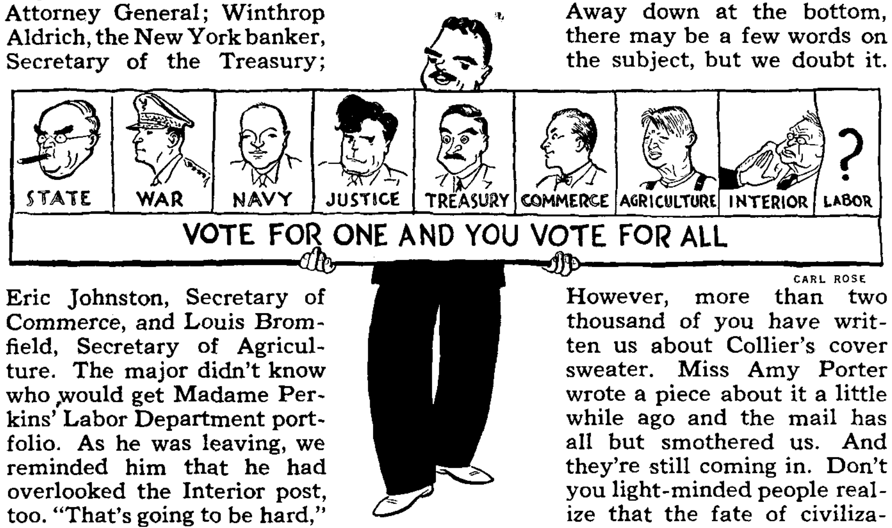
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
		IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

MAJOR TULIP, the original ear-to-the-ground man, has just left these offices with his head in the clouds. He told us that he had just had his ear to the ground for seventy-two hours in a pelting rain. He has come up with this: That Governor Dewey will be nominated and that in his acceptance speech he will name his Cabinet. Having done that, he will campaign under the slogan: Vote for a Whole Government, Not Just an Individual. The major said that the Cabinet which Governor Dewey will propose will be a confidence builder and a vote compeller. For example, Senator Vandenburg, Secretary of State; General MacArthur, Secretary of War; Commander Stassen, Secretary of the Navy; Wendell Willkie, Attorney General; Winthrop Aldrich, the New York banker, Secretary of the Treasury; Eric Johnston, Secretary of Commerce, and Louis Bromfield, Secretary of Agriculture. The major didn't know who would get Madame Perkins' Labor Department portfolio. As he was leaving, we reminded him that he had overlooked the Interior post, too. "That's going to be hard," he said. "This Harold Ickes guy will be a tough guy to get rid of."



WE LIKE to start out with significant stuff like that. Makes us feel important. Gives us stature like the lads who write think columns. After all such profundities, however, we always seem to relapse. For example, here's Mr. L. W. Brammer of Bakersfield, California, saying that in his newspaper there was the following ad: "Wanted—Discharged soldier to learn photostat work. Chance for advancement, becoming executive. Prefer wounded convalescent or over-age infantry sergeant. Second choice, an extra bright Air Corps general."

THOUSANDS of loud patriots will attend our two Presidential nomination conventions. We were lost in contemplation of the coming confusion when Mr. Ben Levy of Chicago dashed in with an idea. And he's got an idea. We haven't been so enthusiastic about anything in eighty-eight years. Mr. Levy suggests that nobody—candidates, delegates, alternate delegates, stooges, spectators, *nobody*—should enter either convention without buying a War Bond. No contradictions, please. That's an idea! What are you going to do about it?

WE REGRET to say that very few customers are writing thoughtful letters about the postwar world. We shall look through the spectacular disorder on our desk one of these days and see. Away down at the bottom, there may be a few words on the subject, but we doubt it. However, more than two thousand of you have written us about Collier's cover sweater. Miss Amy Porter wrote a piece about it a little while ago and the mail has all but smothered us. And they're still coming in. Don't you light-minded people realize that the fate of civilization is hanging in the balance? Please take sweaters off your minds and think. Only one of these letters contains a decent indignation. It's from Miss Thanksgiving Garnett of Piqua, Ohio. She writes to Miss Porter thus: "The idea of sweaters at a time like this! Have you nothing better to do but show off your limbs?"

ALSO there's entirely too much of this Fascist branding. It is getting so that every time we reject a story or article the author hotly asserts that he needs "no further proof that you are a Fascist." Now we have one from a gentleman who is very sore about something we said about horse shows. "Okay," cries he. "Wait until after the war, you lousy Fascists!" . . . W. D.

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JUNE 10, 1944

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COVER MUKY

Thank You, America, *for your* Tremendous Endorsement *of Zenith's Crusade to Lower the Cost of Hearing!*

Zenith Radio Corporation
CHICAGO

OFFICE OF
E. F. McDONALD, JR.
PRESIDENT

To: The Hard of Hearing, and
All Who Are Interested in Them.

Last November Zenith said: From now on, NO ONE NEED PAY MORE THAN $40 FOR A QUALITY HEARING AID. Your phenomenal purchases testify how completely you agree. Already, your demand has made Zenith's rate of hearing aid production THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD TODAY!

By placing Zenith's finest quality within reach of all, the new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is restoring thousands in every walk of life to the world of sound. It is rehabilitating men and women for greater usefulness in wartime work. It is removing the shadow of failure from school children whose lives were darkened by defective hearing.

Some have asked "How can Zenith's finest precision quality sell at this revolutionary low price?" That Zenith is the world's leading maker of radionic products exclusively is but a partial answer.

Perhaps more basic is this: Zenith builds not to a price, but to an improved modern principle of hearing aid design: The principle of instant personal adjustment. You, yourself, "focus" this instrument for your particular hearing needs -- for different voices and surroundings -- as conveniently as you focus a pair of binoculars!

Thus with the Zenith there is no need for old-way testing and frequent adjustments by high-pressure salesmen. There is no need for home calls and other expensive sales promotion. The quality is in the instrument itself, where it belongs!

By its excellence, by its low price and low-cost battery upkeep, the Zenith is bringing about something new in our nation. It is making the hearing aid as popular among those with impaired hearing as eyeglasses are among people with impaired vision.

For your understanding of Zenith's Crusade to lower the cost of hearing, for your overwhelming response to the new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid, THANK YOU, AMERICA!

E. F. McDonald Jr.
President, Zenith Radio Corporation

P.S. To those not yet wearing a Zenith: You are invited to attend a demonstration at your local Zenith-franchised optical establishment. HEAR THE PROOF.

THE NEW ZENITH RADIONIC HEARING AID

$40 Ready to Wear

Complete with Radionic Tubes, Crystal Microphone, Magnetic Earphone, Batteries and Battery-Saver Circuit. One model—no "decoys"...One price—$40...One quality—Zenith's best. Covered by a liberal guarantee.

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Please send me—in plain envelope—your Free descriptive booklet on the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid.

Name...
Address...
City.. *State* ....
☐ Physicians check here for special literature.

There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

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RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER
All Production Now for War or Rehabilitation

I HATE TO ADMIT IT BUT PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC PROLON BRISTLE IS GOOD!
Pro-phy-lac-tic
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

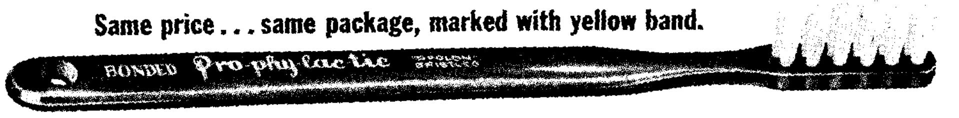
Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

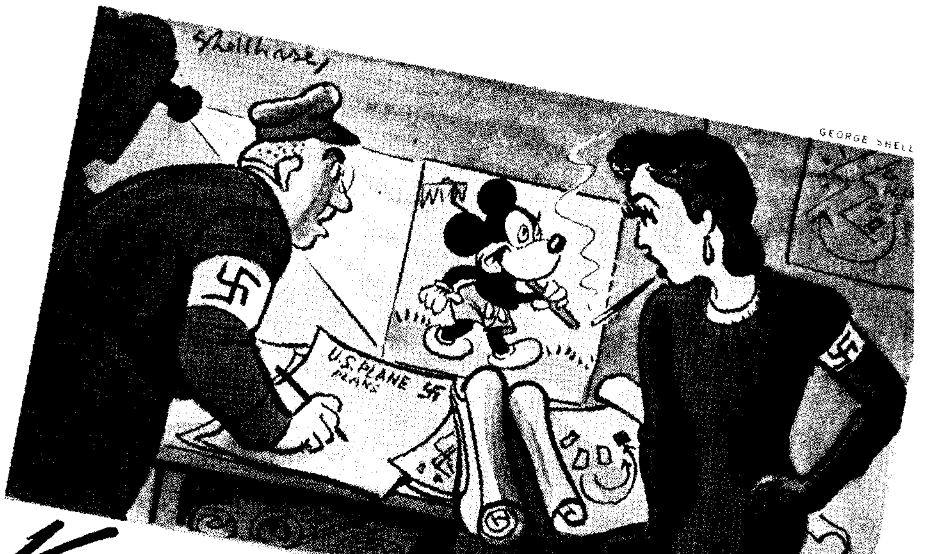
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.





Keep up with the world

By Freling Foster

Two years ago, the U. S. Foreign Funds Control, which regulates financial transactions between America and Axis and neutral countries, discovered and purged a disguised Nazi corporation in New York. This firm collected movies and drawings of secret military equipment through subsidiaries whose business was developing films and servicing blueprint machines they had sold to 3,500 industrial plants.

A military tank uses more electric lights for its size than any other war machine. An American M-4 medium tank employs 27, or about the number found in most homes.

Only 19 men have been major party candidates in the 15 Presidential elections since 1884, eleven of them having been nominated one or more times. As five were elected more than once, only 10 men have held the office in this 60-year period. All had political experience, six having been governors; and three came from Ohio, three from New York and one each from California, Indiana, Massachusetts and New Jersey.—*By Kay Burr, New York City.*

Having been bred and raised under the supervision of dairy herd improvement associations, more than 800,000 American cows today have an average annual production of 8,000 pounds of milk, or 70 per cent more than the 4,700 pounds averaged by the other 26,000,000 cows in this country.

There are 125 species of purebred dogs but only 25 varieties of purebred cats are recognized officially throughout the world today.

The Army Air Communications System now operates 585,000 miles of wire and radio circuits on the military airways of the United Nations. The beams keep the airmen from getting lost over any ocean or continent and the communication circuits keep them in constant contact with ground stations so they can report location and receive instructions. Incidentally, these two-way conversations number about 48,000 every 24 hours.

The ballet in Russia is still unapproached in activity and patronage by that of the United States, although this form of dancing has recently attained great popularity in this country. The U.S.S.R. has 22 ballet schools with nearly 4,000 students, 30 cities that support their own ballet theaters and some 25 companies that annually visit the other cities.

An unusual symptom of eyestrain is tinnitus, or the sensation of noise produced in the ear; a condition that may be relieved by properly fitted glasses. —*By Henrietta Desgrey, Yonkers, New York.*

The motion picture censorship boards maintained today by six states not only pay for themselves but also make money. In 1943, the New York State board, in reviewing and licensing some 1,525 original films and 27,500 duplicate prints, produced a gross revenue of about $285,000 and a net profit of approximately $217,000.

The German ME-323 transport plane is so heavy when fully loaded that, although powered by six 700-800 h.p. engines, it cannot rise from the ground without firing eight wing-mounted rockets and being towed by another plane.

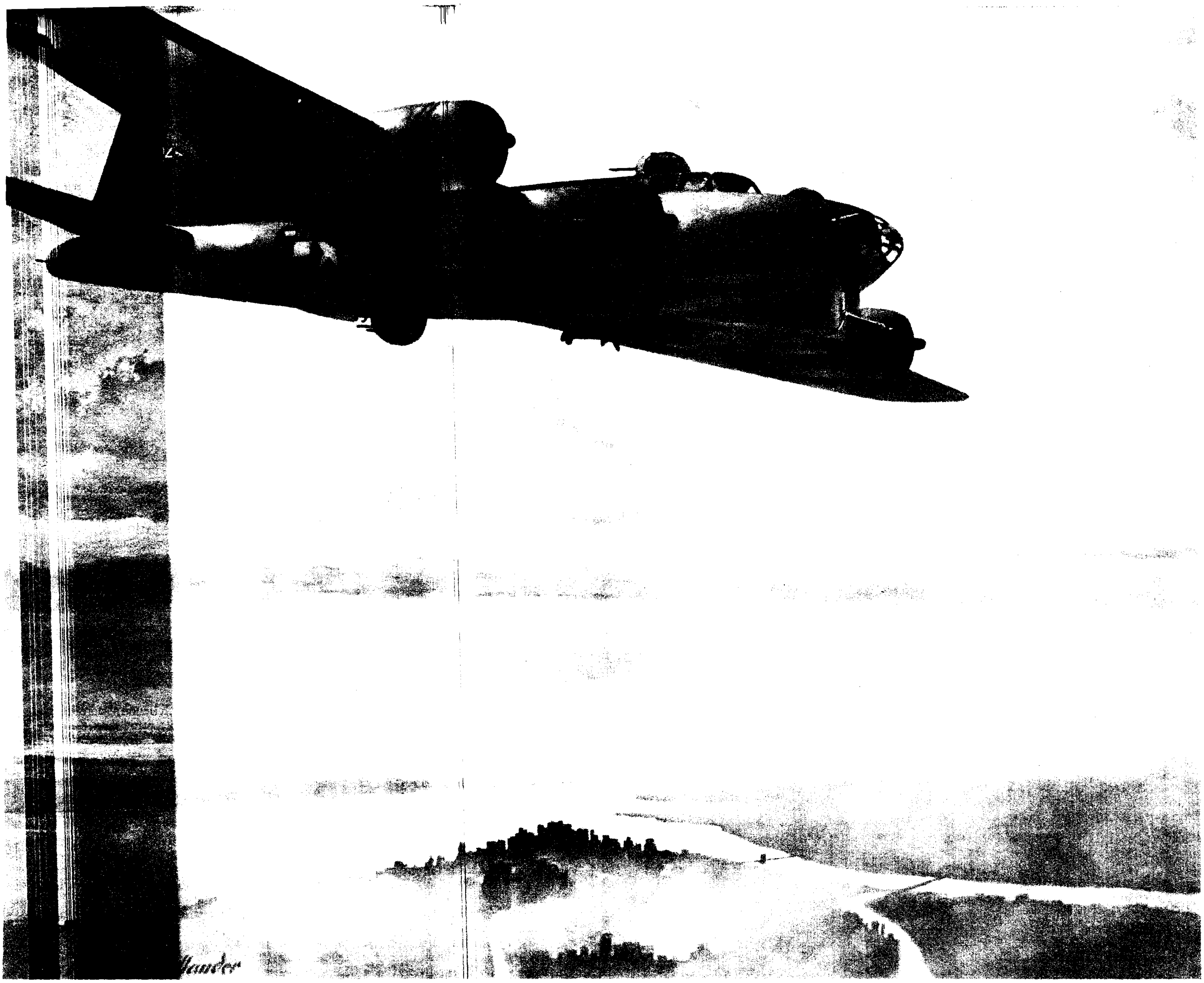
Established nearly five years ago, the Dawn Society of San Francisco, America's first clearinghouse for human corneas, has been promised the transparent eyeball coating of 700 persons at death and has received requests for corneas from some 2,000 blind persons who hope that such a transplant will restore their sight. Yet so far, not a single cornea has been received by the Society.

More than half of all Siamese cats are cross-eyed, a unique hereditary defect of this breed, which is the most popular short-haired purebred type in America today.

A person may be tried and convicted for the same offense by both a federal and a state court as the "double jeopardy" clause in the Constitution applies only to dual punishment by the federal government. Several years ago, one such case, which resulted in the double conviction of five bootleggers in the State of Washington, was taken to and upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The only distilled alcoholic liquor that is not aged, colored or flavored is vodka. . . . America's newest word, now coming into use as an adjective synonymous with television, is video —which means "I see" in Latin.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



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"We all have faith in those engines!"

THE pilot of a Boeing Flying Fortress wrote the following about his bomber and the Studebaker-built Wright Cyclone engines that power it:

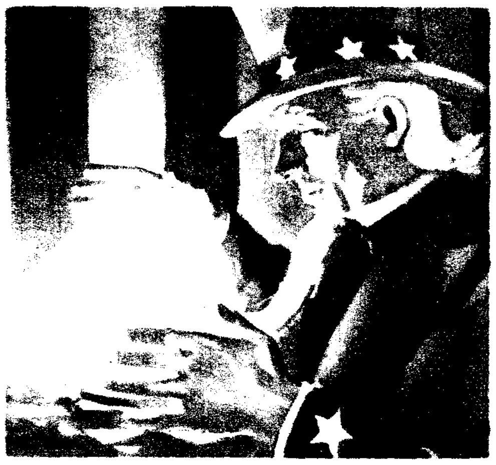
"I fly one every day and think there is no other ship her equal. We all have faith in those Cyclone engines."

Studebaker, famous for its peacetime motor cars and trucks, has already built tens of thousands of the mighty power plants with which the Flying Fortress has winged its way to world-wide victories.

But Studebaker realizes that this great four-engine Boeing bomber is merely part of an all-star team of other bombers, fighters, seaplanes, transports and observation planes that makes America's air might so effective.

All the valiant men and women of the Army, the Navy, the Air Forces, the Coast Guard and the Marine Corps know that the success of America's armed forces depends upon teamwork.

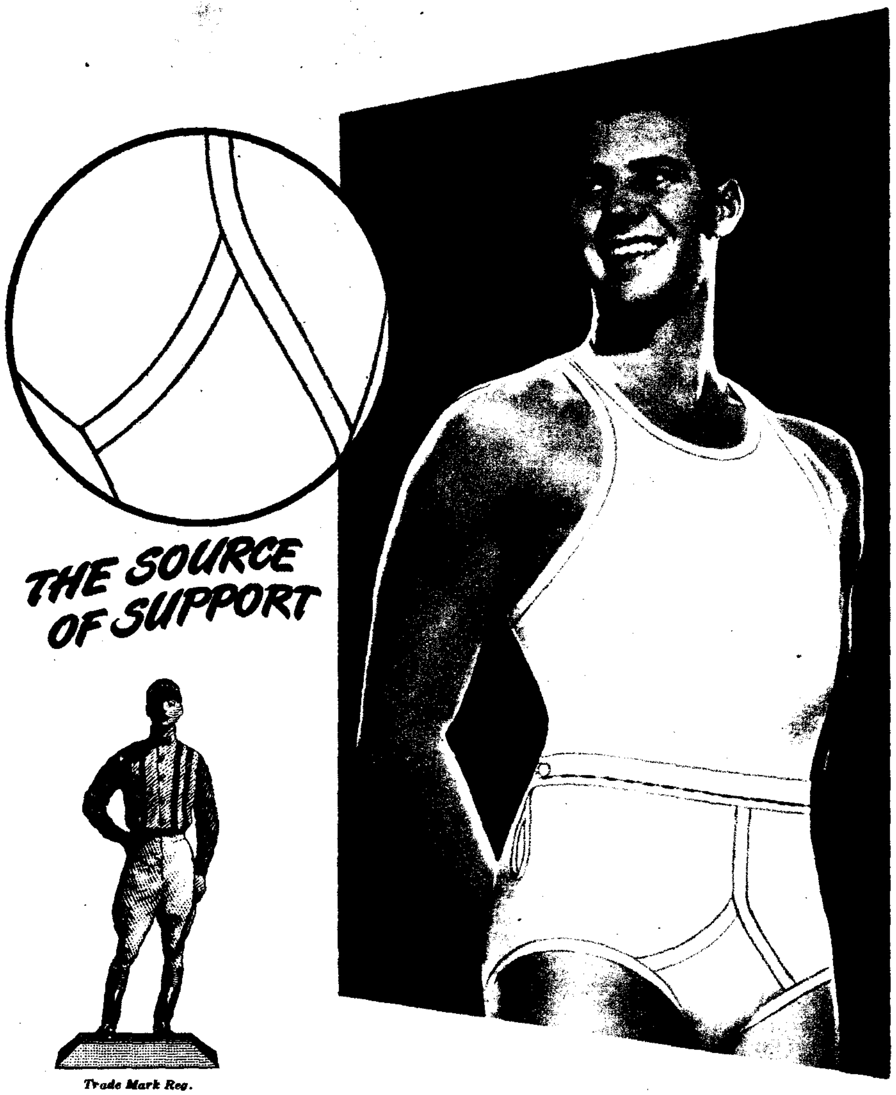
There is glory enough in decisive victory to give everyone who helps a share. And so Studebaker workers proudly and steadfastly keep on producing Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—big, multiple-drive military trucks—and other vital war matériel.



Look ahead with Uncle Sam and buy more War Bonds now. Every Bond is a safeguard for the future . . . your country's future and your own.

Studebaker *BUILDS WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES FOR THE BOEING FLYING FORTRESS*

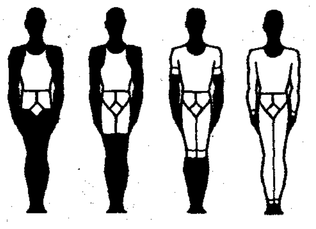
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE COMFORT OF
Jockey
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
NO-GAP, Y-FRONT
CONSTRUCTION



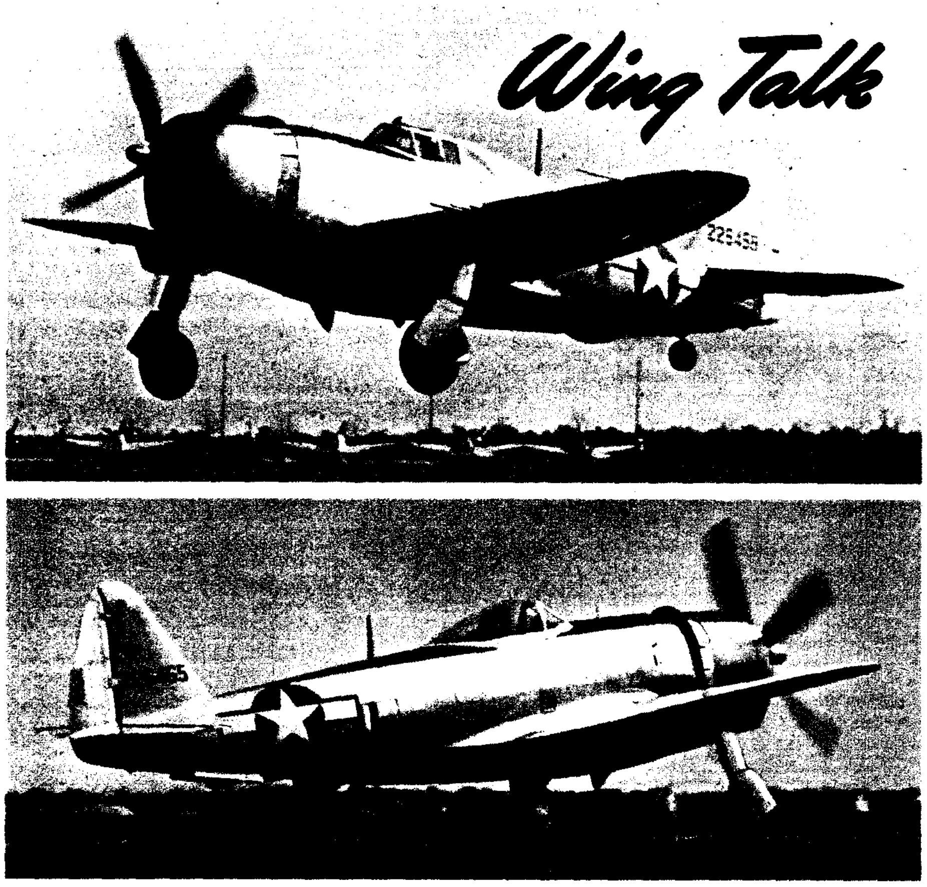
Because of wartime shortages, you've probably accepted substitutes for many of your favorite products and have not complained about it. But man, what a *big* difference you'd find between Jockey and other brands of support underwear! You'd miss Jockey's smooth, seamless support pouch . . . the design that keeps needless bulk out of the crotch area . . . the convenience of the angled, no-gap opening . . . the patented Y-Front and the comfortable, cross-stretch seat construction which together provide firm, unfailing support. You'll be smart to wait, if your dealer's supply of Jockey Underwear is temporarily sold out.

Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ltd. Hawick, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S. I.



Wing Talk



Republic Aviation's new version of their deadly P-47 Thunderbolt (above) has more than double the range of the earlier model shown in the picture at top. Note that a "bubble canopy" replaces the "Greenhouse" and that the turtle deck gives way to streamlining

THUNDERBOLT pilots know the P-47 as the fighter that flies higher, and does more damage in more different ways, than anything in its class. Some of the fliers are ready to believe it will do almost everything but talk; and the new version—details of which are being made public for the first time this week—will certainly do that, in at least one sense of the word.

One little-known fact about Republic Aviation's baby is that approximately two thirds of all the U.S.A.A.F. fighter planes in combat over all the theaters of war are Thunderbolts. Another is that this ship—known officially as the P-47, and not yet two years old—is a triple-threat job, having proved its worth as a high-altitude fighter, as a dive bomber, and as a hedgehopping strafer. But Republic has gilded its lulu. Approximately as of today, the enemy is discovering a new Thunderbolt in the sky, with more than double the former range of 315 miles, more power, and a classy new silhouette.

A comparison of the pictures above will show the obvious changes in appearance. The "greenhouse" canopy and the "ridgepole," or turtle deck, have been eliminated and replaced with a "bubble canopy" and a streamline from there on back. The bulletproof windshield, with its flat front surfaces, gives the pilot better forward vision, and the absence of window frames and the "ridgepole" easily enables him, with a mere twist of the head, to detect "bandits" coming in from the side or behind.

In addition the new version has more horsepower and can pull away from almost anything with wings. Besides relying on its larger engine, the pilot can call upon what is termed "war emergency power." This added spurt of several hundred horses is obtained by water injected into the carburetor. You may have noticed that your car works better at night, when there's more moisture in the air. That's because wet air improves the mixture of gasoline and air.

The new Thunderbolt is equipped with a 30-gallon water tank from which the pilot, by thumbing a button on the left side of the cockpit, can, in an emergency, squirt four quarts a minute into the carburetor. This means that the P-47 cannot be outrun by Focke-Wulf 190s or Messerschmitts, which become dead ducks once the Thunderbolt pilot gets them in line with his eight .50-caliber guns. (Incidentally, Republic is now doing another one of those things that couldn't be done: They're mounting in the wings and boresighting *all* eight machine guns even before the wings are attached to the fuselage.)

The increased radius has been brought about by increased internal fuel capacity. The gasoline carried externally can now be used for climbing and for reaching combat areas, and the internal fuel for warm-up, fighting and return to the base.

Without going into statistics, there are a couple of other facts about the Thunderbolt that you may not know: (1) It was the first fighter to be delivered in quantities to the most critical theaters when they were most needed, and (2) there have been fewer "aborts" or mechanical failures among its operational records than in those of any other fighter.

From a squadron of the Twelfth Air Force operating in Italy comes the story of how the Thunderbolt became a practical bomber in a combat area. It started last Christmas Eve when this particular squadron received a couple of dozen P-47s. The pilots liked the ship but there was one fly in the ice cream—they had been operating as fighter-bombers, and the Thunderbolt carried no bombs.

IT WAS Major Gilbert O. Wymond, of Louisville, Kentucky, who first suggested they add a couple of bombs to the ship's load, and it remained for Tech. Sgt. Billie Hahn, and Sgt. Charles Appel (respectively of Wellsburg, West Virginia, and Grand Haven, Michigan) to design an installation and release apparatus.

The squadron's armorers all contributed ideas, and seven days later, with two 500-pound bombs replacing two of the three reserve fuel tanks, and with a copious belly tank full of extra gasoline, a Thunderbolt piloted by Major Wymond successfully did its stuff as a dive bomber. A little later, the major experimentally doubled the bomb load, got away with it, and forthwith began to drop two 1,000-pound eggs on enemy installations here and there.

(Continued on page 53)

"THE CHURCH IN THE JUNGLE"

I'm going up front now.

And if you don't mind, before I go I'd like to talk with you.

I won't ask you to intercede for me on the battlefield. I won't ask you to make things soft for me when the going gets tough. I won't ask you to carry me. I'll take the bitter and the rough along with the rest.

I ask only this . . .

If we must die, let us be worthy to die . . .

If we must fall, let our fall be not unnoticed and alone.

We know you understand . . .

And we know Joe's father and Pete's wife and Jack's brother and Bill's kids and Fred's girl and my mother understand. . .

But help the others back home to understand, too.

Help them to understand how much devotion to their jobs means to us . . .

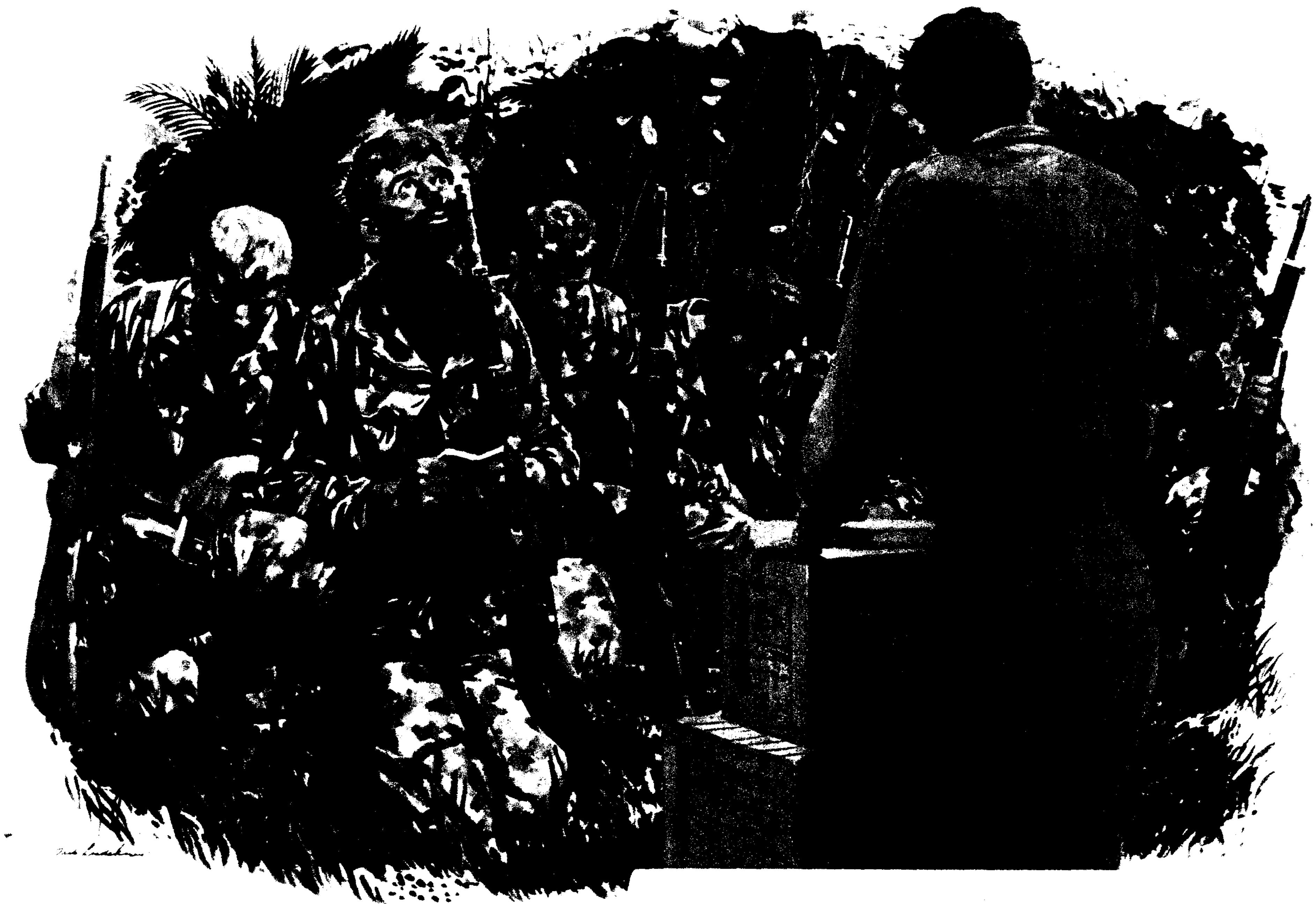
Help them to understand that here in this green hell the enemy is not a man but a devil . . . that if you sleep you sleep with your finger on the filed-down trigger of a tommy gun . . . that sudden silence is drowned by sudden sound and the earth quakes and forests topple and hills fall and all of us live and walk in the fear of death . . .

Help them to understand that in a world where all we see and touch and hear is strange, a man must cling to changeless things . . . his home . . . his country . . . and his God . . .

Help them to understand we will never change our hearts and souls and minds about the things we're fighting for.

No. Out here we fight for the right to come back to our homes, our America, our way of life . . . for the right of all men to live and grow in a world where every man may keep forever free from hatred, greed and tyranny — his home . . . his country . . . and his God.

Amen.



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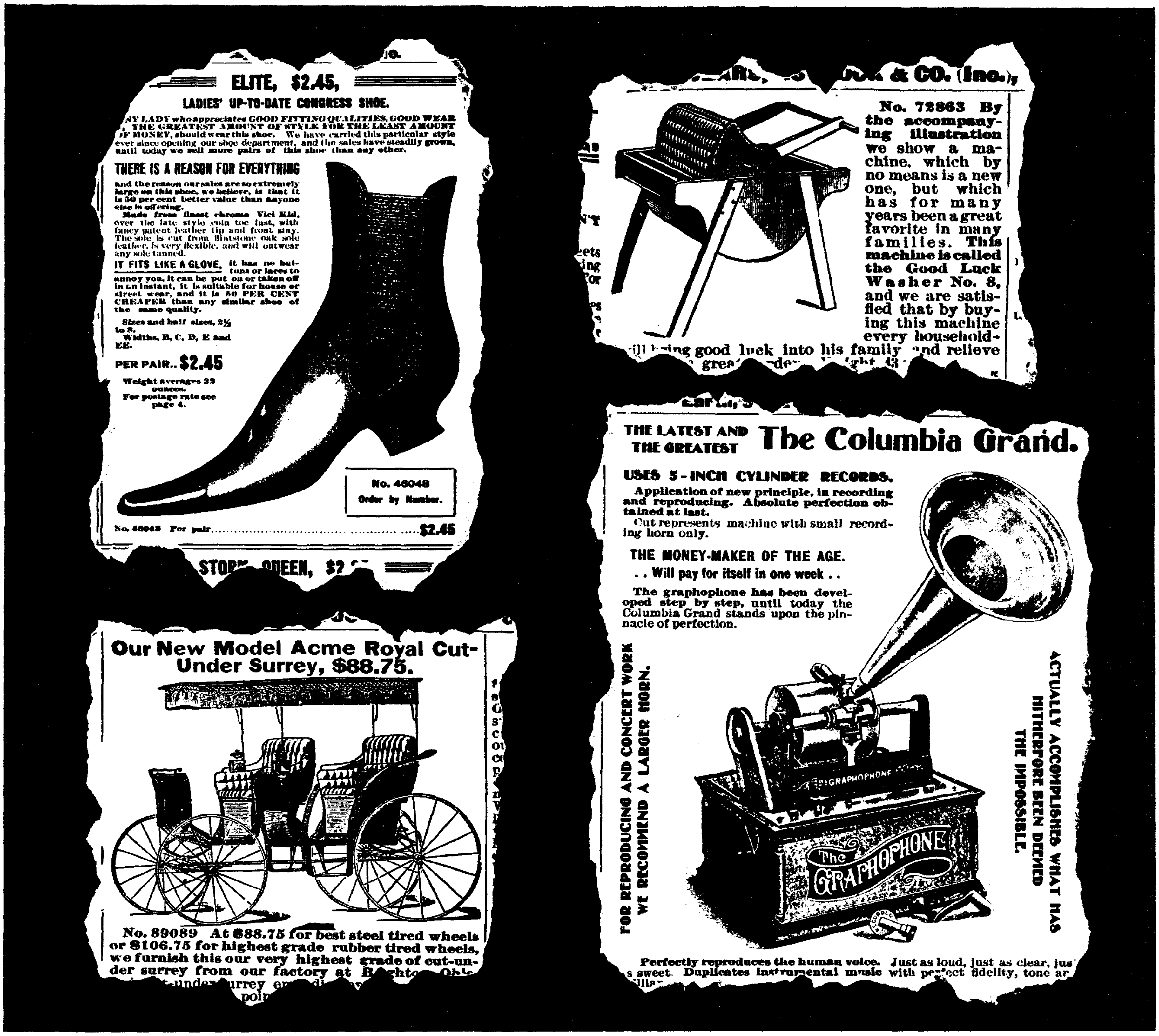


ELITE, $2.45,

LADIES' UP-TO-DATE CONGRESS SHOE.

NY LADY who appreciates GOOD FITTING QUALITIES, GOOD WEAR , THE GREATEST AMOUNT OF STYLE FOR THE LEAST AMOUNT F MONEY, should wear this shoe. We have carried this particular style ever since opening our shoe department, and the sales have steadily grown, until today we sell more pairs of this shoe than any other.

THERE IS A REASON FOR EVERYTHING and the reason our sales are so extremely large on this shoe, we believe, is that it is 50 per cent better value than anyone else is offering.

Made from finest chrome Vici Kid, over the late style coin toe last, with fancy patent leather tip and front stay. The sole is cut from flintstone oak sole leather, is very flexible, and will outwear any sole tanned.

IT FITS LIKE A GLOVE, it has no buttons or laces to annoy you, it can be put on or taken off in an instant, it is suitable for house or street wear, and it is 50 PER CENT CHEAPER than any similar shoe of the same quality.

Sizes and half sizes, 2½ to 8.

Widths, B, C, D, E and EE.

PER PAIR.. $2.45

Weight averages 32 ounces.

For postage rate see page 4.

No. 46048
Order by Number.

No. 46048 For pair..$2.45

STOR QUEEN, $2

Our New Model Acme Royal Cut-Under Surrey, $88.75.

No. 89089 At $88.75 for best steel tired wheels or $106.75 for highest grade rubber tired wheels, we furnish this our very highest grade of cut-under surrey from our factory at

& CO. (Inc.),

No. 72863 By the accompanying illustration we show a machine, which by no means is a new one, but which has for many years been a great favorite in many families. This machine is called the Good Luck Washer No. 8, and we are satisfied that by buying this machine every household- good luck into his family nd relieve

THE LATEST AND THE GREATEST The Columbia Grand.

USES 5-INCH CYLINDER RECORDS.

Application of new principle, in recording and reproducing. Absolute perfection obtained at last.

Cut represents machine with small recording horn only.

THE MONEY-MAKER OF THE AGE.

. . Will pay for itself in one week . .

The graphophone has been developed step by step, until today the Columbia Grand stands upon the pinnacle of perfection.

FOR REPRODUCING AND CONCERT WORK WE RECOMMEND A LARGER HORN.

ACTUALLY ACCOMPLISHES WHAT HAS HITHERTO BEEN DEEMED THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Perfectly reproduces the human voice. Just as loud, just as clear, jus s sweet. Duplicates instrumental music with perfect fidelity, tone ar

What becomes just as old-fashioned as these the moment you marry?

Above are samples of the latest merchandise as advertised in 1900.

Many a village hall that year was crowded with people who came to hear "both music and the human voice reproduced with absolute perfection" on the "latest and greatest" of graphophones.

Many a small boy watched with awed admiration as a team of matched bays pranced down Main Street pulling the "New Model Cut-Under Surrey" in the splendor of its factory paint.

For those things were modern marvels in 1900.

Today, you smile at the old-fashioned quaintness of the "Good Luck Washer No. 8" and the "Ladies' Up-to-date Congress" shoe. Yet there's a very good chance that one of your most important possessions may be out of date, too.

That possession is your insurance. Insurance policies go out of date, not because the worth of the policy itself changes, but because your needs for insurance change.

To take an obvious example, the insurance that suits your needs when you are single becomes old-fashioned the moment you marry. Your needs for insurance change again when your first child is born, and continue to change with the birth of each subsequent child.

At one stage of your life, insurance that pays a lump sum in event of death may serve your family best. A few years later, a monthly cash income may be what you need most to provide.

Keeping insurance up to date presents different problems for each individual, and is difficult without expert assistance. Fortunately, such expert assistance is yours for the asking in the person of your Travelers insurance agent.

It is his business to know insurance. He will be glad to put his knowledge and experience to work for you without obligation. With his help, keeping your insurance up to date is no more difficult than making a telephone call.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JUNE 10, 1944

INSIDE GERMANY TODAY

BY RALPH HEINZEN

UNITED PRESS FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

There are no parades, no bands, no singing in Germany now. When American internees heard the Allied bombers, saw cities in flames, and felt the shock of four-ton bombs, they knew why

WHEN he was mustered out of the A.E.F. after the last war, Ralph Heinzen didn't come home. He stayed in Paris, covering the country for English-language newspapers, and in 1925 became France director for the United Press. As a war correspondent he retreated with the French army to Paris in 1940, then retreated with the government from Paris to Bordeaux to Vichy. When the Germans occupied all of France he was interned in Baden-Baden. On March 15th he came home on the Gripsholm.

THE most striking thing about Germany today is its quiet. There is no noise. The people are sullen. Long ago they learned not to express their opinions in public, so now they talk hardly at all. There is no traffic; in a town as big as Baden-Baden, where we were interned, there are less than ten automobiles and trucks operating—the necessary doctors, truckers, public utilities. There are no military bands, no parades, no noisy patriotic demonstrations.

With the exception of the Brown Shirt girls of the Hitler Youth Movement, I heard no singing. That organization contains the daughters of Party members, who demonstrate more patriotism and public enthusiasm for the war than any other group, military or civil.

The Brown Shirt girls go in strongly for gymnastics, parading, group singing and, generally, keep fit for their major eventual purpose of producing more and better babies for the Fatherland.

In Baden-Baden, the Brown Shirt girls used for their outdoor gymnastics the only available soccer field, which was also used by the interned American diplomats and reporters. We frequently played softball and Hitler games simultaneously on the same field, because neither group was willing to concede a point to the other.

Volleyball Casualties Large

The girls, whose rubber-soled sports shoes were worn out, played barefooted on the pressed cinders. They played with a volleyball which had a leather loop serving as a throwing handle. Catching the ball is about as comfortable as playing big-league baseball without a glove. The strap stings like a buggy whip. The girls, however, were so hardened by fear of ridicule that they caught the ball even when the strap raised welts across their faces, arms and bosoms. After a half hour of the game there were more mobile casualties than in an American college football game. But they played it every day.

The girls wore Hitler Youth group uniforms, most of which were sizes too small. Other German children solve the clothing problem by going as naked as is decently possible. Boys of 17 or 18 wear shorts which barely hide their appendicitis scars. Almost all wear some sort of uniform.

Very few German women wore fur coats this past winter. It was considered the patriotic thing to give your fur coats to keep the soldiers warm on the Russian front. Some did give their coats, but even those who kept theirs were afraid to wear them.

The shopwindows look tempting enough, but all have little cards announcing that the articles displayed are for window dressing, not for sale. Practically everything anyone needs is rationed. Even unnecessary luxuries are rationed or their

(Continued on page 62)

BLACK STAR

In skin-tight clothes, Hitler's Brown Shirt maidens go through punishing games every day to toughen themselves to produce more and better babies for the greater glory of the Fatherland

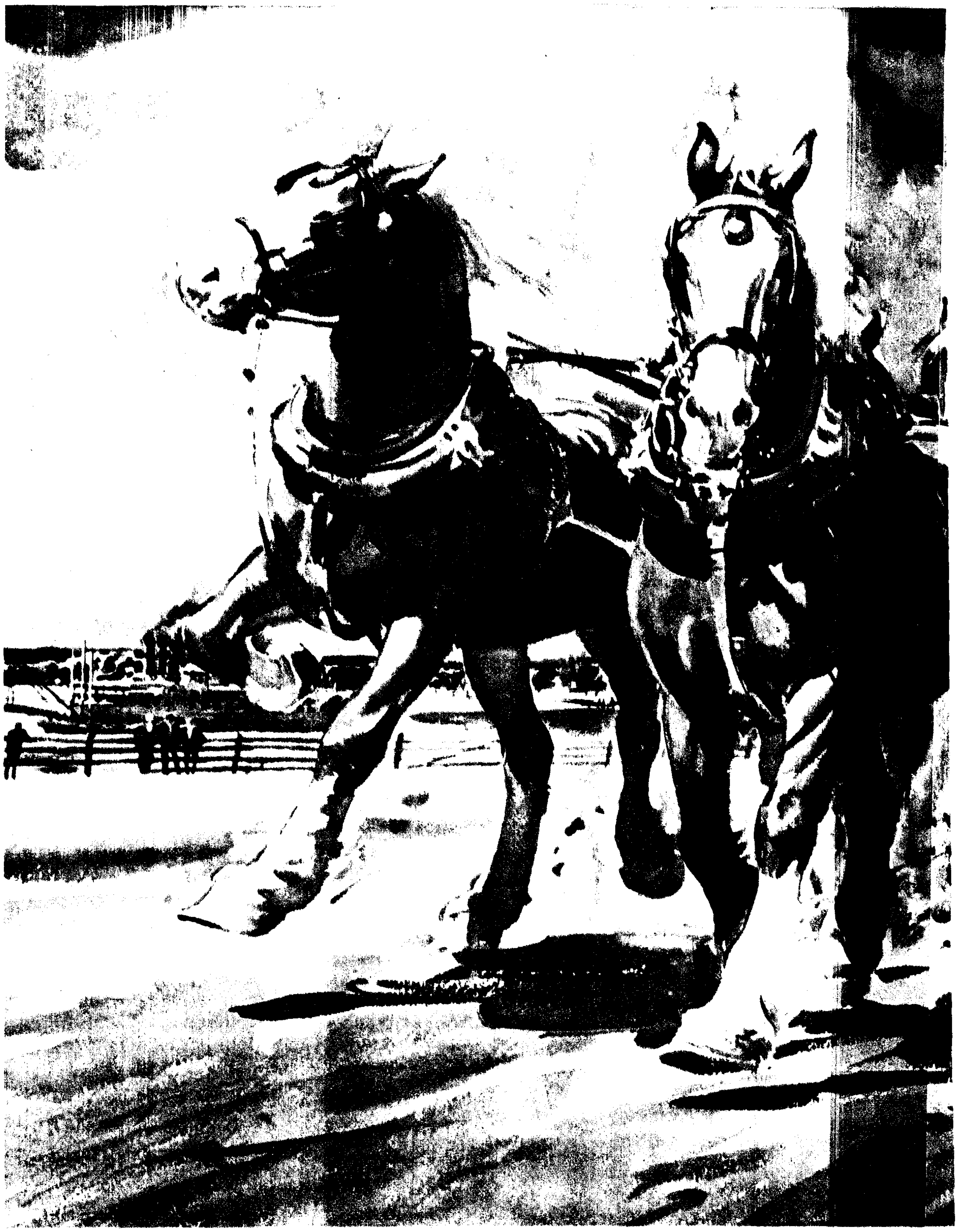
French "volunteer workers" march to work in Nazi war plants. One in every five persons in Germany is a foreigner, a fact which causes many a Nazi to revolve like a pinwheel in his sleep

WIDE WORLD

BORN TO LEAD

BY JOHN REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY
WARREN BAUMGARTNER



Handling a six-horse exhibition team took courage and skill, but handling Billy Pope's daughter, Annie, looked like a two-man job

ANNIE POPE'S father drove the Schellenstroh Brewing Company's big six-horse show hitch and bossed the brewery stables. There was no finer exhibition driver in the country than Billy Pope, and the St. Louis papers had a picture of him that they ran regularly. He had been handling old Papa Schellenstroh's show horses for fifteen years, and a mean little tyrant he was.

No one remembered Mrs. Pope. Some said she died on the boat coming over, and part of Billy stayed on the boat and went back to the Old Sod because of it. Like as not it was the kindly, tender, sentimental part of him—if he ever had one. Certainly no one at the Schellenstroh stables had ever heard of him disclosing it.

They lived over the brewery stables, Annie and her father. He was an old man to be having a daughter her age. Sixty he must have been—or perhaps Annie seemed younger than she was, because she was still unmarried. She could not have been less than twenty-four, for all her baby face.

She kept their house and did a day's work about the town now and then to lay by a hope chest against the day someone would take her away from old Billy. She was pretty, with a short, shapely figure, brown hair and blue eyes, and with an indefinable air of wifeliness about her, even as a child. Yet for all this, she had a temper, hell's own temper to tell the truth, and a streak of plain meanness in her that ordinary angers could not explain. There was no mistaking that she was the blood-daughter of the unsubjugated little savage who ruled the Schellenstroh stables.

THERE were those who came courting her, and sat on the steps leading up to the house over the stables, and listened to the big horses thumping the plank floor below, and stared out over the Mississippi at the moon. There was Riley, an engineer on one of the river packets; and Benno Urbani, who owned the Silver Crest Laundry; and Alderman Slaughter's son, and one or two more.

It always ended in a row, with Annie screaming at them from the top of the steps, and Billy shouting at her to be quiet, from inside. And when she went in to bed, she cried over it, and Billy made fun of her, and neither of them had any sleep.

Oh, yes, she was like that. She had the temper and the meanness. But one thing was to be said to her credit—she knew horses. She had her dad's feeling for them.

It was a different team Billy had this year. The old champions of 1901 had grown too slow for the fine, spirited precision work required of a show team and had lost two major competitions in a row. Of the old six, he had left only Happy and Boots, the swing team. There were new leaders, Mark Hanna and Leo by name; and new wheelers, called Chip and Rebus. And if you are of the new generation, which never saw such a team in action, you must be told that on a six-horse hitch the first two are the leaders, the second the swing team, and the last two the wheelers. A dead art, horsemanship—as dead as the Irish brogue.

They were all six the same size, and all the same bright bay in color, with pale manes and tails. Four years of Billy's time and twelve thousand dollars of Papa Schellenstroh's money went into the matching of them.

But the thing that had made the old six champions was lacking in the new. All the magic in Billy's twisted teamster fingers had been insufficient to weld them into a team. And if Billy was a tyrant when things were going right, you should have seen him when the Big Hitch was "off." He worked them a little every day, and every evening he retired to his couch in the living room over the stable, to suck at his sour clay pipe and swear at the leak stain on the ceiling.

"I'm goin' out," Annie would say then. "I'm goin' into a convint," she would vow. "Ye'll see me no more, Billy Pope. Ye can hire somewan to kape yer house.

"Go thin, and bad cess to yez!" Billy would answer.

But she did not go. She was there the day Mr. Schellenstroh came down to see the new team work out. She brought her knitting out and sat down on the top step, where she could watch the entire training track. Mr. Schellenstroh sat in his phaeton, with his gouty foot propped up on the dash, his silky, white Bismarck whiskers floating in the mild river breeze. An English groom stood at the head of his black trotting mare, which nickered uneasily as Billy eased the six bays out of the shed.

THEY came dancing and jingling their song of power along the track on the other side of the fence, where Billy stopped them. There, massive and regal, like six red kings from a fable, they stood, panting lightly, shaking their foretops, and ignoring the fretful trotter.

"*Ach*, dot's pewtiful, Pilly," the old brewer crooned. "Now it giffs jampions again in mine shtables. Like grenadiers dey valk. Make me vunce the fast turn."

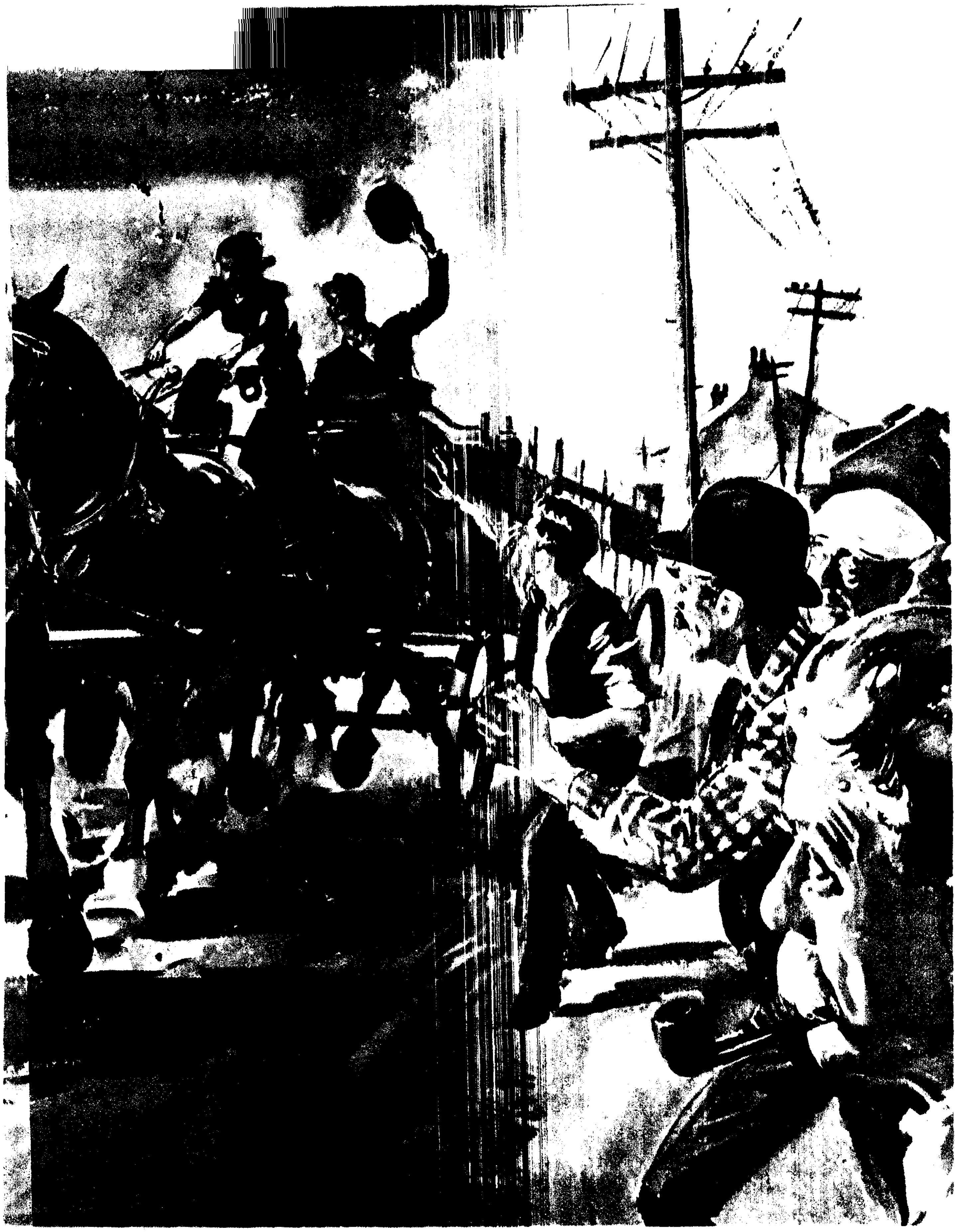
Billy pulled at his snub nose. "If ye insist," he said, in his thick brogue, "but they don't do ut right yit, and I don't gorruntee the big lummoxes iver will. 'Tis why I had ye come down. Sure, and they look foine, Misther Schellenstroh, but they can't learn nathin'. There's a sinse o' wrongness in the touch o' the lines and, hard as I try, ut won't come out. Watch!"

"Check the wheelers, Dad," Annie called down, "and kape um off Happy and Boots, and ye'll have less trouble. Too eager they be, by a long shot."

She should not have spoken and she knew it; and the fact that the wheelers actually were crowding the swing team made her offense no smaller. Indeed, it might have been exactly the thing that roused the black Irish temper in Billy. He hated to be wrong and he hated worse being caught at it.

He glared up at his daughter, his little face engorged with anger, and she glared back. Then Billy, without relieving the pressure in him by so much as an oath, treasuring his temper like a holy ecstasy, squirmed around in the high seat. He divided the lines in his hands and spoke gently to the horses—oh, so gently! It was not his custom to be quite so soft, and it showed what a state he was in.

Annie laid down her knitting to watch,



James grinned at Annie. "Now drive um," he said. "I'll just ride along, like, and see how you do. 'Tis so smart ye are, and all, we'll have a bit of demonstration"

as the six eased into the harness and moved ahead, with the ponderous grace possessed only by draft horses weighing seventeen hundred pounds each, or over. It was a sight to see, and she was Billy Pope's own daughter, with the love of big horses as well as the temper inbred in her. In her heart, then, she was sorry she had interfered—but it was too late. By the red on Billy's stubborn neck, she knew it was too late.

At the end of the track, Billy let them lengthen their stride, and she saw then what Papa Schellenstroh and the stable hands were not sharp enough to see. Something was wrong. The two leaders, Mark Hanna and Leo, lost rhythm.

"Haw, lads—haw, Leo!" Billy called; but there was a strain in his voice, or a fear, or something eerie and superstitious and Irish. It trickled down the lines and through the bits and into the sensitive mouth of one of the new wheelers. Old Mr. Schellenstroh let out a whimper of distress as one of the elephantine bay forms upended, front feet flailing, flaxen mane swirling like silk. Seventeen hundred pounds of horse on four feet looks immense. On two feet only, it is terrifying.

Billy got the horse down, but the damage was done—the rest of the team was out of hand. A broken strap popped like a gunshot, and the heavy wagon moved halfway across the infield in one huge, convulsive lunge. Billy stood up, to put his hundred-and-forty-one pounds on the lines. He shot his daughter an angry, shamed look, as though he hated her for beholding his moment of disgrace. Annie drove a knitting needle into her palm and leaped down the stairs.

THEY were running as they hit the track. They swung around the curve at the far end, taking it accurately out of habit. One of the rear wheels lost its grip on the track and careened into the fence. A whole section of posts and planking came away with a crash, and Billy vanished backward into the wagon, losing his footing.

They flashed up the straightaway on the other side, running wildly. Suddenly a figure appeared in the gap in the fence, arms waving. It was a tall man, who loped out on the track with an awkward, knob-kneed gait. He pitched away his hat and rubbed his hands against his trousers. They thought for a moment he was going to fling himself heroically at the bits as the team rumbled back, having whipped around the other end turn, but he did nothing so foolish.

He vanished into the dust, and as the wagon rocked past, they saw him climbing calmly into the rear of it. Just as they reached the curve again, he caught the lines from the prone Billy and leaned back on them.

"Haw, ye monsters!" he shouted—and the team turned.

They would not have made the curve unaided this time, nor would they have tried, so wild was their panic. But they answered to his strong arm, his authoritative voice, and came around. Annie crossed herself and scrambled over the fence as he brought them to a stop in the grassy infield.

She climbed into the wagon and knelt over her father. Billy turned his head. Oh, if he had only struck her, or sworn at her, or called her names! But he cried instead, like a broken old man instead of the tough little rooster Billy Pope had always been, and to the girl it was a great sin to watch him in his weakness.

"Oh, Dad!" she whimpered.

"Don't worry, babe," Billy said. " 'Twas—'twas me own fault intirely."

"Sure and ut was," came a voice from the other end of the wagon. "Ye shud *niver* lose yer timper wid a horse. I was watchin' through the fince and I knew they'd go out o' hand wid yez."

Annie looked up. "Ye big ape, who do ye think ye are, to be tellin' me ould man how to drive?" she snarled. "Whin annywan be the name o' Pope wants to be taught—"

"James Kennedy's me name," the man bumbled, in a stricken way. "Did I say something wrong, now? Why, I'd not criticize the ould man. 'Twas wrong to nag um, Miss. Win ye've got six like this—"

"Oh, so I'm to blame!"

"Yes. . . . No. . . . Oh, now—I didn't say that!" he stammered, wiping his face with his sleeve. His gaze fell, her glare being unendurable. He turned to the restive horses and murmured, "Stiddy, lads, stiddy."

THE six bays were still at the sound of his voice. As if by magic, the uneasy jingling and stamping stopped. Annie Pope saw and understood. She looked from James Kennedy down to her father, who lay on his back like a fallen god, unhorsed and dishonored. There should have been black rage in his eyes, and it hurt her that there was none.

"Where'd ye learn to drive?" Billy whispered, supporting a broken rib with his hand.

"Cuba," James answered. "I've been after drivin' an eight-horse hivvy-artillery t'ame to the war wid the Spaniards, to Cuba. 'Tis an odd country, that. Now the shops there in Santiago—"

"Oh, shut up," Annie snapped, "and call somebody to carry Dad. He's got somethin' bustid in um."

"I'll drive um over to the gate mesilf," said James. "I'll ask the ould Dutchman wid the whiskers can I have a bit of a job till yer dad's well. Somewan must work the t'ame, and wid all me ixperience in Cuba—"

He chirped to the horses. Despite Billy's injuries, James rounded the track once at a smart trot, to show Mr. Schellenstroh he could handle the bays. He pulled up at the gate with a flourish and turned with a hangdog look to Annie, expecting her praise. She tossed her hair and looked away.

Mr. Schellenstroh hobbled out to help them unload Billy, who did not swear when the boys hurt him but only begged in an apologetic tone that they take more care. It was not like him—not like him at all. Something more than ribs had broken in him. Annie ran up the steps to prepare his bed before the stable hands should see her tears. She was calm enough by the time they got him upstairs.

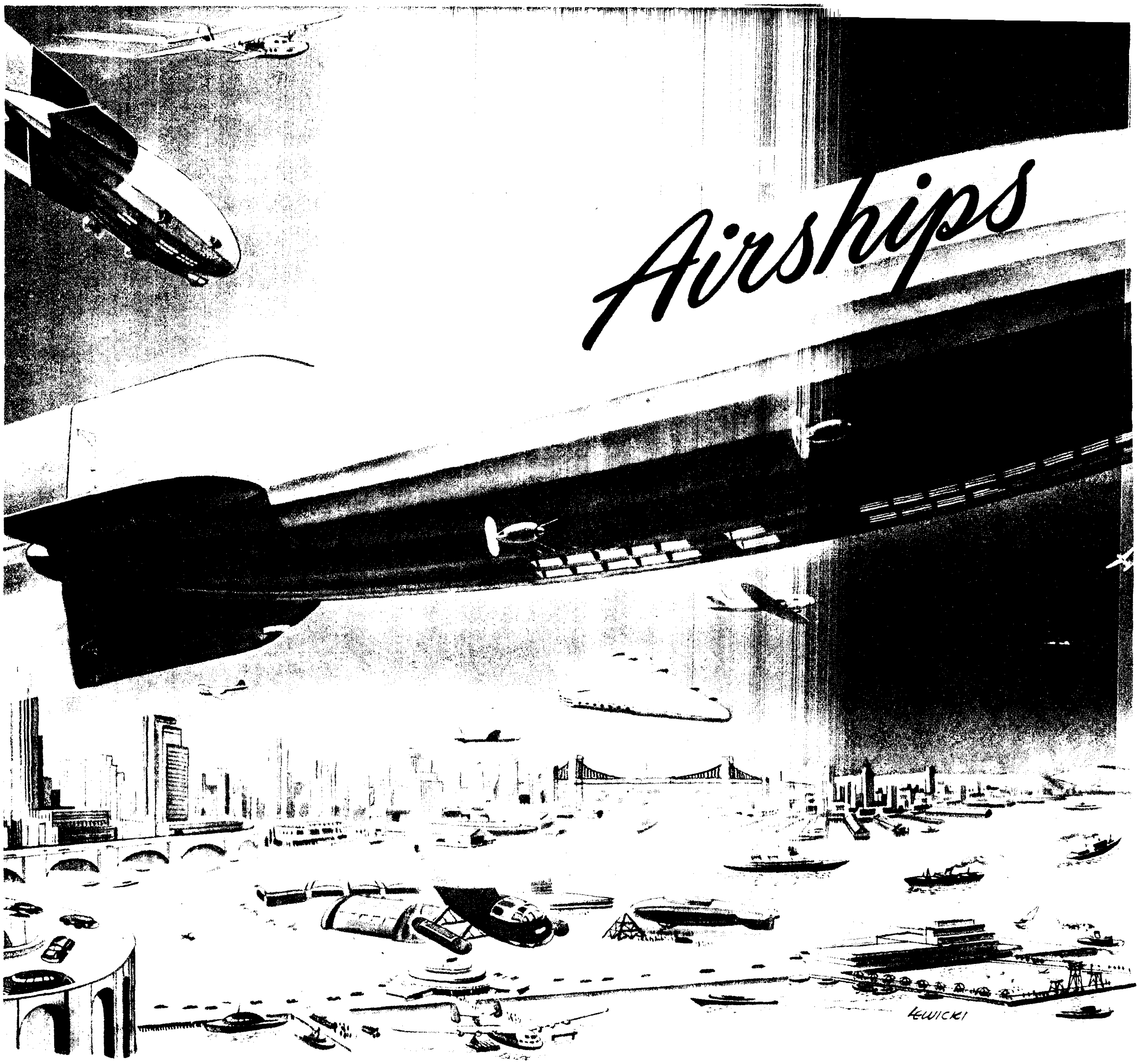
She sat with him until the doctor came. She heard Mr. Schellenstroh and James talking together downstairs, and although Billy lay with his face to the wall and said nothing, she knew he heard also. And because it was her fault in the first place, her cancerous temper ate deeper and deeper.

When she came tripping down the steps two hours later, with her face rosy and a smile on her lips, there was no way for an honest ex-artilleryman to sense the malice in her heart. The brewery whistle was then blowing the quitting hour. The dray teams were coming in for the night.

It was a home-coming hour. There hung in the air an aura of sadness and sentiment, the sort of time when a man is

(Continued on page 51)

Airships



AS TOLD TO KYLE CRICHTON BY REAR ADMIRAL C.E

America's foremost authority on lighter-than-air craft tells you why this country should build and operate dirigibles if we are to maintain our rightful place in the field of postwar air transportation

(NOTE: The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWICKI

OF THE numerous problems now looming large on the world horizon, the many-faceted one of international air commerce is one of the most important. It will not be cracked by shadowboxing amateurs. The best of aeronautical and diplomatic brains, and probably vast financial and governmental aid, will figure heavily. The stakes are high and all the leading powers of the world may be expected to bid to the limit.

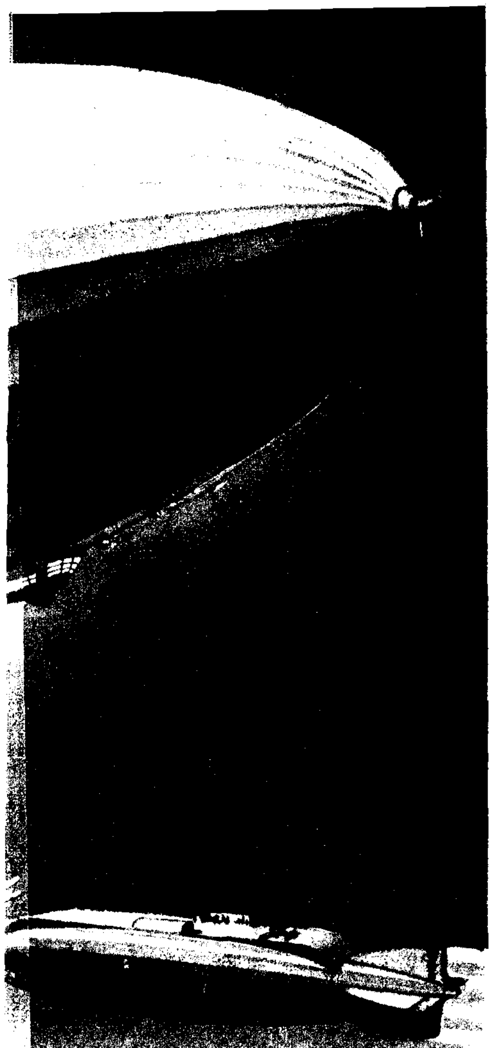
Today, on wartime missions, American airplanes are flying world oceans in droves. But what about peacetime? It behooves us at this very moment to take serious stock of how we are to achieve the important international aeronautical place to which as a leading power the United States is entitled. It is highly improbable that any country has any existing or legitimately contemplated form of commercial airplane that appreciably surpasses the best of any other nation. But the United States has another horse to enter in the race—a dark horse if you please, dark solely because we have failed to run it. So I nominate this other entry—that long-ranging, exclusively American workhorse of the skies, which in a fair, open race can give the United States the edge in international competition—yes, you've guessed it, the dirigible.

A few persons have held and voiced this opinion for years; yet the United States still has no ocean-going commercial dirigibles—"airships" as we should properly call them. Having had a ringside view of the battle of the air for many years, I am convinced the airship is a downright cinch bet for the United States. Why? Because we can have the airship, and no other country can have it. The reason: Helium, an exclusively American treasure.

Let's get down to the question of whether the airship is really any good for transocean travel or is only a fantasy of mine. Many people seem convinced that the destruction of the German airship Hindenburg at Lakehurst, N. J., on May 6, 1937, wiped the large airship off the books once and for all as a practical flying ship. Actually it did nothing more than interrupt progress.

Lacking a safe inflation medium, the Hindenburg was of necessity filled with hydrogen, a highly inflammable gas. From a cause still enigmatic, it took fire on landing, the ship was consumed by flames, and thirty-six persons (thirteen passengers and twenty-three of the crew) out of the ninety-seven aboard perished. Had the airship contained the absolutely inert helium gas instead of the fickle hydrogen, the tragedy would never have happened.

But beyond even the fundamental helium consideration, there remains an impression that airships are not safe, and this must and can be answered. Superfi-



HUSTON-PIX

OSENDAHL, U.S.N.

cial thought might lead also to an idea that an airship cruising at 75 miles an hour couldn't be nearly as dependable and punctual as an airplane cruising at about twice the speed.

Well, many persons would be startled by the comparison of actual scheduled commercial performances of ocean-going airships with those of the transoceanic commercial flying boats or "clippers" we have heard so much about. The airships have produced a far superior record for reliability, schedule-keeping, comfort, safety, and pay load. The slower—in miles per hour—airship has shown that in the long-range field, the race does not always go to the swifter clipper. And let's not forget the important feature of economy.

The simplest answer to the safety question is that if 100 per cent safety were the criterion we would have no transportation at all—no trains, steamers, rowboats, automobiles, airplanes, streetcars or even horse-drawn vehicles. No one suggests elimination of any of these, yet every one of them suffers an occasional fatal accident. But an even stranger answer lies in the record of commercial airships dating back to the very first crude model. In carrying some 459,000 passengers, commercial airships never had a single passenger fatality until the Hindenburg fire.

Although we still have repeated airplane crashes with resultant heavy loss of life and property, the public accepts this philosophically. It is seemingly not so with the fate of the ZR-2, the Shenandoah, the Akron, the Macon and the Hindenburg. Helium would have prevented the Hindenburg fire and consequent loss.

As for the others, let's remember they were not commercial but military ships, designed, pioneered, operated and experimented with by personnel just learning their business. I am fully aware also of the British R-101. There are full explanations for each, but briefly, what happened to them was what often happens to pioneer craft of all kinds and to pioneering projects in general. We can profit by this expensive experience if we get busy before such experienced personnel are gone, and new ones have to start all over.

The first and only airships designed for and employed in transoceanic commerce were the Graf Zeppelin and the Hindenburg. They set brilliant records. For six years the Graf Zeppelin carried on scheduled commercial service between Central Europe and South America. In 1929, during an unequaled globe-circling performance, that ship spanned the 5,200 miles between Japan and San Francisco nonstop in 69 hours, carrying more than 6,000 pounds of pay load in passengers, mail, baggage, souvenirs.

The larger, more modern, 1936-model Hindenburg in scheduled merchant service repeatedly flew both the 4,000 miles over the North Atlantic to this country and the 6,300 miles to South America, the latter in a four-day service which took two weeks by steamer. Besides passengers and mail, the diversified cargoes of these airships included automobiles, airplanes, canaries by the thousands, antelopes, and Susie the famous gorilla.

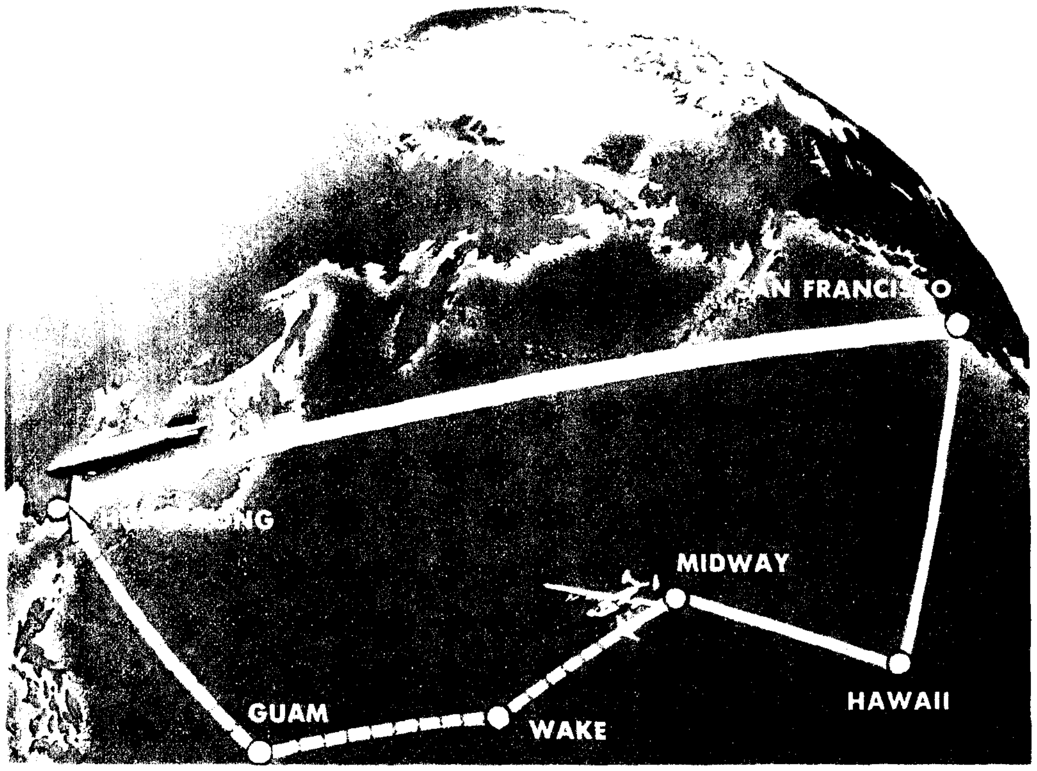
Now the clipper flying boats are fine in the fields for which they are suited, but they're far from being the permanent queens of all sea travel. Recently, the world's latest and largest cargo flying boat Mars received wide acclaim for her debut performance. Stripped to bare essentials and then overloaded for the occasion, the Mars flew a demonstration flight of slightly over 4,000 (statute) miles nonstop, carrying 13,000 pounds of mail.

"World records" were claimed for this as the "longest overwater flight" and the "longest nonstop cargo flight." Actually, however, both such "records" were several years ago surpassed by commercial airships in scheduled nondemonstration service, on at least 140 transocean flights. More recently, it has been stressed that the "improved" Mars could carry jeeps, field guns or airplane motors and will be capable of conversion into a hospital ship, a passenger transport or a troop carrier. The big rigid airship has always possessed such aptitude and versatility.

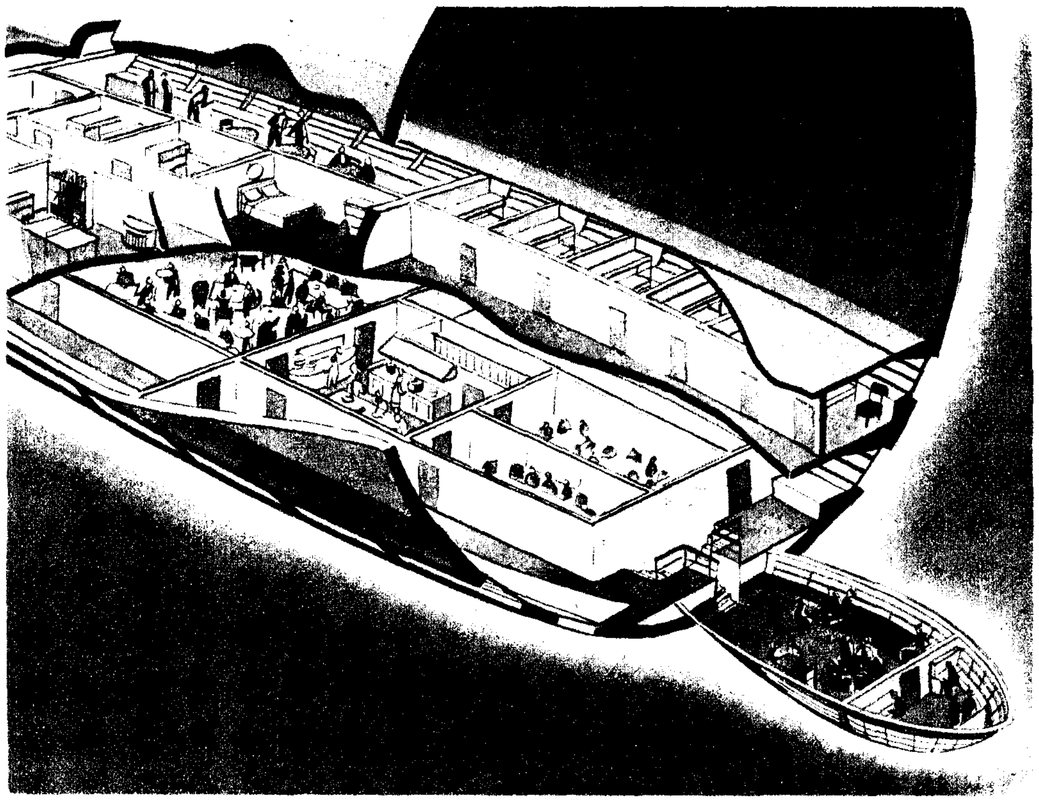
Let's look back at some comparative measurements in actual commercial service. Over the Pacific, commercial clippers made the trip from San Francisco to Manila and Hong Kong, not nonstop but, of necessity, in a series of stops. Stopping in Hawaii, Midway, Wake and Guam to refuel and service, and to rest passengers and crew, this zigzag route added up to a total of 8,746 miles which the clippers *had* to fly to negotiate the actual 6,904 miles between San Francisco and Hong Kong.

Normally requiring a little less than one day, each of these legs was scheduled so that take-off and landing could be done during daylight, thus avoiding these tricky operations on the water during darkness. A starting delay of a few hours thus might require postponement of that leg until the next day, in order to avoid

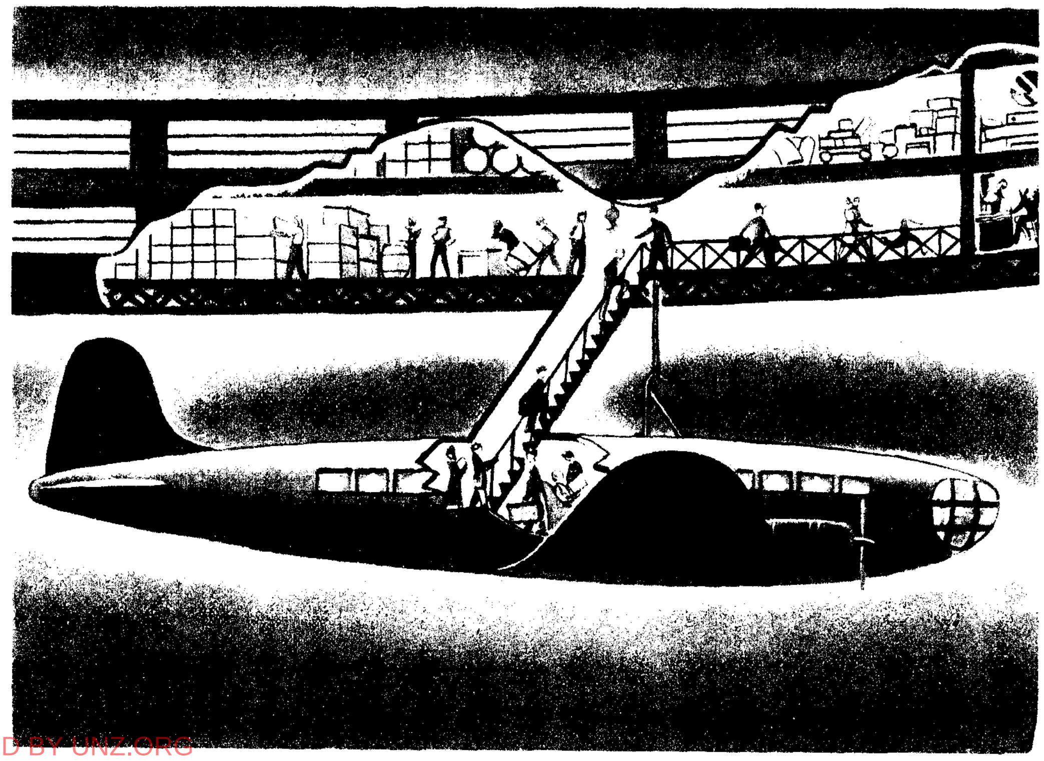
(Continued on page 44)



In 1929 the Graf Zeppelin airship flew from Japan to San Francisco nonstop in 69 hours. Airplanes, on the contrary, can only make the Pacific crossing in hops, subject to weather and mechanical delays that cut the average speed to as low as 33 m.p.h.



The airship is a flying hotel with staterooms, promenades, lounge, smoking room, bar. Meals are prepared on board from fresh supplies. Below: Utilizing the use of hook-on planes, extra loads can be transferred to the airship and passengers can be taken on en route



Gorgeous Okie

Meet Celeste Holm, who is one of the major reasons for the phenomenal success of the musical that will easily outlast the war

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER–PIX

Celeste Holm and Lee Dixon in Oklahoma!

NOW that the show, Oklahoma!, has made the state of Oklahoma almost presentable, it is well to realize that there were moments during rehearsals when everybody connected with the enterprise looked upon the proceedings with a jaundiced eye. The Theater Guild was either so lacking in confidence or so weak in the exchequer that it solicited the financial aid of others, and the darkened auditorium was filled during rehearsals with silent groups of individuals who looked as if they might belong to the Rumanian Iron Guard. The player most affected by this was Miss Celeste Holm, who was new both to the musical-comedy stage and to the vagaries of big business.

"When certain memoirs are published fifty years from now," she says, "it will be found that I have ruined several great families. They looked at me, they listened to me, they refused to invest in Oklahoma!"

The preliminaries were a great trial to Miss Holm. She wanted to be in a musical but it was not clear that the desire was reciprocated. A comedy or a drama is rehearsed intact; a musical comedy is rehearsed in sections and the whole thing is sometimes not brought together until the night before opening in New Haven. Celeste's appearances before the kangaroo court were met with a silence so ominous that the footsteps of the departing investors could be plainly heard.

The matter of her meals was settled on that historic night when the play opened in New York, and it became no longer a question of whether she would be a success but whether she would ever be able to get out of the thing, now that she was in. The possibility that the run of Oklahoma! will ever end is so remote that men are now reserving two seats for their grandchildren in the same mail that carries the little darlings' application for Groton.

In the meantime, Miss Holm also sings once nightly at the Persian Room of the Hotel Plaza, takes occasional lucrative bites at radio, and considers Hollywood offers with the rapt gaze of one who can stand a little bit of coddling after years of otherwise.

Big Girl for Her Age

Miss Holm was born in New York of Norwegian parents, her father being in the marine insurance business. They lived in Chicago from the time she was four, and she was seventeen when she came back to New York to live with her grandparents and make a stab at the stage. The quest was rather hopeless because she was too large to be an ingénue and too dumb to be anything else.

"From the time I'm fourteen, I look mature and I'm a dope," she says.

She had a hectic one year in the big city trying to get into managers' offices and never being there at the right time. Therefore she went back home to nurse her wounds, and her mother gave her a talking-to. The gist of it was that when you feel sad or bitter, nobody wants you around, and that's the time to keep away. .Kicking against fate is another fine way to get you no place also, said Mom. So Celeste came back to New York and watched her moods. If she felt just a leetle bit off, she stayed in Brooklyn with her grandma; when she got exactly in the pink, she rushed over the Bridge and accosted one John Ravold, who had been great shakes in stock for years.

"When stock was stock and not just hay in your hair," explains Celeste.

Ravold had a summer theater at Deer Lake, near Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and Celeste started there as the tough girl in The Night of January 16, fixed up in silver fox, a Mae West Cupid's-bow mouth and a black dress. The figure was luscious even then, and nobody worried much about her

(Continued on page 76)

Asphodel

by [illegible]

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

If you believe that women are delicate, shy creatures, if you believe that wives cling like ivy to the sturdy oaks who are their husbands, then for your peace of mind you had better pass this story by very quickly

EDWARD PETERS sat rigid in his chair, with his arms folded across his chest, his head bent slightly, and his eyes fixed on the point of high light on the bronze figurine of a faun. By looking at the faun he could hold the pose, and also he could avoid his wife's eyes.

Usually it was Elaine who avoided meeting his eyes. She had a habit of turning her head away, ever so slightly so that her vision was out of line with his, so that her face was almost profile and until recently he had thought it a trick of coquetry.

But as she worked, her eyes moved boldly because she was not looking at him at all. Her sure hands pressed the clay with precision and her eyes studied him with the curious, impersonal concentration of the artist. It was not this impersonal quality that disturbed him but a strange intensity that was new, that had not been apparent in the first six months of marriage. He sighed, moving one leg nervously.

Instantly she asked, "Tired, darling?"

"Head still aches." He realized that he had said it plaintively.

"One more sitting and I'll be finished," Elaine said. Her tone was formal, as if he were one of those who paid a thousand dollars for a bust by Elaine Peters. But their conversations had always been either formal or evasive, markedly so in the past few days, since he had found the letter in her handbag.

If he had been able to break through this impersonal barrier, this defense in depth she had developed, they might have talked about the letter and reached an understanding, but now it was impossible.

Before he married her he had known her nature was secretive, but he had thought it due to recent widowhood and to the engaging vagueness that artists seemed to have when not in the consuming concentration of their work. Now he knew that he had never understood this restrained, silent woman, nor the secret melancholy in her eyes that had first attracted him.

The first six months of marriage were, of course, the months and days and hours of knowing each other, of exploring character and emotion, and naturally there was a certain holding back, particularly in a woman who had suffered emotional shock.

But hers was such an instinctive, feminine manner of evasion that Edward had thought it entirely natural until that day in the small bar off Fifth Avenue when she had told him that she had been married twice—not once—before. It was an odd thing, he thought, that the only frank conversations he had with his wife were in public, over a cocktail.

That day he had said stiffly, "I wonder you didn't tell me before. Not that it makes any difference, darling. But, still!"

Her cheeks had been pink and her eyes bright as needles. "Do you mind very much, Edward?"

"I don't *mind*. But, darling, after all." He had turned his glass in a little puddle of spilled drink. "Who was he? What was his name?"

"George Partland. He was rather stuffy." Her laughter had been quick and so high that the noise seemed to make the glasses rattle on the bar. "Let's don't talk about poor George."

He had said bitterly, "So you're Mrs. Partland Rice Peters?"

It was unkind, and he remembered how abruptly the laughter had ceased, how the gray eyes had darkened as she said, "I shouldn't have told you."

He had tried to say that a man in love must know everything, every small experience and major suffering. A man in love had a relentless desire to know these things, he'd wanted to say, even if they hurt him. Instead he'd called the waiter and paid the check.

Edward had resolved to confine George Partland to the pigeonhole reserved in his ordered lawyer's mind for the things he wanted to know but had no answer for.

Her age, for instance. She had told him she was thirty-one. Not that he cared, but she was young to have two marriages behind her and a successful career as a sculptor assured. And there were other things he wanted to know: her background, her schooling. She was an orphan, she had said. He did not even know the name of the town where she was born.

"Edward, please!" Elaine said sharply. "Your head is drooping."

He straightened, fixed his eyes again on the high light of the bronze faun. His head ached steadily, and the crispness of her tone annoyed him and made him remember the day when he had asked her about her first husband, in spite of his resolve.

"Edward, you have no right to be jealous of my past," she had said firmly. "Least of all of Larry."

"But it isn't jealousy," he had protested. "What was that? Larry! I thought you said his name was George."

FOR an instant she had actually met his eyes that day, and in their gray depths he'd seen a somber sadness. Her underlip had trembled noticeably.

"Good Lord," he had said. "How many husbands have you had, Elaine?"

Her eyes downcast again, she had waited a long moment, as if pondering whether to give him an answer at all. Then her voice had come, low but steady, "If you must know, four."

"Four?" Edward had dropped into a chair, staring up at her. He had tried a short laugh and accomplished a strange, disturbing sound. He had asked, "You mean counting me?"

Again the hesitation, the low voice, "Not counting you, Edward."

"But this is grotesque" was all Edward

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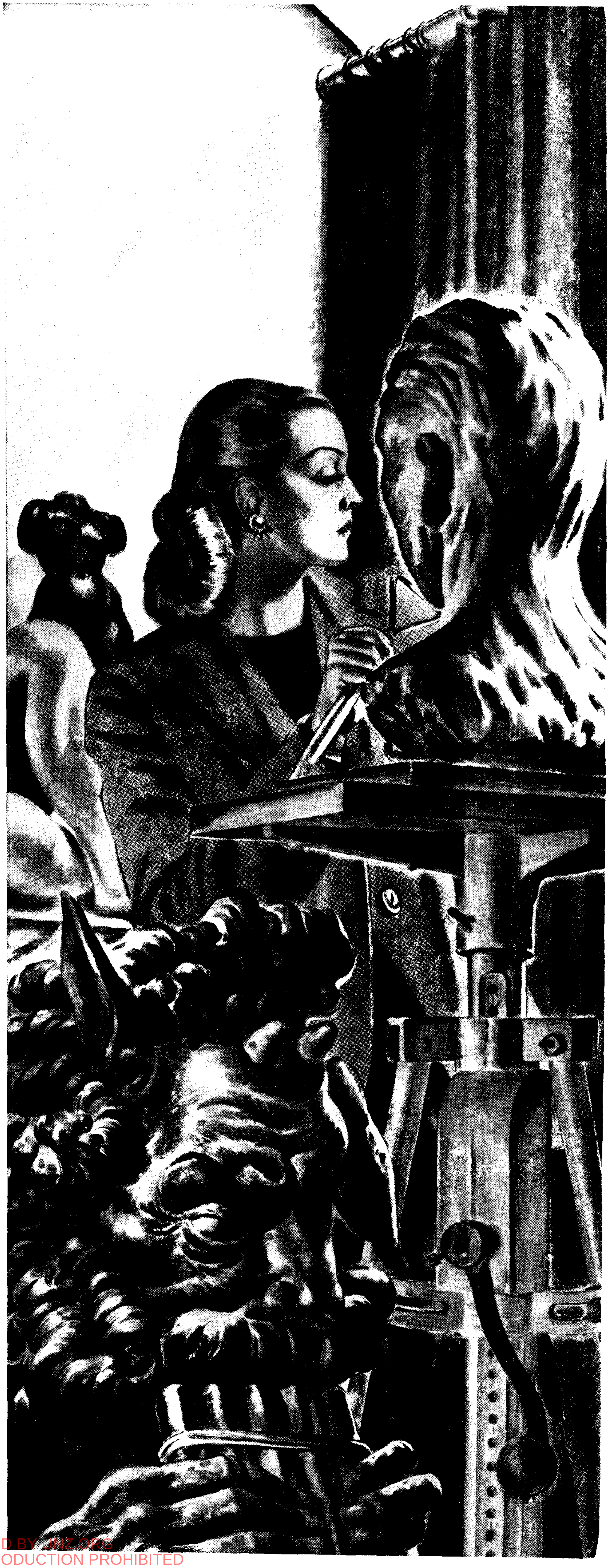


He thought of Elaine in the studio, waiting beside the head of clay, the bust that would never be finished

JOB FOR A LADY

BY VERA CONNOLLY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

A U. S. sailor watches interestedly as Mrs. Helen Gallini, one of Detroit's special policewomen, questions a youngster on Belle Isle

Detroit's women police tackle the girl-delinquency problem with a common-sense, humane plan that gets results—and provides a sound working model for other cities

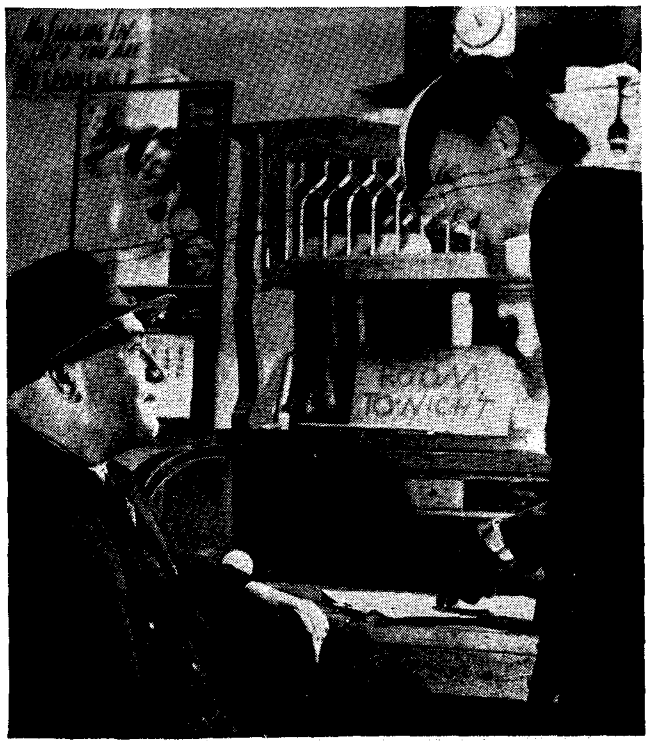
IT WAS a stormy night last month. At midnight a gusty wind was blowing sheets of rain down the dark Detroit streets. But the policewoman in whose car I sat continued tirelessly to search a sordid neighborhood of cheap restaurants, all-night theaters and dingy rooming houses for a missing girl.

The child was Betty-May, a twelve-year-old runaway from Cleveland. At eight o'clock, word had been flashed to the women's division of the Detroit Police Department that the girl had headed for Detroit. And Miss Kidder, crack policewoman just setting out on her night patrol, had added this urgent search to her other duties.

I had been permitted to accompany her, for I was in Detroit to watch this celebrated group of fifty-eight women, headed by Eleonore L. Hutzel, at work. These women are doing a superb job in girl protection—at a time when in most cities girl delinquency is skyrocketing. National figures just released by the F.B.I. show that arrests of girls under twenty-one, in 1943, jumped 130.4 per cent over those in 1941.

After midnight we began dropping into gaudy, dim-lit taxi-dance halls to make sure no hostesses under twenty-one were employed. We visited all-night movie theaters in search of sleeping runaways, found two girls of eleven and twelve, drove them to their homes and rebuked their maddening, casual parents. (All

Policewoman Margaret Snow examines a hotel register and discusses entries with owner



A teen-age girl with a sailor in a restaurant at 3 A.M. is questioned by Mrs. Isobel Herrick

Policewomen June Morris and Mildred Daly pick up a runaway girl (center) in a bus terminal

IN BOUNDS DUE

law-enforcement officers are grimly bitter on the subject, urging that delinquent parents be brought to justice.)

Miss Kidder and I searched noisy beer gardens, blue with smoke, for girls under twenty-one. We inspected hot-dog joints, night clubs, skating rinks, public dance halls, cheap rooming houses and other spots likely to attract bewildered runaways, V-girls, and restless young thrill seekers.

"I think we'll drop into the bus terminal," Miss Kidder said suddenly. "Sometimes runaways sleep there."

And there, sure enough, sound asleep on a bench, her small cardboard suitcase on her lap, her feet drawn up under her, was a pretty blond child of twelve in plaid coat and cap. It was Betty-May; though when first awakened, she assured us she was Miss Deanna Garbo of Denver. She slept soundly in the back of our big limousine all the way to the Juvenile Detention Home. In her purse was thirty cents. Not enough for a night's lodging. What would have become of Betty-May the following night?

"She'll be sent home?" I asked, as we swung back to our last three hours of night patrol.

"Probably. If the home is possible at all, it's always the best place for a child. But we don't send a runaway back to drunkenness or cruelty; or to a brother or father who has raped her. Each case is investigated thoroughly."

I thought of some other cities, where treatment of girl runaways is still archaic, brutal and stupid. No investigations are made. Nondelinquent runaways are returned to homes often degrading and unbearable—from which they will run away again. Delinquent runaways are publicly arrested, thrown into reeking county jails with hardened criminals, tried, sent to a House of Correction for sixty days and then turned loose in a strange city without money, a job, or any assistance in going straight—without even shelter for one night.

City clocks were striking one-thirty as we began again to patrol our tough, dim-lit district. The rain had stopped. Shadowy figures, on the arms of soldiers and sailors, were emerging from the dance halls, bars and cheap movie houses.

"Aren't these young girls?" I asked.

"Oh, no," Miss Kidder said. "At a distance you can tell age by the legs; close up, by the hands. These are women twenty-five or more. But look! Over there. See that girl coming out of Tony's Restaurant with a civilian? She's young. We'll question her."

The Kindly Hands of the Law

She ran the car to the sidewalk, and we jumped out. She aproached the couple, showed her badge and explained that this was not an arrest, just questioning. She took the girl quietly by the wrist. Instantly the man, who was about thirty-five, turned and fled. The thin, white-faced girl looked after him in fright. She was a nice youngster, rather shy, with clear skin, blue eyes and curling dark hair tied at the temple with a gay red bow. She wore only a thin silk coat, no hat. She was shivering.

"How old are you?" Miss Kidder asked.

"Twenty-three."

"It's better to tell the truth."

"I'm seventeen."

"Your name?"

She gave it. (We will call her Jean.)

"Does your mother know you're out this late?"

"I'm from Akron. I came to Detroit to live with my aunt."

"We'll take you home to your aunt."

"Oh, no. She's left Detroit."

"I see. Hop in. We'll go to police headquarters."

Miss Kidder's kind, expert questioning brought out the whole story. Jean had run away a month before from a drunken father and a stepmother in Akron, selling her cloth coat to get train fare. She had come to Detroit hoping to live with an aunt while studying stage dancing. The aunt, she found, had moved away.

Claiming to be twenty-one and experienced, Jean had taken a job as a dancer in the chorus of a cheap vaudeville theater. Unfamiliar with dance routines, she had not made good and had finally been fired. She had been unable to get another job. The evening before we found her, her landlady had put her out. Hungry and chilled, she had begged her way into an all-night movie house and gone to sleep. Later a man sitting next to her had seen her crying and had offered to buy her a meal. He had taken her to Tony's Restaurant.

"Where was he taking you when we picked you up?"

"He was going to rent a room for me."

"You mean—for both of you?"

"No. He said not. He promised . . ."

Miss Kidder turned directly to the girl. "Jean, have you had anything to do with men or boys, sexually? If you have, you should be examined for venereal disease."

"No," was the vehement protest. "I never have. Never! But go ahead, examine me. I don't mind."

"Good. Now, Jean, we'll have to detain you here at headquarters while your case is investigated. You'll be in a clean, private room. Not with anyone else. And you are *not* being arrested or given a police record. You are just being protected."

"Don't send me home!" the girl begged.

"Your home will be investigated. If it's what you claim it is, you won't have to go back. If you do stay in Detroit, we'll help you get adjusted. Social agencies will find you a clean place to live, a job, some young friends and some fun. You'd like that?"

Tears of relief sprang to the girl's eyes. "Yes," she said huskily.

Jean's case illustrates girl-delinquency prevention at its best. It represents all-out community effort based on a simple program. Any city can set it up. Some cities are doing so through the following five preliminary steps:

(1) Create in the police department a crime-prevention bureau. Within it, set up a women's division staffed with experts scientifically trained to discover girls in moral peril; interview them; transport them to their homes or to clean, proper detention places; thoroughly investigate them and refer the cases for solution to the right public and private agencies.

(2) Provide the clean, proper detention places mentioned above.

(3) Provide a Children's Court or the equivalent, with competent probation officers. Insist that judge and probation officers be Civil Service, and not political appointees.

(4) Finance public and private agencies so that they can give delinquents and potential delinquents the careful, long-term aid many of the cases require. (Some cities are not only rehabilitating delinquent girls and boys but are beginning to clean up the areas that produced them.)

(5) Punish parents guilty of willful neglect.

Any city should find this delinquency-prevention program fairly simple. It demands no lavish expenditure. The machinery for much of it is already in existence. It will greatly reduce local costs of crime and venereal-disease control. (Syphilis among 15- to 19-year-olds in New York rose 132% in 1943.) But most important of all—it will keep thousands of decent but neglected, restless girls from slipping into prostitution.

A policewomen's division need not be large. In Detroit, there are over 3,600 policemen, only 58 policewomen. In setting up a women's division, all authorities warn, the first essential is to staff it with specialists—keen and highly educated women thoroughly trained in psychology, sociology and law enforcement, and with

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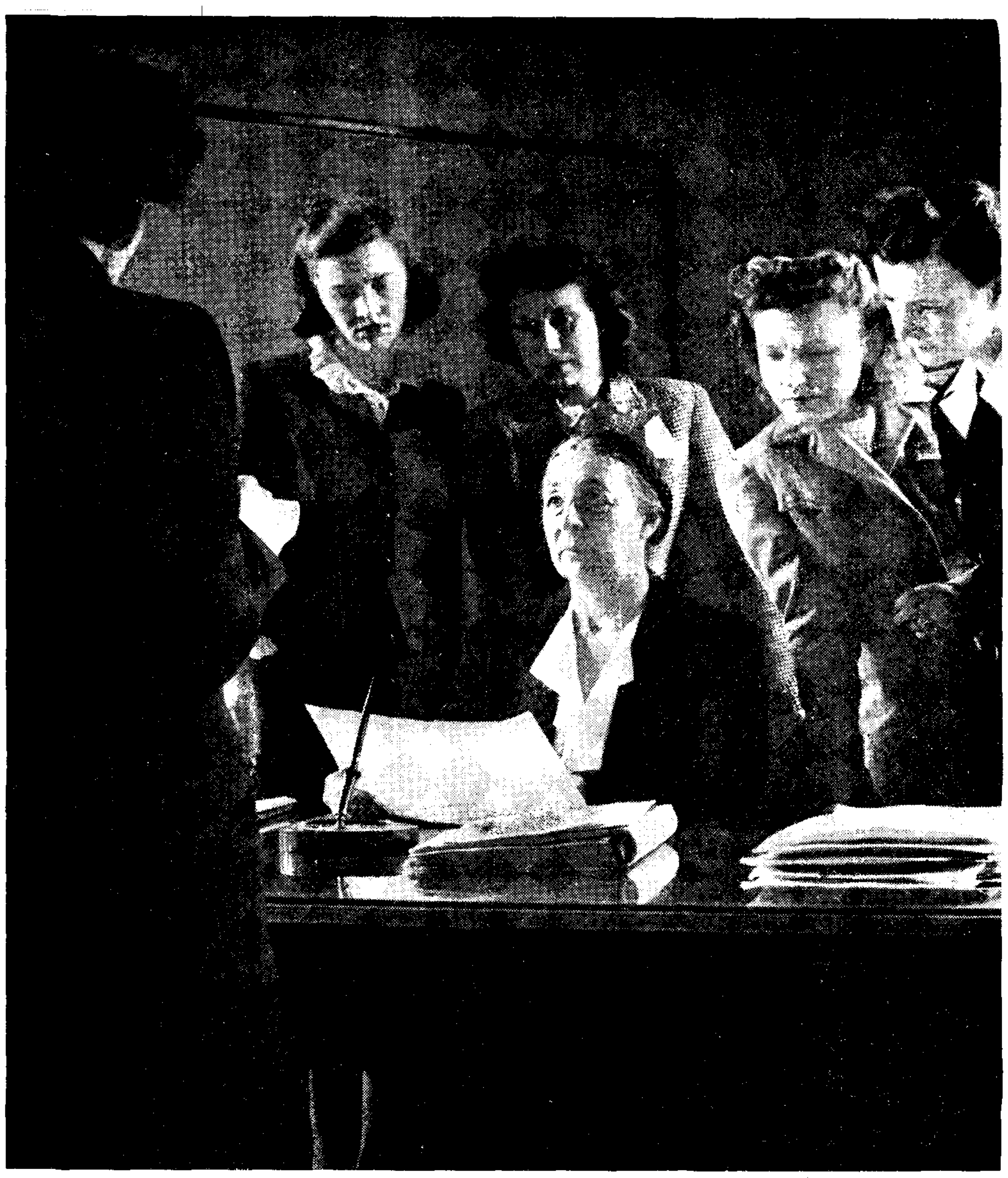


Eleonore L. Hutzel, center, is head of Detroit's highly efficient women police squad. With her here are five members of her division

On the day after a rape, Policewoman Margaret Snow (right) returns to scene with the victim to look for proof of the man's identity

CHANGE OF HEART

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story: CAROL HILLARY is engaged to DUDLEY LENNOX, owner of the magazine for which she works. HELEN, her mother (a glamorous foreign correspondent) and ADAM, her father (a popular novelist) no longer care for each other. HELEN has just flown home from the Pacific war area accompanied by an Air Corps hero, MAJOR MILES DUNCAN, with whom she is collaborating on a book. Fully conscious that her mother is infatuated with the young officer, CAROL tries to ignore him. But soon she knows—and her mother knows—that MILES means more to her than DUDLEY LENNOX. So she is confronted with a problem: Shall she break her engagement and try to take MILES DUNCAN away from her mother? While she is still caught between love and loyalty, HELEN tells her maliciously that MILES has been ordered to a new post. CAROL, afraid she will lose him, asks: "Where does he go?"

III

FIRST, Mitchel Field . . ." Helen halted. She said, "I'm very fond of him; it's like seeing my own son sent back into combat."

"Nuts," said Carol. "He isn't your son, you wouldn't want him to be. You never wanted a son, nor," she added, "a daughter for that matter. . . ."

Helen swung around. "Are you trying to tell me I'm in love with the boy?" she demanded.

"No," said Carol and her heart was light, suddenly. "I know you're not. You're not in love with anyone and you never will be. You don't want to love; you want to be loved. And you have your own dignity. You would never want to be in love with a boy twenty years your junior and you don't want anything from him but a sort of hopeless adoration. This has happened before, Mother, and it will happen again—perhaps."

Helen said, "That's quite enough."

"I think so, too," said Carol, "so, if you're ready"—she smiled a little, because now she was so sure, now all the pieces of the pattern fell into place and made sense—"shall we join the gentlemen?" she asked.

They went into the living room in silence. But Carol's heart beat quickly and her cheeks were red and her stormy eyes were clear. Because she had looked at Miles before he had known that she was there, and she had seen only embarrassment. She had seen, the moment he knew of her presence, and Adam's relief. He may not have known it but he had been glad that they had come.

Helen looked from her husband to Miles. She said, with a pretty humility, "I'm so sorry . . . to make such an idiot of myself at my age!"

"It's the right age for it," said Adam and she would have been happy to walk to the chair for his murder at that moment. He touched her shoulder. He said, "Let's go downstairs and get a drink. It's a nice little bar and a compromise between going home or to some gay spot, which would bore us all."

"Swell," said Miles heartily and Helen who had opened her mouth, shut it again, into a firm line.

So they went out and downstairs and into the bar, done lavishly in hunting scenes. There was piped-in music, not many people, good liquor, if not too plentiful these days, and a pleasant, relaxing atmosphere.

Helen said, "I'll have some brandy . . . I think I need it."

"When my wife drinks," said Adam to Miles, "it's for medicinal and not social purposes."

He ordered highballs and the brandy. They sat and drank and talked of Miles' orders. And Helen said brightly, "I've a wonderful idea. We'll open the cottage, right away, and then when Miles has week ends, he can use it. Take people down," she said vaguely, "and perhaps we can be there, too."

"Splendid," said Adam cordially.

Carol spoke. She had her glass in her hand and now she turned it, listening to the cool little tune of the ice.

"I am going to ask my boss for a vacation," she said. "I rate one, later, but I'd like to take it now. June's lovely at the cottage and it would be pleasant to be away from the office until the gossip dies down."

Helen's face altered; but Miles and Adam looked at Carol with interest.

"What gossip, or mustn't we ask?" said her father.

She said evenly:

"You may. You'll know soon enough, if you read the papers. Providing you can read. I am breaking my engagement," she said, and smiled at them brilliantly. "Isn't that absurd . . . ? At least, Mother thinks it is."

"It's wonderful," said Adam happily. "Congratulations, dear."

Miles' eyebrows were startled. He asked, "Are you kidding?"

"No," said Carol.

"Well, poor guy," Miles commented.

Carol laughed. "Thanks," she said, "that's one of the nicest things you've ever said to me."

Helen said, "This is hardly the time or place but . . ." The brandy was warm in her veins, and was both stimulating and relaxing. She drank so rarely that a little sufficed.

"But what?" asked Adam.

"But I believe Carol is making a grave mistake."

Adam said, "If she is, it's her own."

Miles said, uncomfortably, "Hey, maybe I ought to excuse myself and get on upstairs."

"Not at all," said Adam, "as Carol remarked recently, you're practically one of the family. And it's no secret that I've never been besotted over my ex-future son-in-law. I suppose it's partly vanity. You see," he added thoughtfully, "aside from the fact that I don't like him personally, nor many of the things which he represents, I asked a favor of him last winter and he refused it."

CAROL'S eyes were enormous. "A favor!" she said incredulously.

"He didn't tell you? I didn't think he would. He's a secretive egg," said Adam. "Sure, he was around a lot, I saw the way love's wind was blowing and I thought he'd incline an ear. I asked him to send me overseas as one of his war correspondents. He has half a dozen on the pay roll, one more wouldn't matter. But little Dudley said, No. He said he was interested in my offer but he feared it couldn't be. He said I was too old."

"Well, damn him," said Carol sincerely, "if that's what you wanted to do."

"That's what I wanted," said Adam, "and it's still what I want. But there seems to be no other avenues. Practically every editor has his own bright busybody reporting the war in his own bright way. And most of them," he said, "are a damn' sight better than I'd ever be."

Miles said, liking him better than ever before, "I'm sorry, sir."

"There you go again!" said Adam, with resignation.

Helen said, her beautiful voice rough at the edges, "I think we'd better get on home, Adam."

Adam beckoned a waiter but Miles forestalled him neatly when the man came. He said, smiling, “My house, so your money's no good.” He signed the check, put a tip on the plate, and rose. “I'm sorry,” he said, “that you have to go, it's not late yet.”

Carol said, “I'm staying.”

Helen looked at her daughter. “I think you'd better come with us,” she suggested.

Carol shook her dark head. She said, “No . . . Miles will walk me home. Meantime, if he's feeling so hospitable, he can buy me another drink.”

Adam took Helen by the arm. He said “Come along, my dear, and leave the young folks to their own devices.” His voice was cream-smooth, and she jerked her arm away. It was a harsh, impatient gesture. As a rule all her gestures flowed without hurry; they were easy and graceful.

WHEN they had gone, Miles and Carol sat down at the little table. He asked mechanically, “What will it be?” and she said, “The same, only I expect I shan't drink it.” He ordered, and when the waiter had gone asked her, surprised to discover that he was really curious, “Why did you want to stay?”

She chuckled astonishingly.

“If I go home, I'll lie awake rehearsing speeches and I don't want to do that,” she explained.

“Speeches? Oh, I see—Lennox. Look here,” he said, “it's none of my business but have you thought it over?”

“Certainly not,” Carol said. “Did you think things over out there in the Pacific when you were a fighter pilot on his job? I mean, didn't you just go—*wham!*”

“Well, something like that,” he admitted, “but knocking off Japs, to say nothing of saving your own neck, is hardly comparable to breaking an engagement.”

She said, “But it's likewise a momentous decision. I suppose you should come to it by prayer and fasting. I didn't. I asked myself, for quite a while, ‘Let me see, do I want to be engaged?’ Finally, I replied, firmly, ‘I do,’ and then out of a practically clear sky, I said, ‘No, I don't!’ ”

“Maybe Lennox is lucky after all. You are apparently a gal who doesn't know her own mind,” said Miles thoughtfully.

She looked at him, a long, direct regard. She said, “I know my own mind now.”

Miles said, “I don't know Lennox very well. But he doesn't strike me as the sort of guy who'd take this lying down.”

“He won't,” said Carol. “And he'll have a second in his corner.”

“Who?”

“My mother.”

Miles flushed a little. He had, for a few moments, forgotten Helen. He said uneasily, “So I gathered from something she said to me when I—” He stopped, but it was too late. Carol put her elbows on the table and laughed. She said, “Don't tell me you actually took an interest? What did you say about us—Dudley and me?”

He said, “Oh, nothing much. Just something to the effect that I didn't think you were suited.”

“Smart boy. Why?”

“Oh,” said Miles, “I dunno. He's a lot older and he seems sort of—well, smooth and quick—and—I suppose the word is experienced.”

Carol asked, with delight, “And I'm rough-hewn, deficient thyroid and completely naïve?”

Miles scowled at her. Then he laughed. He said, “No. At first I thought you were, well, pretty poised and cool, and not-give-a-damnish—but I've changed my mind.”

“I see,” said Carol.

After a minute he said:

“I don't believe that about your mother. I mean, if you aren't happy in this engagement she'd be the last person to urge you to stick to it. She—” he hesitated. He concluded finally, “I expect she knows a good deal about people.”

Which wasn't what he had in mind. Carol knew that and could have ended the sentence for him neatly; could have said, “I expect she knows a good deal about unhappiness.”

She said, “Well, forget me. Tomorrow's D day or whatever you call it. Tell me about your orders and everything. Then, finish your drink and take me home.”

She wondered as they walked home and Miles talked about himself, what Adam and Helen had had to say to each other. She thought, her hand on Miles' arm: He's never talked this way before. Of course, it's because he wants to talk about anything except what we saw when we walked into the apartment. But still, it's a break for me. . . .

Helen and Adam had not spoken going home, except once. Then she said shortly, “I dare say you misunderstood what you saw,” and he answered pleasantly, “My dear girl, considering the circumstances, I am sure there was only one interpretation,” and let it go at that.

At the Hillary house Miles waited until the door was open, then he said, “Good night. . . . I'll be seein' you. I understand we can get into town now and then. I'll phone. . . . I promised Helen,” he added. “I hope you weren't upset by—by tonight.”

She said, “No, of course not. I understood perfectly.”

The door closed and Miles went off down the street. He wasn't sure that he liked Carol's reply, now that he thought it over. It could mean anything. It could mean just that or something else again. It could put him properly in his place, in a very unattractive situation, a man consoling a weeping woman. What was unattractive about that? Nothing except that as an audience the woman's daughter and her husband left a good deal to be desired.

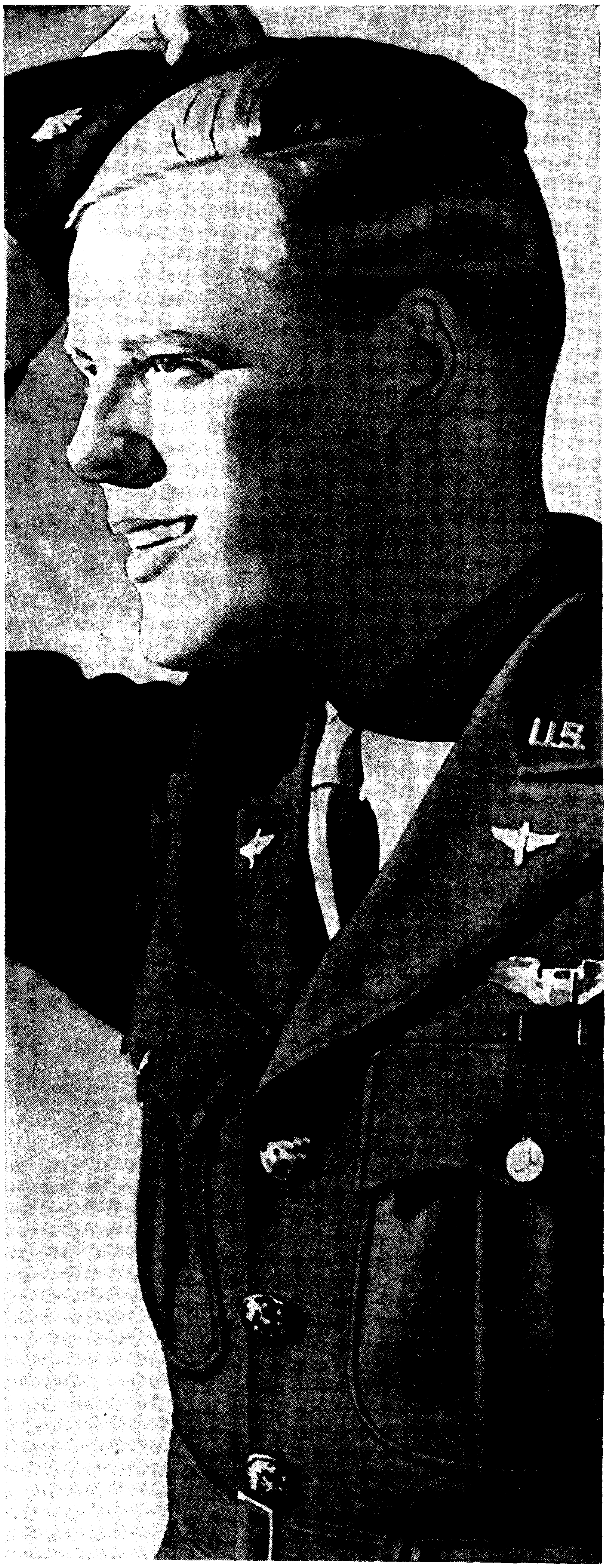
Adam didn't matter, especially. He was a general hell-raiser and he and Helen hadn't lived together for years by her own admission. She had guts and she had sensibility, sticking it out with him because of Carol. Yet Miles had an uneasy feeling that Carol, if consulted, might not have seen it that way. He had changed his opinion of her. She was human, and she was fun. She had her little weaknesses. . . . The night they'd danced and she felt ill, she'd been as cross and impatient as a child. And, too, on the next night she'd been incalculable and gay and made a very direct play for him just out of high-heartedness. Maybe, he thought, because she'd made up her mind to give Lennox the air and was feeling emotionally frisky.

She was a cute kid, he decided, for the first time looking upon her as younger than himself, and very good-looking. Also she had what it takes. He'd experienced that firsthand, to his own surprise. Someone should warn her that she carried quite a bomb load on her own account and was a little careless about her target.

HE WENT back to his rooms in the hotel and looked around them for a moment. It had been strange to come into them, to know he could sleep in that bed, as late as he pleased, pick up a telephone and give an order. He was used to it by now; you quickly grew accustomed. And it would be strange to leave again and go back to the BOQ life . . . the life of men and planes and talk and work. He wondered how long they'd keep him doing a special sort of duty on the island, how soon before they'd ship him out to instruct further, how long before he'd be overseas again?

In a way he was glad he was going, taking at least the first step toward that distant airfield wherever it might be. He might easily have made a fool of himself. Perhaps he had. He ran a finger between his shirt collar and throat and found he was sweating. But Helen Hillary was pretty remarkable. She had been the first

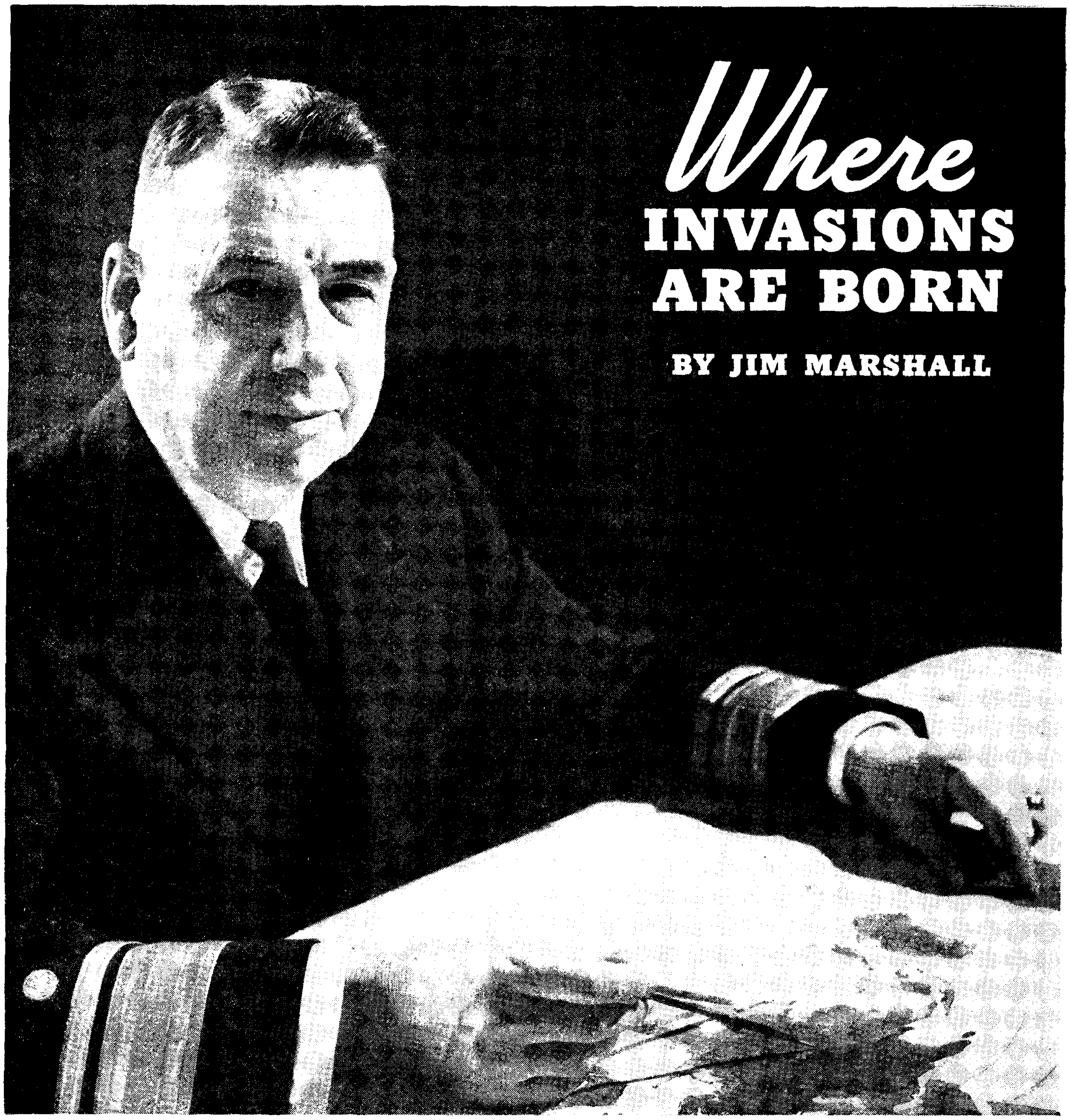
(Continued on page 33)



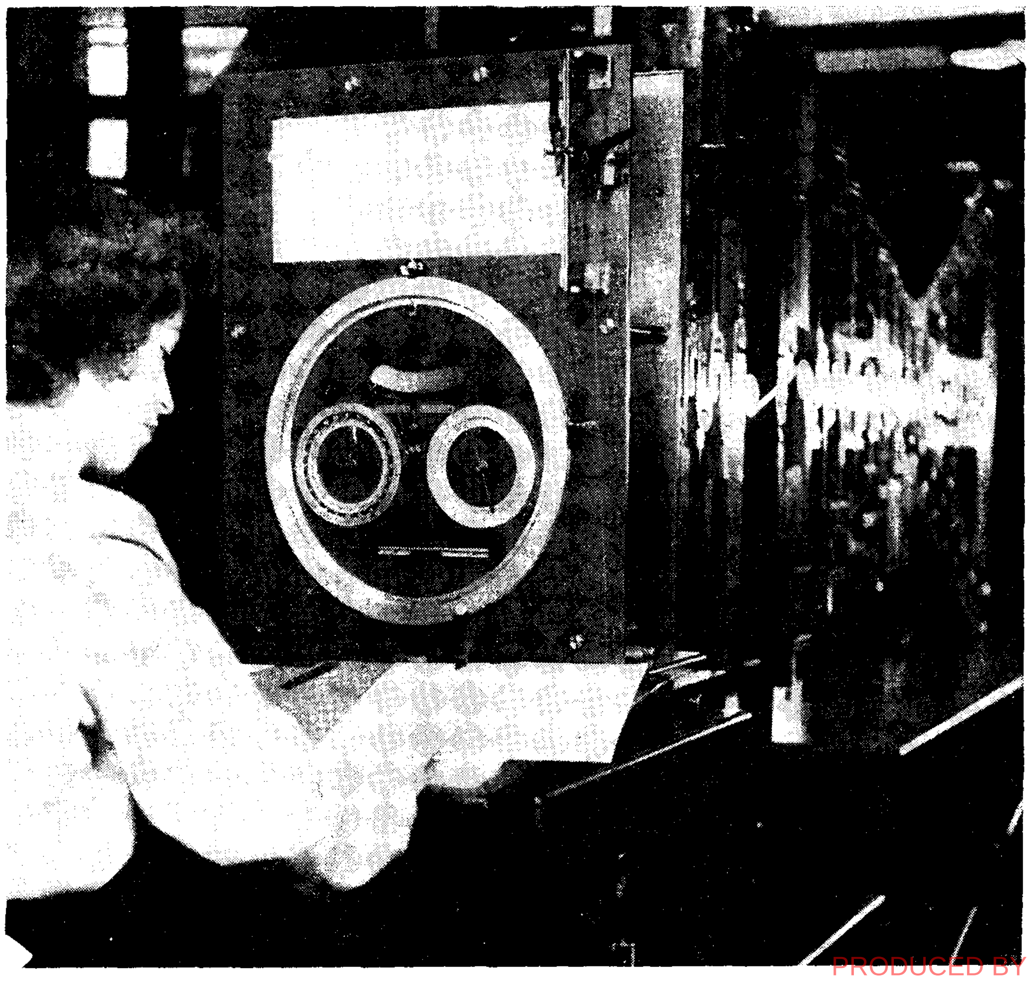
“Hi! Anyone home?” Carol opened the door and there was Miles! She looked at him and he grinned and asked, “Am I in time for supper?”

Where INVASIONS ARE BORN

BY JIM MARSHALL



Above: Seagoing scientist, Rear Admiral Leo Otis Colbert, director of the Coast and Geodetic Survey



With this intricate machine the operator can compute high and low tides for almost any spot on earth

The quiet scientists of the Coast and Geodetic Survey are the men upon whom success or disaster usually depends when new beachhead landings are being planned

IF SOMEBODY handed you a war machine and said, "Go ahead and invade the enemy's country," what's the first thing you'd call for? Okay: A map. After that: Information about beaches to land on, how the tides flowed and currents ran, prevailing winds, the changes for fog or snow, a detailed description of the country inshore and some facts about likely spots for gun emplacements and would there be a moon on Invasion Night.

This would mean calling on a veteran, kindly-faced, seagoing scientist in an office in the sprawling Department of Commerce Building in Washington: Rear Admiral Leo Otis Colbert, director of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. The Survey is a modest, hard-working outfit staffed in normal times by a few score career men. Few citizens ever hear of it. In wartime, it suddenly becomes vital to victory and expands fast. Without the Survey and the facts it has been patiently gathering for 138 years, our invasions might not be impossible—but they would be vastly tougher and many times as costly in lives.

The Survey's job is to make accurate maps and charts of American territory and waters and to gather from foreign sources all the material it can about the rest of the world. Seafarers know it chiefly because they use its charts and its tide tables to help them get in and out of harbors and keep off reefs and mudbanks.

After you had talked over your invasion plans with Admiral Colbert he might turn you over to Lieutenant Commander Paul A. Smith, of the Aeronautical Chart Branch, and Lieutenant Commander Charles Green, who is considerable of an invasion planner himself. You might tell them: "Listen, on April 15th we are going to land on Hoopla Beach on the west shore of Ruritania. Our landing craft draw six feet. Is the beach firm? Any quicksands or hidden rocks? Have you any dope about the layout of Hoopla City, five miles inland? And where would the enemy be likely to spot his guns?"

This sort of thing is happening right along, and in a few hours Commanders Smith and Green would have swads of accurate information ready, plus a lot of dope they'd warn you might not be up to the minute. They'd tell you at what hour you could get your boats beached and how long you could leave them there before hauling off; when the dark of the moon would come; and almost everything else you needed to know.

They would have gathered this information from a score of sources, over a score of years. The tide tables and a description of the landing place might have come from a pilot book from a captured Ruritanian ship; a layout of Hoopla City from a map in a tourist guide; pictures of the country from kodak shots made by a visitor back in 1935.

There might be some aerial pictures from our own Air Forces, some scribbled notes from a spy, some recollections from a professor in Harvard who once wandered over the country knocking rocks. All this information will be cross-checked as far as possible, and the result will be a reasonably accurate picture of what the invaders will be up against.

Road Maps of Destruction

The Aeronautical Chart Branch also will turn out "target charts" to guide our bombers to places we want to muss up, composing them from material gathered here, there and everywhere. Incidentally, a target chart isn't just a printed sheet of paper. War is a tough game, and so you can take a target chart, ball it up, leave it out in the rain overnight, play football with it, smooth it out—and read it. And in the dark, too. It's printed with fluorescent ink.

Landing on beaches may be a novelty to the men who do it and to the public which reads about it. But the chart-and-tide boys of the Survey have been doing it ever since the outfit was organized back in 1816. They're still doing it, often under fire.

During the invasion of Attu, westernmost of the Aleutians, the Survey's ship Hydrographer sent reconnaissance parties into Massacre Bay a few hours after the Army and Navy had landed men at Holtz Bay, a short distance away on the other side of the island. These parties of scientists made soundings and found hidden reefs; looked at the beach and had good maps and charts made in a week, while the fighting went on not far away. Their job had been done so well that the Hydrographer's skipper, Commander William M. Scaife, got a Legion of Merit award.

The widely held notion that the Japanese put in years surveying Alaskan waters and that their charts are much better than ours is probably just another notion, Admiral Colbert thinks. The evidence points the other way. The Japanese information on the western Aleutians seems to have been sketchy. They went into Kiska because, years ago, the Navy

(Continued on page 57)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BARRETT GALLAGHER

THE FRUSTRATED ENGINEER

BY JIM BISHOP

P. K. Wrigley is a gum tycoon. But those who know him best realize that he would rather fix a flat on your car than sell another hundred million packages of gum. He's gadget crazy and—be careful—he records conversations on wax

THE thin voice wheedles, "Is this Mr. Wrigley? I wanna speak to Mr. Wrigley, please." The deep voice says "Yes, yes. This is Mr. Wrigley. What is it, please?" And the thin voice says, "Mr. Wrigley, I don't like to bother you, but my jobber says he can't get me twenty packs of Juicy Fruit and four cartons of Doublemint. He says he can't—" The deep voice interrupts, "What is your name and address, please? . . . Terence McSchnook? Three two seven South Mar—"

Arthur Meyerhoff shuts the recorder off. "That's Wrigley's tycoon record. He sometimes makes recordings of his phone conversations. But you get my point? Anybody can talk to Mr. Wrigley. He's real. He's democratic." Meyerhoff looks at his right hand, which is waving. He packs it into his coat pocket. "You've got to know Mr. Wrigley to understand him. You say Wrigley, and people think of gum. Or the Chicago Cubs. Or Catalina. But that's not Philip Knight Wrigley at all. He's—aw, come on downstairs to the Wrigley Restaurant and meet him yourself. You'll see."

Chicago is at lunch. The restaurant is a bedlam of faces and conversation and laughter and crashing dishes. It is a big place on the ground floor of the Wrigley Building North. In the center is a glass partition, and, before it, a big round table.

Wrigley sits with his back to the glass. He has just resigned as president of the Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company and he looks as happy as a truant from school. To his right is Henry Webster, his faithful advertising manager. To his left, Otis Shepard, master of the billboard and the car card, the person who has made it impossible for you to go anywhere without seeing a green spear and the name Wrigley. He is trying to impress Wrigley with the need for more women's powder rooms in the upper deck of Wrigley Field. Especially on Ladies' Day.

There are others at the table, all of them business associates of Wrigley: There is Ted Vanderbie, stout, sleek, grinning; Jim Gallagher, the bantam rooster who bosses the Cubs; Les Weinrott, who produces a Wrigley radio show; Andy Howe, who plays Eva to Meyerhoff's Topsy (they worry more about Wrigley's business affairs than he does); and lastly, there is Pete the waiter. Pete is a character built for laughs. He has Indian-black hair, and his jowls are blue. He wears a wine-colored waiter's jacket and he dances around the big table and often refuses to bring the food that Wrigley orders. He brings double Martinis for two hardy souls and then watches archly to see if they slide under the table.

These characters all have two things in common: They have fine teeth and they all love Phil Wrigley. The affection is no more spurious than the teeth. You get to understand quickly that their devotion to Wrigley the man is quite apart from their mercenary love for the Wrigley Company. If you should ask them what they think, deep down, about the gum magnate of America, they bounce all over the table like a string of ten-cent pearls, and they shout and make gestures and very little sense.

Wrigley tells you how, years after the Wrigley Company established this restaurant, someone discovered that the double Martinis weren't quite double. He has a delicate sense of absolute justice. "We suggested that the bartenders make them double—measure them out and make sure that two of everything goes into them—even olives."

After lunch he goes up to his office on the top floor and talks to reporters who want to know why he resigned as president. The decision wasn't made in a moment. You know that, because the large portrait of his late father, which hogged a big chunk of wall behind his desk, is already gone and only the screw holes remain.

The office is as big as the lobby of the local movie and twice as pretty. It is the only thing about Wrigley that looks like money. Lots of money. The company's outer doors are solid glass. The secretary is Swedish blond, all modernistic. The lamps are smart and subdued. The rug is deep pile. There is a two-way view from the windows, one overlooking the Loop; the other, Lake Michigan.

Wrigley sits at his big desk in his shirt sleeves. Behind him, against the wall where his father's portrait hung, is a twin desk. On it are several photos of his wife, Helen Atwater and his children, Blanche, twenty-one; Dorothy, eighteen; and William, eleven. His marriage had a new twist to it: The president's son married the vice-president's daughter.

Before he speaks to the reporters, Wrigley hits a switch. Silently, wax recorders begin to turn. They register everything that is said in the room. Some of the reporters help themselves to the Juicy Fruit, the Doublemint and the Wrigley Spearmint, which lie on a side desk. They have no time to wait for the pretty girl who makes two tours a day of the offices with gum. Wrigley gives them a handout—a prepared statement. They read as far as "Ever since I have been carrying the title of president . . ." Then they look up and ask him why he quit.

He talks informally about his father. He has a devotion for his father akin to a kid meeting a soldier just back from Guadalcanal. The voice is deep and the tone nostalgic. "I won't take the job of chairman of the board. That job was last held by my father. His shoes are too big to fill. I'd like for a while to stand on my own feet. I've been handicapped for many years as president." Then a quick apprehensive glance. "Does that make sense? I hope to come to work later in the morning. I'd like to come in at ten and go home as early as I please." But you know he won't.

(Continued on page 70)

ACME

Philip K. Wrigley listens to the advice of his new-old Cub manager, Charley Grimm. Wrigley rarely poses for a photograph

RALPH HANKS' DAY

RADIOED BY FRANK D. MORRIS

It was a gala day for the boys of Carrier X. Within fifteen minutes, seventeen rising sons, in as many Zeros, set

Lieutenant (jg) Ralph Hanks, carrier pilot who brought down five Jap planes in his first combat action

ABOARD a U. S. aircraft carrier in the Pacific: Our carrier was operating in the Central Pacific with a task force, helping convert Jap-held islands into American bases and airfields. Carrier X, a post-Pearl Harbor addition to the fleet, was slowly becoming a veteran warrior, and her pilots, most of whom had been trained since December 7, 1941, were improving their technique of making good Japs out of live ones.

The fighter pilots, in their Grumman Hellcats, had been raising particular hell with the enemy, blasting their planes out of the sky and strafing ground troops and installations. The following account of one busy morning in the lives of these "Airedales" is typical.

Although this was Tuesday on the calendar, and D-plus-3 Day on our operations schedule, it will always be remembered by those aboard Carrier X as "Ralph Hanks' Day." Up until this date Lieutenant (jg) Eugene Ralph Hanks, a fighter pilot, had been known chiefly as a wiry six-footer with an infectious grin and a burning desire to get this war won, so he could go back to Red Bluff, California, and resume hunting deer in the Coast ranges.

Leader of Team Seven

Ralph was one of a couple dozen Hellcat pilots flying combat air patrol that morning. Their job, a routine assignment in the combat area, was to fan out from the carrier force and intercept any enemy planes that might approach with bombs, torpedoes and dishonorable intentions. They flew in teams. Ralph was leader of Team 7, which had been reorganized in a shake-up just a few days before. Another jg, "Flophouse" Fleming (so called because he can fall asleep anywhere, any time), Ralph's roommate, was his section leader, and the two wing men were Seyfferle and Rucinski, both ensigns and newly assigned to this team.

There was plenty going through Ralph's mind that morning as he sliced the substratosphere just above 20,000 feet. He had been out in the Pacific for months now, had gone on two carrier raids over Jap bases, but not a single miniature Rising Sun flag decorated his plane. Getting his first Zero would be something to write home about—a rare item to include in his next letter to Ruthie, the brunette with the lovely eyes back in Pawtucket. It would be a fitting reply to his father's last letter which described the recent bagging of an elk in Yosemite by Hanks, Sr. Now if Ralph could only—

"Many unidentified planes bearing three-two-zero degrees!" the voice of the fighter director on Carrier X came through Hanks' radio earphones in the middle of his dream. Ralph listened carefully to the instructions that followed. His team and two others were to go out and intercept the strangers; the remaining teams to take position halfway between the strangers and our carrier force.

Pouring on the coal, the twelve Hellcats arrived at the designated area in just a few minutes to behold a scene they had thought existed only in aviation thriller fiction. There, some four thousand feet below them, were twenty Zeros flying serenely along, minding their own business and headed in the general direction of Tarawa. Half of them were formed in an echelon of Vs; the others were in smaller, scattered formations. None of them apparently had sighted the Hellcats.

Lieutenant Hanks of Red Bluff picked out a Zero on the right end of the echelon, peeled off and dived on it. When he got in range, a short burst from his .50-caliber wing guns caught the Jap in the wing tanks and set him afire before he even suspected he was having a visitor.

About thirty seconds later, as Ralph was flattening out from his dive, another Zero broke away from the formation and started down past him. Hanks was slightly below and to one side of this one when he opened fire and scored another bull's-eye. Both Jap planes went into a death spin which ended in the Pacific.

Cutting across in a left turn to make another run, Ralph saw a Zero getting into position to fire on a Hellcat's tail, so he pulled up and inside until the plane with the orange disks on its wings was directly in his sights. Ralph's right thumb pressed down on the firing key. The target erupted flame and smoke, and another Jap pilot's flying career was concluded shortly in deep blue water.

By this time, the air around the Hanks Hellcat was supporting a lovely brawl. Although outnumbered almost two to one, the Carrier X fighters were wading into the flustered Japs with malice aforethought. Flophouse Fleming roared down on a Zero neighbor of Hanks' first victim, sprayed him with .50-caliber lead and saw him roll into a spin to go down smoking.

On the same run, Flophouse caught another Zero worrying a Hellcat and went after him. The Jap whipped away into a diving turn, but Flophouse caught up with him and, spreading his gunfire, set both the Zero's wing tanks ablaze. As he pulled away, he saw both the Jap's wings blown off as the tanks exploded.

That was a good morning's work for Flophouse the Fighter, but he wasn't through yet. A surviving Zero made the mistake of trying to tail him, so he went into a tight turn, plowing through the Zero's gunfire as he did so, and completely reversed the situation by winding up on the Jap's tail. Flophouse fired a long burst, and the Zero blew up, tossing large hunks of plane right in the Hellcat's path. One big piece skimmed over Flophouse's cockpit cover, and he ducked instinctively.

Four Down and One to Go

Meanwhile, Hanks had climbed a couple of thousand feet over the melee to get a better perspective. Then he made another pass at still another Zero, missed it and found another over to one side that looked promising. Drawing a bead, he tattooed the cockpit of Zero No. 4 with slugs, and it, too, went down in flames.

Then, diving to avoid a Zero that was firing on him from the rear, Hanks almost blacked out in the pull-out. He soon recovered, however, and just in time to see another Rising Sun plane making weaving turns ahead of him. By this time, his ammunition was almost exhausted, but he emptied the belts on this plane—No. 5 for him—and to good effect. The Zero puffed smoke and flame, went into a slow roll that brought it down to sea level and even lower.

The entire aerial action took less than fifteen minutes. Hanks' stint was completed in less than five minutes. The score: seventeen Zeros definitely shot down and their pilots lost; one of our fighter pilots had most of the tail of his Hellcat torn away, but he flew it back to the carrier force, bailed out and was picked up by a destroyer. The three Jap planes not accounted for were listed as probable losses, for it was established that all of them had been so badly damaged they could not make it back to their base.

This flight of Zeros had evidently been sent out on a fighter sweep to locate and survey our naval forces in the Tarawa-Makin area and report back to its base, so that bombers might be dispatched to attack us. Evidence that this was their mission came next day when another flight of Zeros accompanied by several medium bombers, apparently acting as navigational planes, appeared in approximately the same area and on the same course.

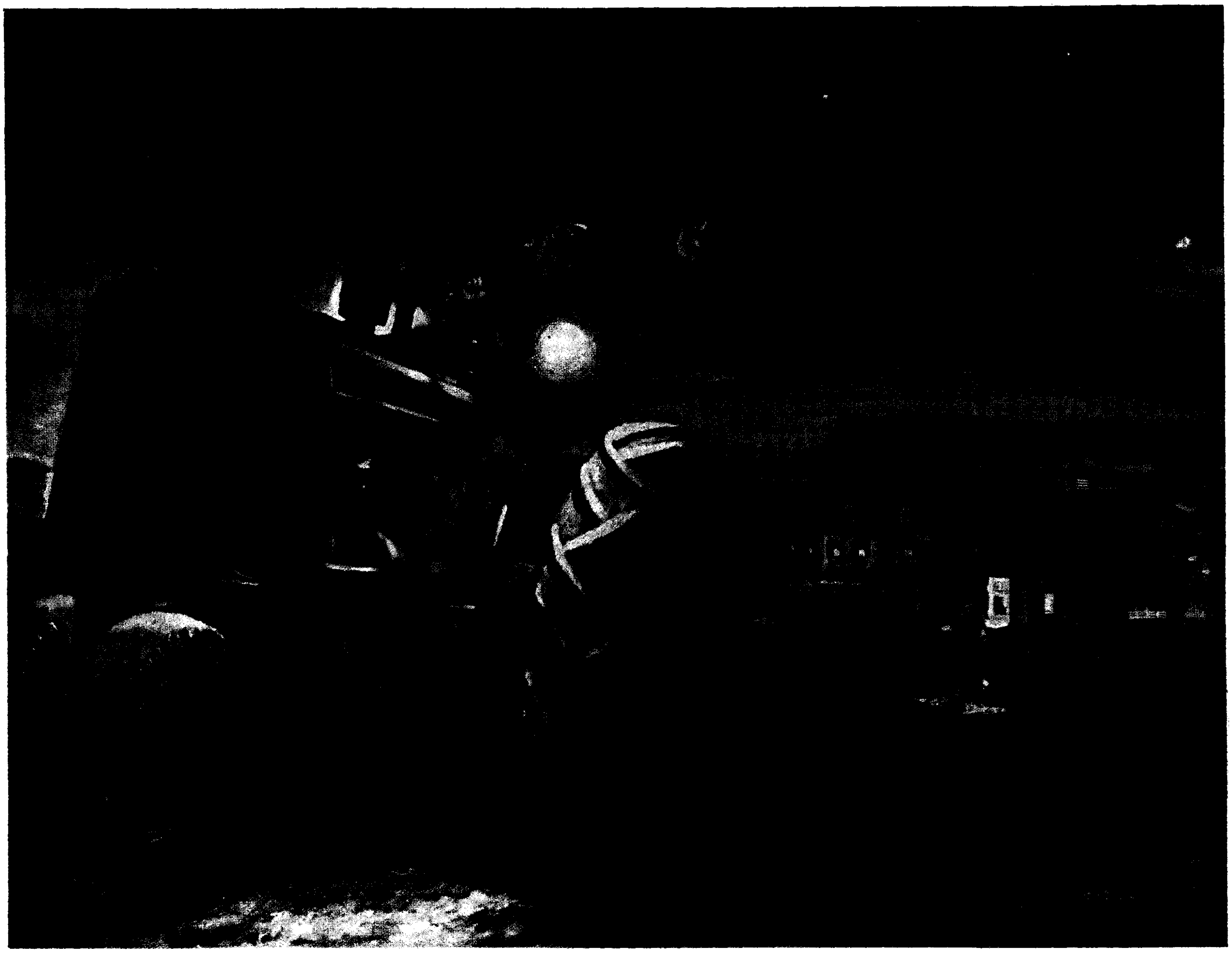
Again fighter planes from Carrier X "had the duty" on combat air patrol. And just to prove that the previous day's performance had been no fluke, again they proceeded at two-to-one odds—to shoot down ten Zeros and two bombers. The other enemy planes didn't stick around to fight, but turned tail for home fast.

Lieutenant Commander "Slim" Buie, the fighter squadron commander, was justifiably proud of his "Airedales" after that two days' performance. Slim himself bagged three Zeros, his first enemy tallies; Lieutenant (jg) Al Frendberg knocked off four; "Tiger" Rucinski, Hanks' wing man, knocked down a couple that first day, another the second day. The other wing man in the team, Seyfferle, was credited with a "possible."

Another jg, who said he had "never seen so many meatballs (Rising Suns) at one meal before," helped Flophouse get a Zero, and Flophouse got two more all by himself the second day. Two of the Jap medium bombers were "scratched" also, and if Tokyo headquarters wants to know why some more of their famed Zeros never returned to their base they can only blame other pilots in Carrier X's fighter squadron. ★★★

Better men than the enemy. Jubilant after their smashing 17-0 victory, some of the Pistol-Packin' Airedales smile across the tail surface of a Hellcat on the carrier's deck. Left to right are Ensign William J. Seyfferle, Cincinnati; Lt. (jg) Anthony R. Fizalkowski, Los Angeles; Lt. (jg) Alfred L. Frendberg, Hillsboro, North Dakota; Lt. Comdr. Paul D. Buie, squadron commander, Nashville, Georgia; Ensign John W. Bartol, Port Washington, Wis.; Lt. (jg) Dean D. Whitmore, Alton, Kansas; Lt. (jg) Francis M. Fleming, Portland, Oregon; Lt. (jg) Eugene R. Hanks, Gibbs, Idaho; Ensign Edward J. Rucinski, Chicago

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH



Fighting the cruelest enemy of all

Women, babies, hale or crippled or aged men—all are one to our most vicious enemy. He tortures for weeks or months before he kills.

His name is Hunger.

For with millions of farming acres abroad now war-swept and barren, the world's food supply is dangerously low. That includes America's—for we usually have not raised much more than our ordinary peacetime needs.

On the tractors of America's farms rests a heavy responsibility. With the shortage of human hands, these mechanical gluttons for work are toiling before daybreak, and often far into the night, to fill the desperate need for bigger crops.

It is taking 2½ *billion gallons of fuel* this year to provide their power. Add to that 72 million gallons of lubricating oil, 36 million pounds of grease, 252 million pounds of gear lubricants, that are necessary to fight off wear from these precious power plants.

America's petroleum industry is straining every muscle to supply the prodigious thirst of our warplanes for high octane gasoline, for oil that drives our vast armadas of ships, our tanks, jeeps, trucks. Yet these needs are no more vital than those of our tractors! Both must be met—for food, too, fights for Freedom.

Both *will* be met. Tide Water Associated, working shoulder to shoulder with the country's other oil companies, will not fail. Together, we'll continue to do the impossible, as we have done since Pearl Harbor.

The farmer will see that the wail of hungry children will not rise in this land. And the oil industry will stand at his shoulder.

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York • Tulsa • San Francisco

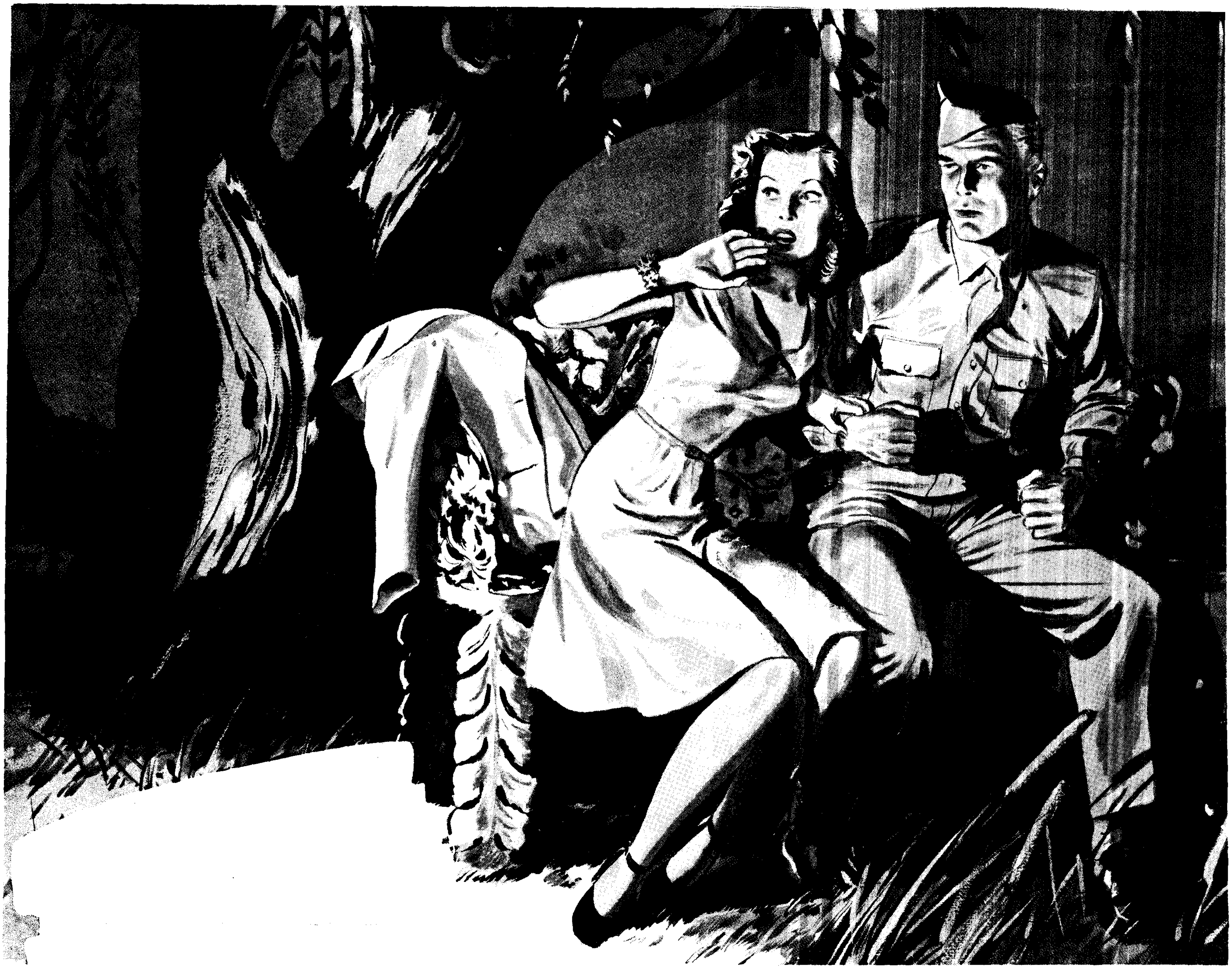
WORLD'S LARGEST REFINERS OF PENNSYLVANIA OILS

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED

GASOLINE POWERS THE ATTACK—DON'T WASTE A DROP

VEEDOL
MOTOR OIL

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!



They hadn't heard the man until the flashlight blinded them. "Get goin'," the harsh voice said. "Get out of here now or I'll call the police"

BY HELEN HEDRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Love is an island just large enough for two, but often the world intrudes—and there's always The Family to consider

KATHLEEN VERONY had a feeling about tonight. A feeling tightly gathered up inside of her until she was filled with its excitement and wonder. As though this was it, and everything in her whole eighteen years had led her to it.

"He's got to be there," she said to herself again, "he's got to." She said it like some magic formula that to say would bring true.

It was warm tonight, late June, and the air coming in her open bedroom windows was soft and sleepy sweet with summer night.

She had finished dressing, her dress hung light against her. She put on her black slippers with the ankle straps last, fitting her feet into them delicately so not to smear the suntan make-up. It was, she decided now positively, better than wearing any of the kind of stockings she owned.

Without a last look into the mirror she picked up her light summer coat and stuck her red billfold into the pocket. By not looking in the mirror for a last check-up, she felt she was giving in entirely to the whole idea of fatality, to the inevitability of what would happen. As though now she had done everything possible and if it wasn't enough . . . She pulled her hair from the coat collar.

On other nights she had looked into the mirror and had been by turn down in despair and then high as stars. High as stars, she would look, and say, "I *am* beautiful. My hair is marvelous, shining and black, thick, like a—like clouds, black clouds. And my skin—no, my eyes are my best point. Almost blue-black, sometimes violet-blue, wonderfully full of devils and angels and secrets. My teeth and my mouth—my body. I am perfect, perfect. I'm a type—the dark, exotic type—slender, tender and tall."

Standing close to the mirror, staring straight into the eyes of her image as if it were someone dearly beloved, precious, and taking delight all through her in it.

But on low nights, she looked at herself with despair, and said, "You. Whatever gave you the idea you were anyone? You're exactly like thousands and thousands of other girls stuck off in towns just like this one all over the country. A dime a dozen. You're a timekeeper in Department A at the arms plant where you'll still be, if you're lucky enough to keep your job, until everything is drained out of you and you're as dead and dull and shapeless as *they* are downstairs."

The *they* she thought about were the three people sitting downstairs in the living room now listening to her light steps in the hall, watching the door for her. Her Grandmother Verony, her son and his wife, who were Kathleen's father and mother.

And it is a strange thing about life, that from such as these three can come someone like Kathleen; that without them she would not have been. That from three such should come a girl so electric feeling, so vital and graceful, so full of dreams and illusions and youth as Kathleen.

Of the three of them, Grandmother Verony had the most color. Her eyes still darted a sharp fire, and what her eyes saw her tongue protested. At sight of the young girl now she started up, and her knotted, brown-spotted hands came down on her chair arms.

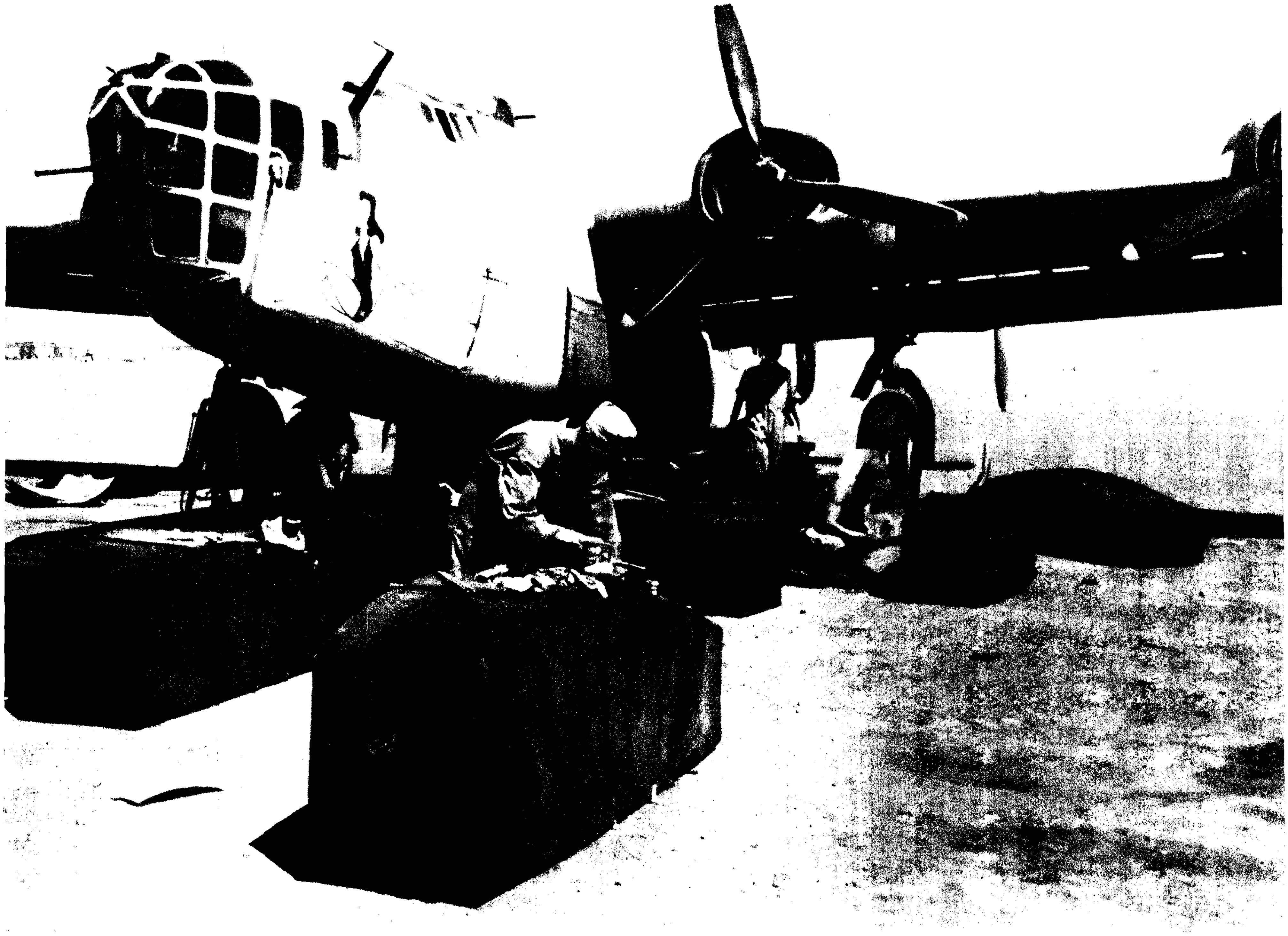
"I tell you," she said, her black eyes holding on the girl almost as though she hated her for being young (or so Kathleen was wont to think), "when I was your age I wasn't traipsin' out goodness-knows-where every night of the week."

HER son, Ned, Kathleen's father, a man in his late forties, tired from a hard day as inspector at the arms plant, roused up from the davenport. He was a large man, with a heavy, thick neck and good-natured red face; as usual he had been taking an after-supper sleep with his shoes off. He liked peace and quiet, he said, but sometimes it was pretty hard for him and Cynthia, his wife, to get since his father died twenty years ago and Grandmother Verony moved in with them. It occurred to him at times that there wasn't anything his mother liked better than a good row.

"Now, Mother," he said, vaguely, rubbing his thinning gray-brown hair into more disorder than his sleep on the davenport had achieved, looking across to Cynthia as if to get help with Grandmother.

Cynthia was a thin, small

(*Continued on page 28*)



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THE big black bags, being repaired here at a North African air base, rank high among the life-savers of this war. For they are the famous bullet-puncture-sealing fuel cells.

They carry the gasoline that keeps your planes in the air. When enemy bullets rip through them, these tanks seal themselves at once, preventing the gas from leaking out! No explosion, no fire. In striking contrast to World War I, very few American planes come down in flames.

The step-by-step development of this remarkable rubber tank has come directly from Goodyear Research. The first design was made in the Goodyear Research Laboratory. Now certain basic features are used by all manufacturers of this product.

The development of the bullet-puncture-sealing fuel cell earned a special citation from the War Production Board. But Goodyear scientists have no time now to celebrate this success . . . for the struggle goes on in the big Goodyear Research Laboratory to discover more new fighting equipment . . . to help your boy win *sooner* . . . to help bring him home safe and sound.

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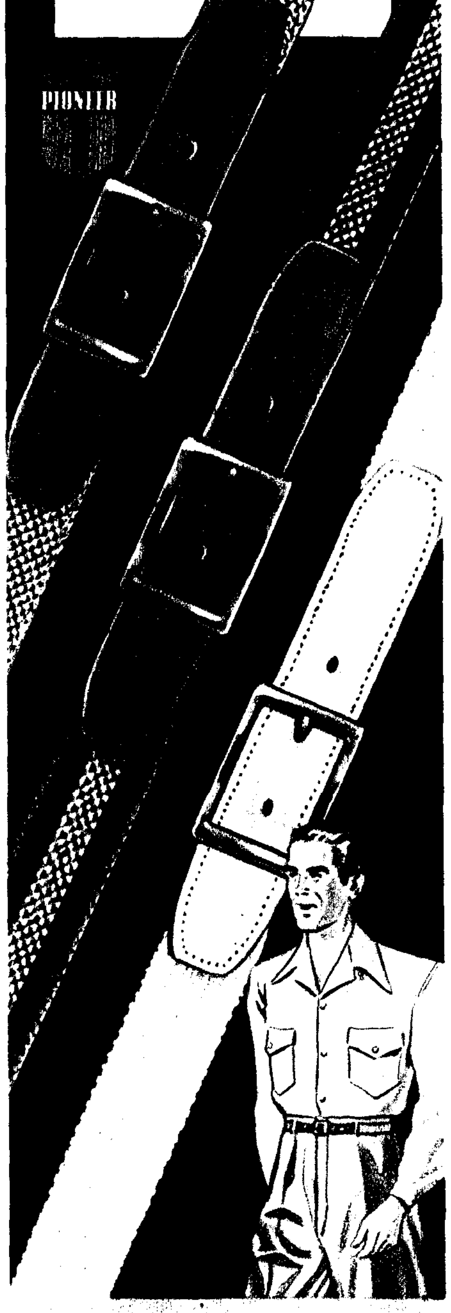
Let's all back the attack *with more War Bonds*

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



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"For Men Who Care What They Wear"
PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from page 26) woman, somewhat younger than her husband, about forty-one or so; a brown wren of a woman, whom upon first glance—the illusion to a wren was so perfect—one almost expected to peep like a bird instead of speak. As a matter of fact, her voice was rather deep, very soft and quiet; a comforting sort of voice. In appearance she was as painfully neat and clean as was her house. She said that her greatest pride in life was to have someone say her house was so clean "you could eat off the floor."

But the real pride in her she kept to herself. For this pride was so great and tender in her that she had grown more and more superstitious and afraid for it. The pride was the simple, but nonetheless deep, wonder in her that from herself should have come anything so entirely lovely as the girl Kathleen. The fear that her great pride might cause this possession to be snatched from her by death was as real in her as the passion itself.

That she had sacrificed and gone without things herself so that the girl might have them never once occurred to her. No more than it would occur to some dull-robed nun that she sacrificed the comforts and pleasures of the world to tend a sacred fire.

Only the fear that lurked always at her heart, that someway Kathleen might be lost to her, dismayed her. And she thought to outwit and confound this threat by hiding her pride very deep; and so she was forever dissimulating, saying small, harsh things to the girl (very small, and harsh really only to her own ears for indeed she was too gentle and mild for any real harshness).

BUT she did keep still often when she might otherwise have taken the girl's part. And now she added her slow, deep voice to Grandmother Verony's harsh one.

"I think you ought to get more sleep," Cynthia Verony chided, "working the way you do—" And even as she said the words, making them as cold as she could, she knew with a little inward smile, and a warmth, the spirit the girl had, and which she herself could never have summoned even in her own youth.

"It's Saturday night, and I can sleep tomorrow. Besides," Kathleen said, "I'm just going down to the USO. I promised Mrs. Adams down there I would come. And it's not the den of sin you'd like to think, Gran."

Grandmother Verony made a sort of strangling noise as though all the things she wanted to fling out were crowding together to be said at one time. "Bunch of worthless, no-good soldiers," she got out. "Here today and gone tomorrow. They'd be better off learning to fight than lallygagging around with a bunch of old do-good women and silly girls."

"Now, Mother," Ned Verony said, "if she said she'd go, she has to do it."

Of the three of them, he was the only one who had any understanding of the girl. He had less to do with her than the two women but he understood her better than they could. When he felt the most hopeful about this child of his he hoped she would get married and settle down with some decent fellow and turn out like her mother; but times he sensed a hardness in her, a sort of steel lining to her soft outside, and her purpose to get something good for herself above everyone else.

"Be back early," Kathleen said. "'Night, Mother, Dad, Gran. And don't wait up for me." But she knew they would, and she hated their attention with a sort of fury that even the wonder and excitement for tonight could not banish.

The last thing she heard as the door closed was Grandmother Verony crackling after her, "—And see that you don't get trailed home by any of those tramp soldiers, young lady—"

The door cut off the sound. The whole night opened out in front of her, and behind her the house was like a trap holding back from her their eternal reaching after her. *That they loved her she knew instinctively;* but what they were like, of their thoughts, their hopes and dreams, and yes, their fear for her, and their ache that someway she might be spared what life had shown them, she had not the slightest glimmer, nor interest. They were like the home she lived in, accustomed, but dull, without luster. The only thing she wanted from them, she thought, was for them to let her alone.

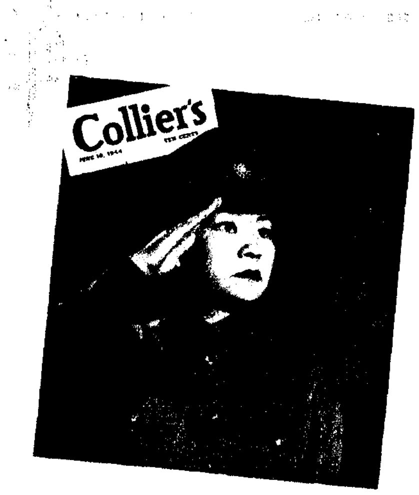
She paused for a moment on the sidewalk as though to gather again the excitement and wonder tightly inside her lest it should all at once explode and fling her like Fourth of July fireworks into the sky. The moon was almost at the full; it was still early evening.

She thought of Joe Williams now; everything else dropped away. She thought of things she wanted to say to him, ways she had never looked at him, how it was going to be when she saw him tonight. She walked down the street, the wide curl of her heavy black hair bobbing up and down on her shoulders, her heels clicking out a sort of music beat. She began to sing under her breath, an old song from a juke box, swinging her hips a little to the rhythm.

"'—painted lips, painted eyes, wearing a bird of paradise . . . she's nobody's sweetheart now . . . it all seems sad somehow . . .'"

"Joe's just got to get a pass tonight and be there," she said, and added as if the promise could propitiate some power, "if he can. If I can just see him tonight, I promise I'm going to be different to him. I'm going to go out with him. . . ."

She had turned off her own street, was passing the Judge Walthers place. When it had been built by the now Judge Walthers' father years ago, it had been far from the town's center, but now it was only two blocks off the main street. A great gray shadow of a house set deep in its wooded park, a full block of garden park for its own; there was even a small lake in the rose garden and a rowboat. The only light showing was in the caretaker's house at the rear. As a child—four years ago was the last time she did it—Kathleen and other neighbor children would slip through the gates and down through the rose garden to the lake to play in the old boat moored under a great weeping willow, until the gardener, like the ogre out of a witch story, would drive them out.



THE girl on the cover, in the summer uniform of a private in the Chinese Army, is Mei-Ling Foo. She came to San Francisco with her parents from China, learned to sing, went to Los Angeles, studied at and was graduated from the University of Southern California and learned some more about singing from impresario L. E. Behymer. She recently made a screen appearance in Selznick's Since You Went Away.

Mei-Ling, who is an inch under five feet and weighs only eighty-two pounds, resembles Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

She expects to sing with the San Francisco Opera Company next season and then, if the war is over, to return to her native land. Some of her relatives are over there now, fighting Japs. ★★★

Passing now, Kathleen looked through the high iron grille fence. What a place to live, she thought; if a person lived there, how perfect. . . . She was wondering if the rowboat was still there among the tule grass below the willow.

The town's main street was alive with Saturday night, a long line-up still waiting in front of the movie theater, every table taken in the Elite Café and every stool jammed, people waiting; like a midway of a carnival. The wide windows of the USO gave her a view from the sidewalk of the big main downstairs room. She knew before she walked in the doorway that Joe Williams was not there; so quickly she had sorted through the men in uniform.

She spoke to Mrs. Adams, the senior hostess on duty at the desk, conscious of the boys in the room looking at her. It was quiet down here tonight; there was a dance going on upstairs. The music came down in swells of sound as the doors opened and shut up there. A plump girl in a gray skirt and red blouse was playing ping-pong with a tall, thin soldier with red hair and buck teeth; most of the boys down here were sitting in the big chairs reading their home-town newspapers. One boy was asleep stretched out dead to the world on a davenport. It made her remember Joe that first night she ever saw him. . . .

Back in the girls' washroom she hung her coat in the locker; the long fluorescent light tubes along the ceiling flooded the white tile room with a sort of green-white color; along the mirrored wall above the washbasins she saw herself repeated like a row of strange girls with white-white faces and red lips and dark shadow eyes bounded by black-black hair. "If Joe doesn't come in tonight, I'll die," she said to herself, and believed it.

When she came back to the main room, some other girls had come in, were talking to the fellows; Kathleen passed by the boy asleep on the davenport.

He didn't, she saw now, look at all like Joe. It was just that Joe had been asleep right there the first time she ever saw him.

It had been time to close and Mrs. Adams had told Kathleen to wake him up. "Just speak to that boy over there," she had said, "and tell him we have to turn out the lights now."

He'd been lying there on his side with his legs doubled up, one big arm thrown up over his face to keep out the light, the other arm, with the sergeant's stripes on the sleeve and the green pine tree insigne of his infantry division on his shoulder, dragged down on the floor. She spoke to him, but when he didn't rouse she touched his arm, and at her touch he jumped, lighted on his feet ready to fight. Sound asleep, and instantly alert, like a tiger.

He recognized in the same flash that it was a girl and the tenseness slid out of him, he grinned, and then got terribly embarrassed; looking past her, he muttered something as he jammed on his cap, went on out of the building blind still with embarrassment. The next night he came back and waited for a chance to talk to her, but he'd never really told her he was sorry. . . .

MRS. ADAMS told her tonight to be on the milk and soft drink bar with Mildred Dailey. Mildred was already over behind the counter and she waved to her. Mildred was married to a boy with a bomber squadron stationed now in England; since Kathleen never went out with anyone from here either, it had drawn the two girls together.

"What a darling dress," Mildred said; "it's dreamy."

Kathleen wrinkled her nose. "Thanks. . . . What a darling little locket. New?"

Mildred's hand closed over the small gold locket on the chain around her neck as though she were touching someone she loved. For an instant their eyes met. "Jack sent it to me. He's had twenty-one missions now. . . ."

The whole thing was there in her eyes; she was a small girl, a pert, redheaded girl with a smooth line most of the time, but for that flash the whole thing broke her reserve, flooded into her face and eyes, the things that all girls who love and wait are knowing and feeling these days. "Oh, Kathleen," was all she said.

At once they got busy washing glasses, polishing them, setting them on the shelves, refilling the cooky trays. "Mrs. A. told me," Kathleen said, giggling, "that we were supposed to use these cookies from the boxes that came in first; the freshest ones we're supposed to keep back until yesterday's are used up." She went on filling the tray from the last boxes that had been brought in. She knew the instant Joe came in because Mildred put her hand all at once on her arm and pressed it. She didn't turn her head, but under her breath she said, "How do I look?"

"Swell," Mildred told her. "Perfect."

"My lipstick, have I got enough on?"

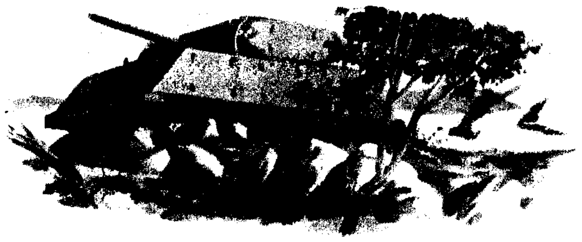
"Press your lips together, yes, swell; shhh, he's coming over."

Kathleen turned around, put the tray of cookies on the counter. "Oh, hello," she said. Mildred had gone down to the other end of the counter.

"Gee," Joe said, "I was wondering all the way in from camp on the bus—"

"What?"

Pulling a smoothie



That's right, buddy. Smooth up the ride. Make that car drive easier. Tinker with it till you've got something better. And you'll go places!

General Motors engineers decided long ago that a new type of front springing was necessary if cars were to have the best possible riding qualities.

It took years to develop one. But when they got it, they not only improved your car but, as it turned out, solved a pressing war problem.

Their solution, of course, was Knee-Action, or independent front wheel suspension. Standard on all General Motors cars, it is recognized as one of the notable engineering advances made by GM's effort to provide more and better things for more people.

When war struck, there was great demand for vehicles that could travel fast and smoothly over all kinds of going. The "ride" that General Motors engineers had worked so long to provide for you now was called on to help our men in battle.

On today's war fronts, many kinds of vehicles — some weighing high in the tons — employ Knee-Action. They get smoothness, speed, flexibility and freedom from break-downs due to rough going from this peacetime development.

America has such vehicles today largely because of the experience and "know-how" built up by General Motors men in their efforts to improve peacetime wares. And our country is rich in such experience chiefly because Americans always have been able to earn fair rewards by accomplishing useful things.

This idea helped make prewar America a fine place in which to live. It has proved immensely valuable in war. And it will continue to provide more and better things for more people in the good years ahead.

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GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

KEEP
AMERICA
STRONG

"Nothing—just wondering."

He was leaning over the counter toward her. His summer uniform was freshly pressed; he always looked that way, freshly scrubbed, like a good soldier. Leaning down this way his face was almost level with hers so that they looked directly into each other's eyes. His skin was so sun-browned it made his fair hair seem almost gray in the crisp waves that swept back from his temples; his blond brows grew quite low above his eyes so that they were in shadow, but when he laughed you saw that their color was a startling bright blue; his mouth was wide, fresh, his teeth very white against his brown skin.

"One more time I'm asking you," he said, and she thought, now it is—this is it. I knew *it was going to be like this tonight.*

"And if you tell me this time that you aren't allowed to date out of here when you know damn' well you could meet me right outside that door—well, I'm going to know for sure what you mean. It's for good. No fooling." His face had lost all its laughter, the lines around his mouth were set and serious; he was different from any way she had ever seen him.

She had felt all evening as though the whole thing was planned for her and she was just going along with it—like being in a play and yet not knowing what was coming next. . . .

"All right," she said, "I'll see you out there."

Mildred went back with her to get her coat. She said, "I don't know, honestly. He seems like a good guy. But watch it."

ANOTHER girl came through the doorway, a tall, beautiful blonde with honey skin and a walk like a model. "Have you got a pin, kid?" she said to Kathleen. "I got to have a pin for the neck of this dress."

"No, maybe there's one in the dressing-table drawer over there." To Mildred, Kathleen said, "My folks are going to be so mad if they find out, I'll never get to come down here again—I can just hear my grandmother—"

"After all," Mildred said, "it isn't as if you didn't practically know him. He's been coming in here for two weeks and doing nothing but talking to you."

To the surprised Mrs. Adams who thought of Kathleen as one of her really dependable girls, she said, "I'm sorry. I just can't stay." She did not wait to hear what Mrs. Adams might say.

"Hello," Joe said, "you look all grown up tonight. How old are you, anyway?"

"Eighteen—almost nineteen. I mean I'll be nineteen in January. How old are you?"

"Twenty-four."

It shocked her for a moment; she hadn't thought about him being so terribly old.

"What's to do in this town, anyway?" Joe said.

"I don't know. Go to a show, or go to a show."

"You want to?"

"I don't know—no."

"Good," he said, "to heck with that." He closed his hand over her forearm, guiding her out of the crush of soldiers and civilians mobbing up and down the street of the little town looking for something and not finding it. The hardness of his hand went through the light wool and into her arm, warm and wonderful. "I'll tell you," he said, "how about us going to your house and just—talking."

Something came up in her throat, jamming her heart at the same time. "Oh, I couldn't," she said; "I mean—"

He cut off her words as if he wanted to spare her. "Like that, huh? Me, too. Only I never had any. Listen, isn't there any place we can go in this town and just be together?" He looked over the milling, laughing, talking, quarreling, loving, pushing people going aimlessly up and down the sidewalks. Watching his face, she thought: He's beautiful—kind of like he's mad at everyone and yet liking them, too—

His face relented, he laughed down at her but his mouth was still twisted with his thought.

"Surely it isn't much to ask," he said. "Just for a lousy little place where it's quiet, where two people could sit down and not have to eat, or see a show, but could just be together and have nobody around walking over their feet. Now tell me," he said, as though he were asking the people flocking past them, "is that much to ask? But where in this man's town are we going to find it?"

"I know a place," she said. It was as if someone were talking for her. But it seemed right, and not bad, or dangerous, or anything wrong. "A place I used to go when I was a kid—"

He was laughing at her, the twist of his mouth had turned to mockery. "When was that, yesterday?"

Stung, she said, "I'm no baby. I'm not dumb, you know."

Her voice sounded flat, not unlike the blond girl in the washroom.

He swung her around facing him, gripping her above the elbows, keeping hold of her; the mob on the sidewalk didn't mind, they parted and swarmed on around them; the street was used to such islands of boy and girl.

"Listen," he said, "maybe I got you wrong these last two weeks. But I don't think so. I want to tell you something. Don't talk like that."

She couldn't meet his regard; the tears felt close under her lids and she kept staring at the sergeant's stripes on his sleeve. She put her entire mind on the stripes so she would not be foolish and cry right here in front of him.

He shook her a little. "I mean it. I've got a funny idea, honey," he said, and his voice was gentle, as she had never heard it, "I've got an idea if a girl keeps on talking like that, saying hard things now and then, trying to act wise, well, pretty soon, she's talking tough all the time and not even knowing she is. And then she's a nickel apiece. Now, where's this place you were telling me about?"

"Let me alone," she said. "I think I'll go back."

He tipped her chin up, made her look at him; only his eyes were smiling, and then his mouth, and she had to, and they were laughing together.

"All right," she said. "I'll show you. But there used to be a dragon who lived there and chased us out."

"Good," he said, "better and better. Nothing I like better than fighting with dragons."

THEY walked very fast, their fingers locked together; Joe made a pathway with his shoulders for them. And then they got off the main street, out of the crowds and lights, and all at once the night was in around them. A dew mist twinkled in the moonlight across the lawns, above the trees among the dark resident houses, the stars were like silver rain. They stopped for a moment, looking up together at them, standing close.

"Makes me think of a picture I saw once," Joe said, "of two little slum kids looking up between some dark tenement buildings, and under the picture it said, 'Chee, Annie, look at the stars, thick as bedbugs.'"

"What a terrible thought. Ugh." They started on.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, "when you grow up in a place like I did—that's the way it is. You want something beautiful, you see it, and you know it is, but all the time you got to stand there with your feet stuck in the dirt."

"Who's talking hard now?"

"That's not being hard. You see what I mean? It's kind of swell, to be in a spot like those two kids, for instance, and yet your heart's going up all the time. Like me. I still got to believe in stuff. Like this place you're going to show me—"

"Here it is," she said, stopping by the great iron gate. "Now, we've got to be quiet. The dragon lives in that little house back of the big one, over there through the trees, where the light's on."

"If he comes out we'll tell him to scram, we own the place," Joe said, laughing, and she hushed him, leading him through the gate, down quietly through the rose garden to the lake. In the moonlight, the roses were changed to ghost flowers, their scent like something sweet and rare out of a dream. Joe broke off a single rose, frail white, and stopped her to put it in her hair. He kissed her then, and it was the first time.

The old boat was gone from under the willow, but there was a garden seat there for them. After a time, Joe said, "This is what they try to put down in books. You can read the words but that isn't it."

He moved away from her, sat leaning over, his hands clasped, thrust out beyond his knees. The moonlight glinted on the silver identification bracelet on his wide wrist; his hands looked strong and good, as if they had been made for work and were ready. His face was half in shadow, so that the girl could not read his thoughts. "The thing

The Week's Work

Ernest Hemingway

KARGER-PIX

THE GENTLEMAN with the beard, Mr. Ernest Hemingway, is the latest addition to Collier's staff of war correspondents. From England he will write of the invasion. What he writes should make good reading. In his novels, especially in Farewell to Arms, and For Whom the Bell Tolls, Hemingway has proved he can tell about war in a direct, close-up sort of way. His kind of writing, we believe, will give the reader a nearer understanding of the day-by-day news story of the invasion.

Hemingway's wife, Martha Gellhorn, also a Collier's writer, has joined her husband in England. Other Collier's correspondents in the invasion area are W. B. Courtney, an aviation authority whose reportorial work for Collier's has taken him all over the world, and Joseph Dearing, experienced battle-front photographer who has just passed all tests to qualify as a paratrooper.

As the need develops, other Collier's staff writers will converge on the battle area to insure a comprehensive, informed coverage of the climactic struggle of the European war.

HEMINGWAY embarks on his war assignment with two new assets—a luxuriant beard and hefty muscles developed by a course of boxing.

But he still can't do what photographer George Karger can do (see Karger smiling over a fistful of cards in the lower photograph). He and Karger both were in a New York gym the other day, Hemingway for further strengthening of his fortifications against the rigors of war corresponding, and Karger to take pictures of the famous novelist in action.

Karger admired the Hemingway muscles and then observed, "I imagine you could bend a fifty-cent piece with your bare hands if you wanted to, Mr. Hemingway. It shouldn't be difficult for a strong fellow like you. Here, if you'll lend me a half-dollar, I'll show you what I mean." Karger took the coin in his two hands, exerted himself mightily, then handed the crumpled fifty cents over to Hemingway.

"Or, if the muscular development of your jaws is good, as I am sure it is, Mr. Hemingway, you could bite a fifty-cent piece in two," Karger suggested. "Like this." Karger bit and presented Hemingway with a ragged half of a half-dollar.

Hemingway guffawed and asked for more Karger feats. Karger obliged, in-betweentimes snapping pictures of Hemingway, one of which you see on this page.

"Magic is my substitute for the photographer's birdie," Karger explains. "A couple of tricks are great for softening up the subject, so he won't look self-conscious in a photograph."

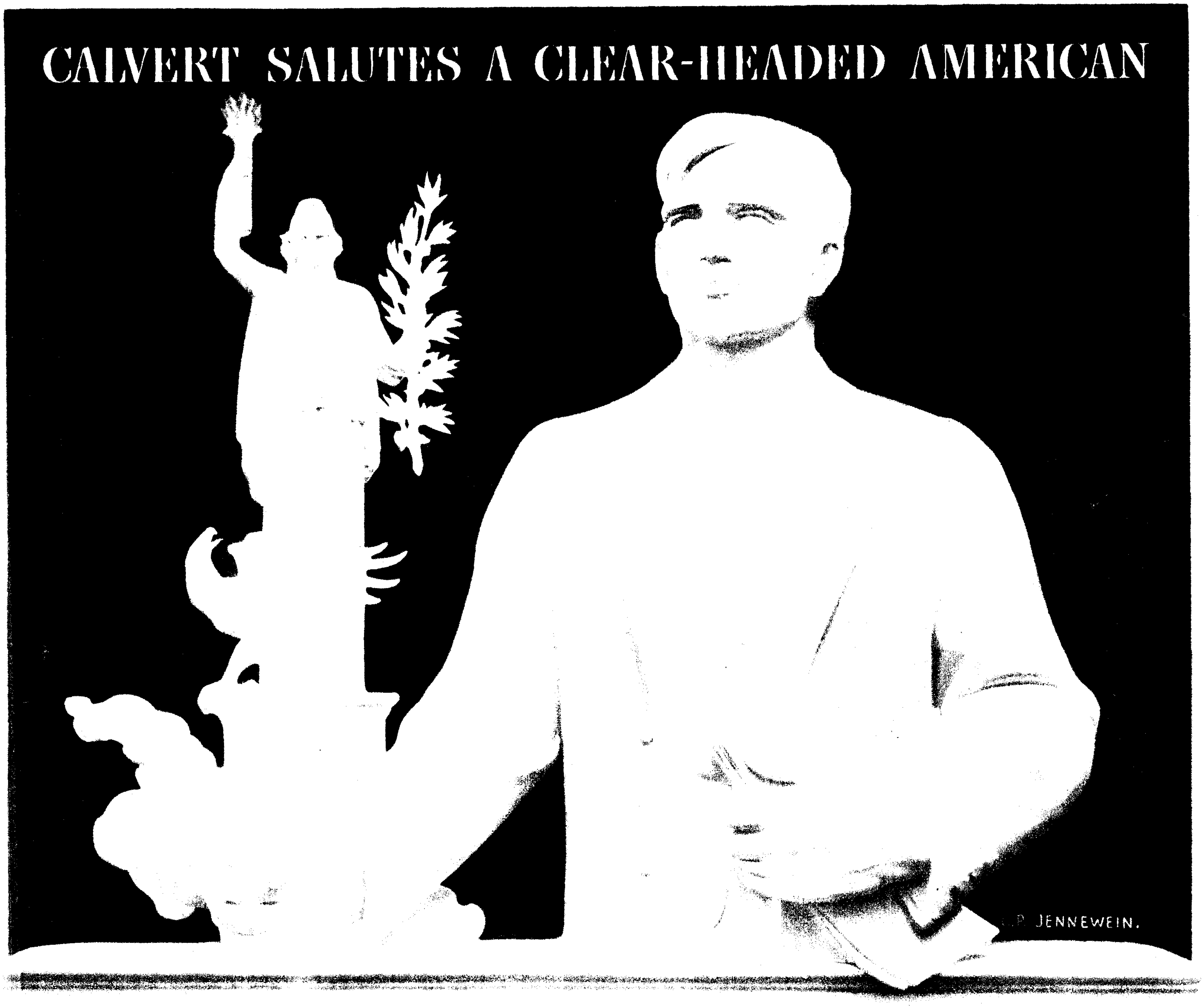
Karger's reputation as a fine photographer is based primarily on his work in the theatrical field. He took the Kodachrome picture of Celeste Holm on page 16. He knows most of the stars personally; he met them during his many years of traveling here, in Europe and in South America. He diverts them with his magic of professional quality, he reassures them with his knowledge of the theater, and he pleases them with his consideration for their personal problems. To him they can say, "*Take this side of my face, please,* George. You know the other side slanders me." Even a star who is no longer young welcomes a session with George. She knows he will have the kindness to soft-focus the lines that reveal age.

Karger loves his work. He thinks that is because he learned photography for fun, not as a trade. He used to work in a bank in Chicago, and then he sold bonds. But his photographic hobby so fascinated him that he expanded it into his vocation.

His photographs are distinguished for their dramatic effect. Perhaps you remember some of his Collier's pictures—of Sono Osato, the dancer in One Touch of Venus, of the Merry Widow cast, and others. Last week there was a two-page spread of Karger costume photos. Karger's newest love is television, which he studies and experiments with at night. *Sometime this month* he will produce an experimental television show about— Guess what? Magic! . . . A. P.

PIX

George Karger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and sustenance
For those who face the enemy on
distant shores.
He buys until the limit of his purse —
and more!
Because he knows that out of Bonds —
comes Victory!
He is a Clear-Headed American!

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Calvert Distillers Corporation publishes this message
in the interest of the home front war effort

When she's always "cold," like this

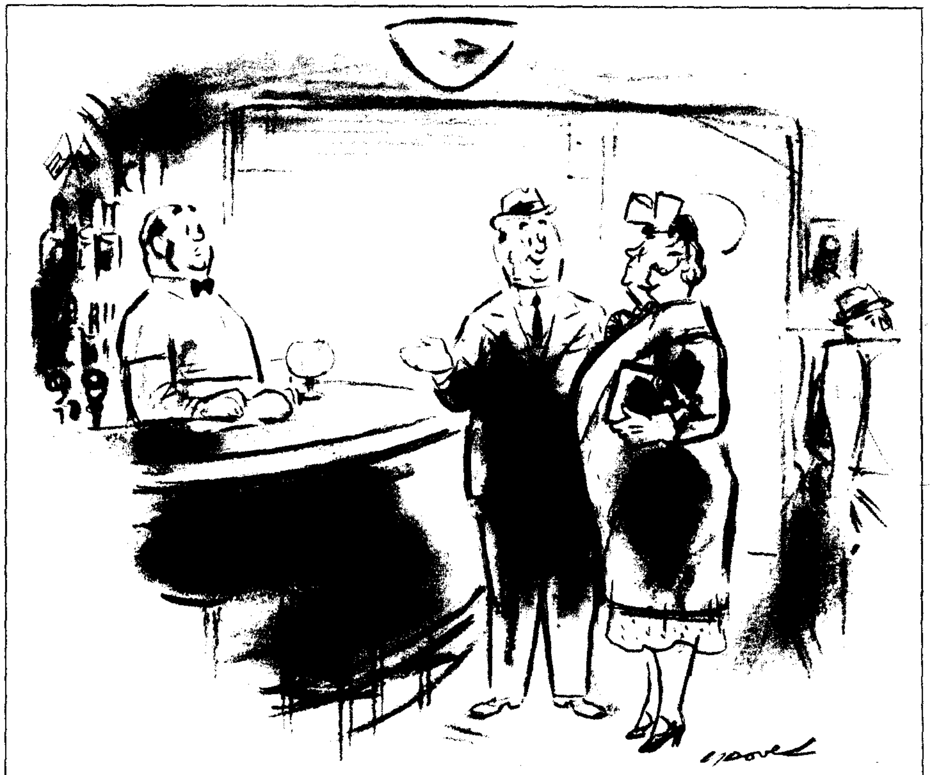
When she could be "cozy," like this

TRY THIS

MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.*

WINT-O-GREEN
LIFE SAVERS

If you can't always get your favorite Life Savers flavor . . . it's because some boy in the Service likes that flavor . . . we figure you won't mind if he gets first call.



"Dear, I want you to meet Mike. He's the man that gives me such good advice about our home life"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

about now," he said, low, and as though he were talking more to himself than to her, "is nobody can make any plans. It's all jammed up, everywhere, for people like you and me. Here we are, it's our time, and what can we do about it?" He turned to her, put his hands up along her face. "If I could make one wish," he said, "do you know what it would be?"

A little wind came fresh across the water, the tule grass whispered together. She said, "What?"

"I'd wish the war was over, and I was back here, like this, now, and I had a good job—"

THEY had not heard the man until the flashlight blinded them. "Go on," he said, "get out of here now. Or else I'll call the police and throw you out."

Joe was on his feet, and Kathleen jumped up with him. For an instant it was like something striking across the face, unbelievable.

"Get goin'," the harsh voice said, "beat it. I'm gettin' tired of throwin' you—soldiers and your dames out o' here every night."

"Why you—" Joe said, and under her arms she felt the surge of hate and fight in him.

She clung to him. "Don't, Joe, please. For me. He'd only call the police—my folks—everybody—and you'd lose your stripes. They'd get you—the town's just waiting, please."

She could feel the control in him, when it came over his muscles and instinct. His face looked frozen with a sort of terrible anguish. They went up through the rose garden and out the gate, not speaking. Outside, on the sidewalk, she leaned her head up against him; shuddering she couldn't stop went through her.

"So help me," Joe said, "when I get this uniform off I'm coming back here and smash his face in."

She did not even know she was crying until Joe took out his handkerchief and brushed the tears from her eyes. "Honey," he said, "it's all my fault. I should have said this in the first place. No matter what kind of place you live in, I'm taking you there. And I'm going in with you."

"But it's not—I mean—" she said, and he stopped her.

"Don't talk now. Let's walk fast, get this out of our lungs. I feel like I'm choking—whee. Blow it out fast and take it in, one, two, three, hep, left, right, left right—" He was fairly lifting her along the street with him, taking big steps. "Which way now?"

"It's right here," she said. "Look, can you tell I've been crying?" She pulled the billfold out of her coat pocket and tried to see into the little mirror. The street light on the corner and the moon gleam did not show her much and she turned her face up to him, "Can you tell?" He leaned down quickly and touched her very lightly with a kiss.

"Not a bit," he said. Very gently he straightened the white rose in her hair. Oddly, he said, "It isn't even hurt."

The three people in the room looked up, startled. Kathleen said, "Mother and Dad, Grandmother, this is Joe Williams. Joe, this is my family." Her eyes went over the familiar, common room, and really saw it for the first time: the worn, comfortable old room, so lived in and safe, clean and decent and good. And so dear, like the faces of her family.

"From Chicago, did you say?" Grandmother Verony was asking Joe. "You didn't happen to have some folks named Silvers that lived at Evansville, did you? No? Well, I swear," she declared, "you look enough like him to be my cousin Adam's grandson. My husband," she said, "was a Spanish-American War veteran. He'd be seventy years old, if he'd lived until this June nineteenth."

Joe was talking to all of them, his sunbrowned, wind-burned face alive, interested in them, cherishing them so they knew it and were taking him in with them. He sat in the oak rocker by the davenport with his long legs crossed, his overseas cap jammed in his pocket. Joe and her mother were laughing now together at something Dad was telling about the time he was a corporal in the last war.

Watching, Kathleen thought: I've never been happy before. I have never known what they are like before. And with that thought ran another one that she did not even try to explain to herself: I'll make it all up to them, some way; I'll make it up.

GRANDMOTHER VERONY was the one who broke it up. "Ned," she interrupted, "quit talking to that boy about what you did in France. Cynthia, you take him off with you. I'm going to bed. I know," she said, "when I was Kathleen's age I didn't care to have the old folks around when my Frank came to court me."

Kathleen said, "Oh, Grandmother, for goodness' sake—" But she put a goodnight kiss on her cheek, and received in turn a very sharp pinch. Her mother said from the doorway, "There's some cake in the icebox." Above her head, Kathleen's dad dropped her a wink. For a breath she was afraid she was going to be a baby and run and throw her arms around them.

When they were gone, Joe quit laughing. "They're wonderful," he said humbly. "I might have known you'd have a family like them—" He brought her up close to him. "And your grandmother is right," he said, against her hair, "I've been courting you ever since that night you woke me up. Did you know?"

THE END

Change of Heart

Continued from page 21

woman he had seen in a long time who made you aware of her, in that urgent way. Also she was a woman with understanding, and with actual knowledge of what this war was all about. Quite a combination. Why this sudden intimacy tonight had thrown him off, he didn't know. But it had.

Perhaps if Carol and Adam hadn't barged in? Good Lord, he'd been hoping for days that something would happen to bring Helen close to him, emotionally and physically. Then it had and he'd been as awkward as a kid, as embarrassed . . . like the nightmare that you're walking down Main Street, naked as a jay bird, from which you wake to find, by golly, that you are!

It had made him sore. Possibly because he recognized suddenly, bleakly, his basic youth; because the dream is always better than the realization and because he had seen Carol standing there, very still, very white, only her eyes blazing with an expression he could not read.

He stood by his bed and absently picked up a wisp of white linen crumpled into a soft little ball. He smoothed it out and looked at it. Helen's he supposed. But it wasn't Helen's. Across one corner the word *Carol* was embroidered in facsimile handwriting. Her handwriting, not Helen's. He had seen Helen's. This was a square, blunt writing, half printing, stubborn and individual.

Automatically he raised it to his face and smelled a faint sweet fragrance, like flowers after rain.

He wondered what she thought of him. He wondered what Lennox would think when the news was broken to him tomorrow night.

Carol wondered, too. She had arranged things carefully. She had invaded Agatha's room before dinner and told her. "I'm breaking my engagement," she said.

Agatha took that calmly. She said, "Better now than when it's too late. But, as a matter of curiosity, why did you rush into it?"

"I didn't think I was rushing," Carol explained. "You see, it took me six months to decide that I would marry him—"

"And how long to decide that you wouldn't?"

"Six seconds."

Agatha said, "I thought something was wrong . . . your father thought so, too. But neither of us is the type to interfere. Personally, I think Dudley is a clever young man, and quite attractive. But I have never been sure that he was right for you. However . . ." she smiled at her great-niece, "it's a pity," she said practically, "that you bothered to announce it. All those things to send back!"

"Not as many as if I had broken it at the altar," said Carol, smiling. "Be a good egg and see me through dinner. It will be baked meat before the funeral. Father's gone off somewhere—club I think. Mother has announced she's dining in her room, and going over her radio script with one of the girls. Don't you run out on me."

"Why should I?" said Agatha. "I never have."

DUDLEY arrived at the correct time, and Ole had the cocktails ready. Agatha was already in the living room alone, so he hadn't a moment with Carol before dinner. She came in, apologized, gave him her hand and withdrew it. He asked, "What, no warmer welcome for the wayfarer?"

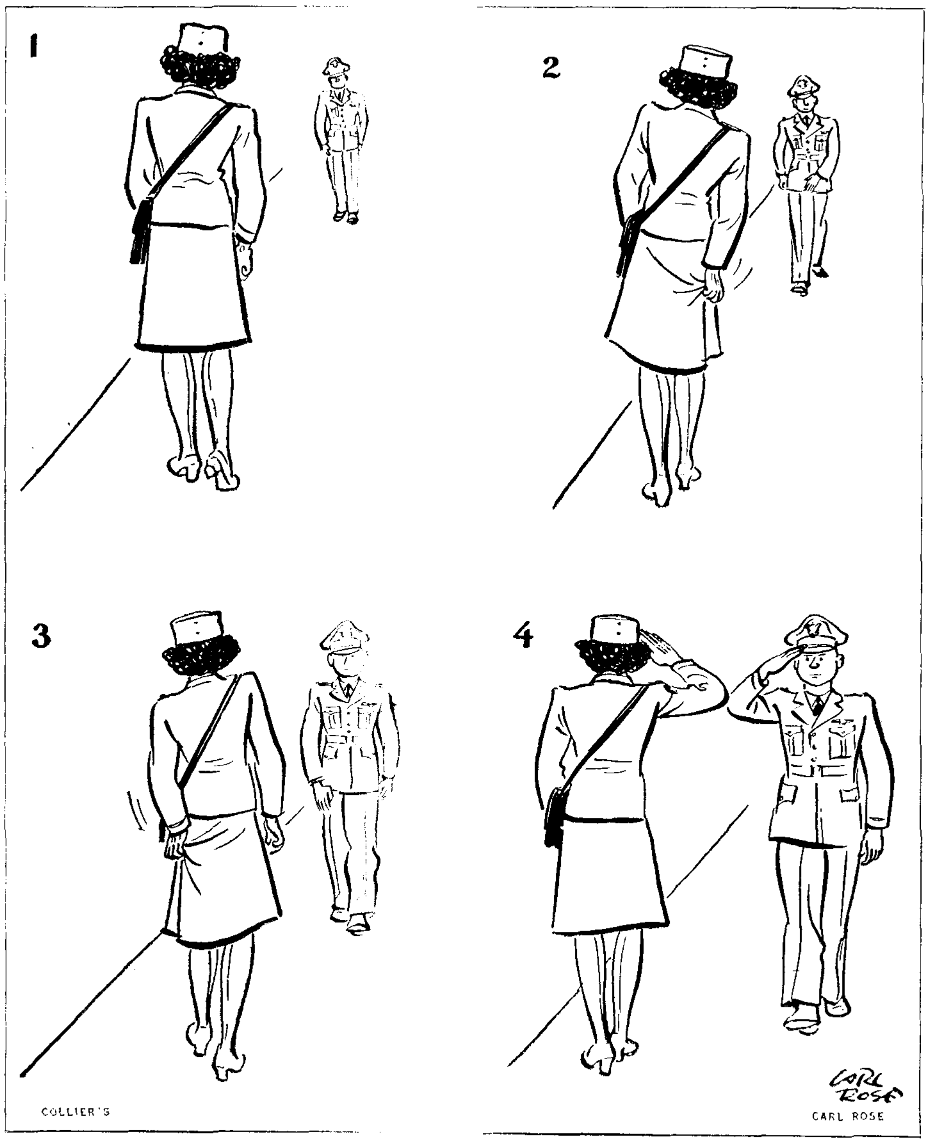
"Plenty," she said, "and all in the shaker. . . . Manhattans, just as you like them."

Dinner was good. Dudley was hungry. He was also feeling rather pleased with himself, as he had run into a stroke of luck in Washington. He was amusing about the people he had seen and an important dinner he had attended. If he noticed anything unusual in Carol's manner he did not comment. As a matter of fact, Agatha thought, she is carrying it off very well.

After dinner, they went to the drawing room for coffee and Agatha lingered an appreciable time. She could not linger all evening nor would Carol expect that. Anyway, the child would want to get it over with, she thought, and so thinking, excused herself and left the room, very tall in her black frock, carrying herself like a banner.

"Well," said Dudley, "at last." He looked at Carol, sitting in a deep chair near the open windows. "I believe the expression reads, 'Alone at last.' Come here, darling."

She rose and moved toward him. And he asked quietly, "Why aren't you wearing your ring?"



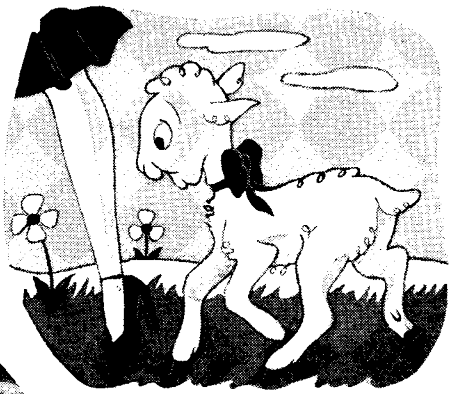
CAN YOU NAME THE WORLD'S BEST-KNOWN...

Composer?

- He made his exit in 1827, so we're sorry to say there's absolutely no way we can get an Arrow Shirt testimonial from him.

LAMB?

- It was given to following a young lady — much as young ladies are given to following men in handsome Arrow Shirts.



SHIRTS?

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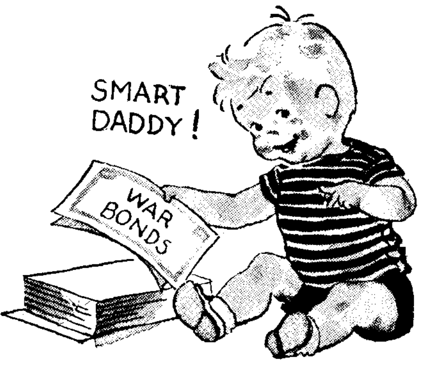

Investment?

- They not only provide for *your* future — they provide for *America's* future!

ARROW SHIRTS

P.S. These days, your dealer may not always have a complete selection of Arrow Shirts. Please don't blame him; it's caused by unavoidable wartime shortages and delays.
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Answers: *1. Beethoven. 2. Mary's. 3. Arrows. 4. War Bonds.*

Adventures of
LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH
The graduation watch of 1880*

A radio listener in Los Angeles writes: "The commentator for KHJ tells us that Longines watches are good watches. I can verify that statement for I am carrying one of your watches which my father gave me when I was 15 years of age. I still have it and it keeps perfect time. I am 78 years young now; that was 63 years ago." ¶ Since the first Longines watch was made in 1866, millions of people all over the globe have also verified the statement that Longines watches are good watches. Ten world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece are further verification of the forthright statement made by our old and valued friend from California. Longines is a good name to look for, on a watch.

*From documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc, New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.

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WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS

The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement," world honored for greater accuracy and long life.* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

He made no move to touch her. Carol sat down by the empty fireplace. She opened her little handbag and the diamond shone in her palm. She said, "Dudley, I'm sorry . . . but I'm not going to wear it, ever again."

He said nothing for a moment. Then he asked, "You're breaking our engagement?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

She said, "I wish I had a lot of reasons. But I have only one—the most important. I find that, after all, I don't love you, Dudley."

He agreed: "No other reason counts. But isn't this rather . . . precipitate?"

"I suppose so." She looked at him gravely. "I wasn't sure," she said, "for a long time that I did, you know."

"I know," he said. He shrugged faintly. "That's that, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid so."

She laid the ring on a little table between them. It was very beautiful. No girl could surrender such a jewel without a pang.

He asked, "There's nothing I can say or do?"

"Nothing. And I'm so sorry," she told him. "Sorry that it had to happen, sorry that it must be this way . . . and sorry, too, that we announced it . . . if I'd only waited . . ."

He said with a touch of impatience, "The minor details don't interest me, Carol. What matters is that I love you and you're lost to me. Will you tell me one thing honestly?"

She said, "Of course," hoping that she need not.

"Is there anyone else?"

She was compelled to answer, and truly. She said, "Yes."

"Will you tell me—who?"

She shook her head. She said, and tried to smile: "I'd rather not. You see, we're on the same side of the fence, you and I. Because I'm not in love with you any more, and he never has been—with me."

"I see." He was silent. Then he asked, "Have you told your family?"

"Yes."

"And?"

She said, "Mother's angry with me; she's always liked you. Father and Aunt Agatha—well, whatever I decide, it's all right with them."

He rose and picked up the ring and put it in his pocket, carelessly. It was a lot of stone to carry that way. He moved quickly and lifted her from her chair and kissed her hard, *with a calculated anger and a calculated* harshness, and with passion which was not calculated at all. When he released her she stood back, white, and very quiet. And he said, presently:

"You understand . . . I accept only the outward form of this. I release you, of course, although," he added, "you haven't asked me to, it seems. You're a trifle highhanded. I like it. I like spirit in a woman. There have been times when I've thought you lacked it. So I'm warning you . . . I don't accept this gracefully, I don't bow to the inevitable and I certainly don't want to be your elder brother or your trusted friend. I want to be your lover and your husband and I intend to be, if I have to wait a long time. I don't know who this other man is; I cannot," he added, quite untruthfully, "imagine, and I don't particularly care. For, whoever he is, you'll get over him, and you'll come back to me, Carol . . . you'll come back!"

THE Hillary cottage on Long Island was not in a fashionable or publicized section. Helen had bought the place some years ago, and Adam, much against his will, liked it very much. It was typical of Helen to avoid the dowager, diamond and dunes atmosphere of Southampton, or the gayer aura of Easthampton and find herself a charming if almost isolated hide-out.

The village was reached by side roads from the excellent highway, or by a slow, crawling, local train. It was really a village: it had a general store which also accommodated the U. S. mails, a gas station, a drugstore and a few weather-beaten frame residences. Side roads wandered off into the country and ran whimsically past truck farms, and to the bright blue water, between acres of scrub pine and oak.

The property had once been a real-estate development, in the days of the first World War. It had been surveyed and advertised and financed on a shoestring. Only a few people had bought lots of varying acreage and built homes. These had passed through various hands, including those of the banks, and when Helen chanced upon the locality, all *but three or four of the homes were for sale.*

She bought, at bargain rates, the best property in the development, with considerable acreage running out on a point above the curving bay. The house was good, simple, the Adirondack lodge type. Later, she bought the adjoining land to protect herself and now owned about twenty-five acres, mostly in woods, underbrush and sand. She had made no attempt to glorify the place to the stature of an estate. There was no garden, no swimming pool, no stables and no staff. The other houses, none near by, had been closed for the duration, and a caretaker, *Mr. Griffin, whose salary was underwritten* by all the owners, looked after things, and rattled out every so often from the village in his ancient sedan. When the Hillarys wished to come down for a week or a week end, they telephoned him and he saw that the house was opened and aired and comfortable.

Helen, together with her neighbors, kept up the private road leading from the county road, to some extent. It wasn't much of a road, but it was passable. Its condition discouraged droppers-in, she said, at all times, and especially during the war, that is, if they *had any respect for their tires. Supplies came* from the general store, and you walked to the village for your mail if you were sparing of gas.

She had seen to it that the place was comfortable, if without luxury, and that the necessities were there. An artesian well supplied plentiful, wonderful water, and electricity had been brought in by the original real-estate company. There was, however, no telephone. She could have had one at any time before the war but had preferred not to. . . . It was the one place in the world, she explained, where she could not be reached *except in an emergency. If such arose, her* secretaries and family knew that they could call Mr. Griffin at the general store and he would send word in to her.

A succession of pleasant local girls or women were, or had been, available for daily work, cleaning and cooking. Mr. Griffin arranged that, too. And there was a heating plant which assured warmth during the cool springs and on autumn week ends.

It was a lovely, quiet place, so undisturbed most of the time that the little woods were bright and vocal with birds; squirrels and chipmunks chattered about their business *near the house, and all the busy, secret life of* the trees and undergrowth went on uninterrupted.

Carol came to the cottage on a bright June morning. She had asked for her vacation and it had been given to her without question. The meager announcement of the abrogation of her engagement had appeared in the press and there had been some bee-buzzing, columnist speculation but not much. Most of the reportorial questioning came to Helen, *who neatly evaded it. She had nothing to* say except that her daughter and Mr. Lennox had reached an agreement.

Miles was at Mitchel Field, and Helen, having worked furiously with both secretaries for several days had turned the slim manuscript over to Frank Whitney and gone off on a lecture tour. She had heard from Miles, she said vaguely, the day before she left. But Carol heard from him, too. He telephoned her one evening from the field. He was, he said, busy, and restless. He might come to town soon. How about a date?

She answered as calmly as possible under the circumstances that she was going to the Island.

He might, he told her, borrow a car and get a day off and come to see her. Where was the place, how did one reach it?

She told him that, too, her heart hammering, and the conversation was concluded.

THE night before she left for the Island, Frank Whitney dropped by for a drink with Adam. He liked Adam very much, now that the old feeling of guilt had worn down, eroded by the years, and was no longer a notable bump in the territory of his conscience. *Carol came in while they were sitting* over their highballs, and Whitney looked at her and grinned. He said, "You do things in a hurry."

She admitted it, smiling a little, and Whitney shook his head. He said, "Your mother's very unhappy about it, Carol."

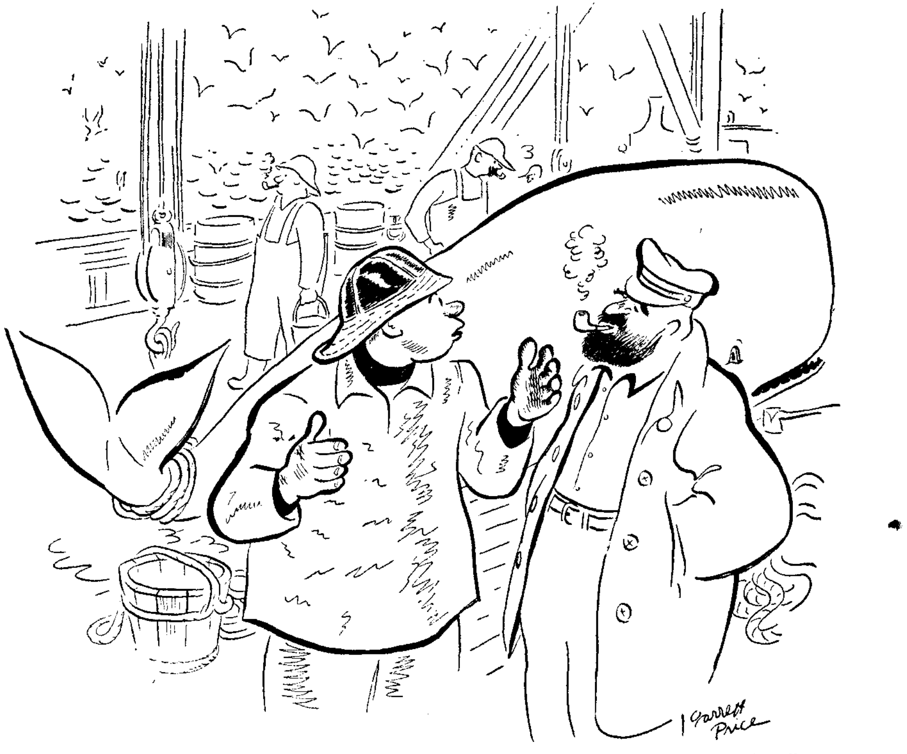
"That can't be helped," said Carol cheerfully and accepted a small drink from the hands of her father.

Whitney said thoughtfully, "I'm worried about Helen."

Adam glanced up. "Why?" he inquired.

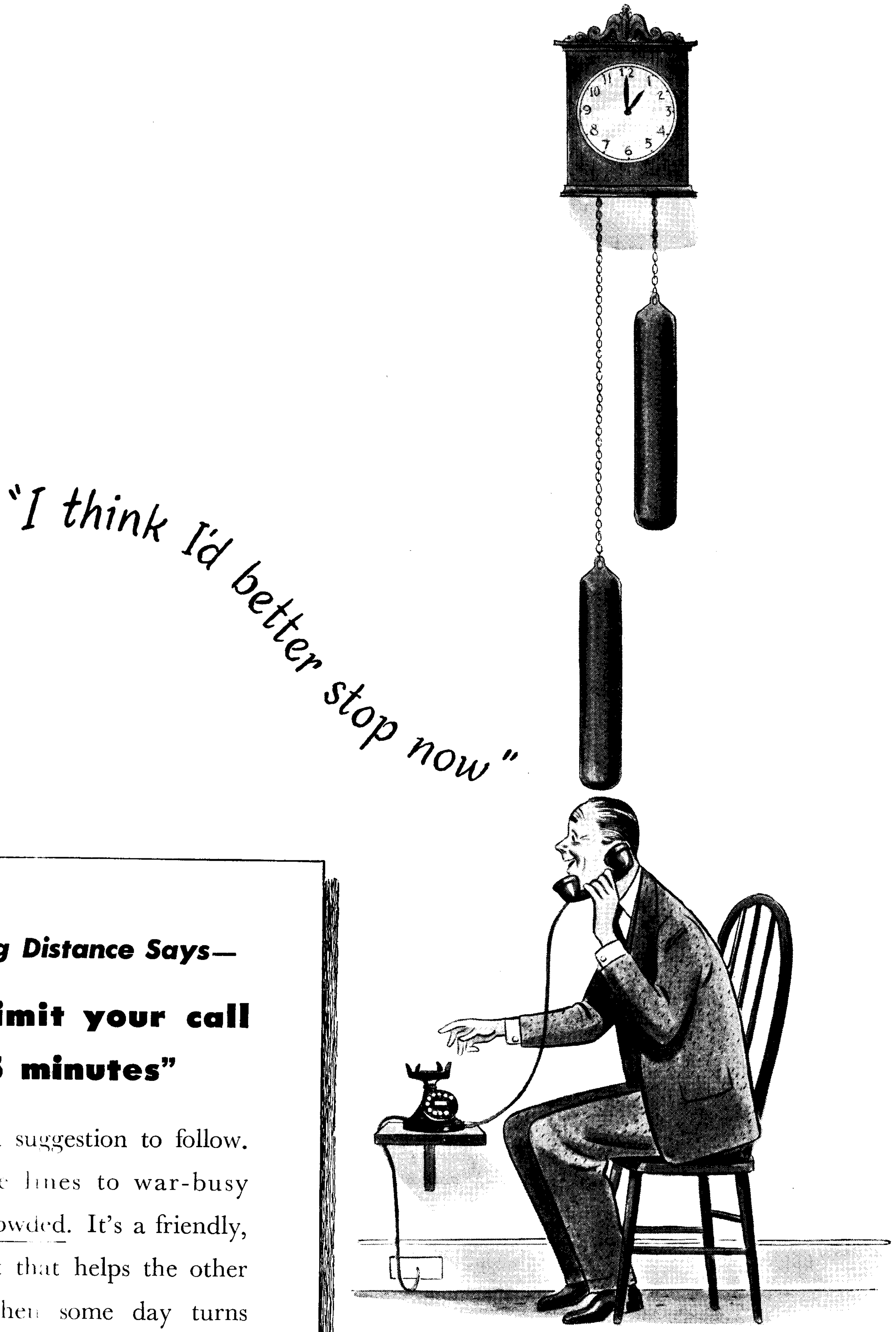
"The Duncan yarn," said Whitney; "it isn't *much good. That is, it's an excellent straight*forward, workmanlike story and it will sell, because all such stories sell. But it lacks—something. Helen can take a simple adventure, even an ordinary experience and lift it into excitement. Not that she's ever been a novelist. But she has the novelist's slant and everything she's ever done shows it. Except this. Any bright young woman, any good reporter, any sympathetic person with a gift for words could have written this book. I dare say Duncan himself could have done it—and better. Which worries me because I am wondering how good her own book will be—"

Helen was writing the story of her last trip to China and beyond. She was writing it in trains and hotel rooms, she was writing it on planes, if she had a plane priority, and in the dreary places where priority ended and she was put off to wait for a train. She had had her notes all assembled upon her return, but Miles' story had been more immediate so she had set her own aside until she had finished with that. Now, she was at it again. It was promised within a few weeks and would



"The one we lost was about like this—one inch equaling two feet"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE


"I think I'd better stop now"

When Long Distance Says—

"Please limit your call to 5 minutes"

That's a good suggestion to follow. It means the lines to war-busy centers are crowded. It's a friendly, thoughtful act that helps the other fellow—and then some day turns right around and helps you.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

be rushed through as fast as possible under present conditions. It would reach book publication before Miles' story, for she had refused to sell the magazine rights, and Miles had sold his.

"It is possible," said Adam carelessly, "that she lost her first fine fervor of enthusiasm for her subject." He grinned. He thought he knew the answer. There was too much fighter pilot, it was all Miles and would have nothing of Helen Hillary in it.

Carol said, "Perhaps you've lost your enthusiasm, Frank; there are so many war books."

He looked into his empty glass, and said merely, "There's something odd about it. . . ." He glanced at Adam. "How's your yarn going?" he asked. "Not that I give a damn—I sit and gnash what's left of my teeth in envy—but just to show I appreciate hospitality."

"Badly," said Adam glumly, "if it's any consolation to you. I have half a mind to scrap the whole thing and take a defense-plant job. I'd be a lot more contented, I believe, and at any rate, more useful."

Carol excused herself. She had to pack, she said. And when Frank asked, "Why?" she answered that she was going down to the cottage for a couple of weeks. "Maybe I'll write a book, too," she told him. "Essays in Idleness, by Mlle. Thoreau."

THE trip down was slow and dusty and the train stopped at practically every tree. The seats were faded red plush and very hot, and cinders rattled against windows streaked by recent rain. Carol loved every minute of it. Summer was fresh and green on the Island, and now and then there were glimpses of far water, and occasionally the curving bays crept close and there were little bridges with boys fishing from them. The fruit trees had shed their blossom-snow and their new small leaves were bright. At one stop she looked out to a yard crowded with white ducks squawking busily in the sunlight.

When she reached the station she stopped to talk to the stationmaster, who was an old friend. His daughter, Jessie, had gone to the cottage a few days before and turned it out, and everything was in readiness. They talked about Jessie's sister, now in training in the Southampton hospital and about the girls' mother, for many years an invalid, and then because there'd be no train coming through for quite a spell, he carried her suitcase across the street to Mr. Griffin's store.

It was a charming place. You could furnish almost anything with its contents: a modest house, a cabin cruiser or your heart. It smelled of rope, salt, cheese, pickles, cinnamon drops, kerosene, peppermints. Mr. Griffin outfitted boats, supplied summer visitors and had an all-year-round trade as well. He sold piece and canned goods, bottled soft drinks, candy, fishing tackle, stove oil, dishes, glasses, hair nets, fresh fish and a little meat. He sold bread and cheese, and gave good advice gratis. He had once sold tires and stoves as well.

He had Carol's supplies ready in cartons. The old car was practically hitched to a post and rarin' to go. Griffin shook Carol's hand and allowed as how she looked a little peaked. What was she doing down alone, where were Helen and Agatha and Adam?

Carol reported: Helen was lecturing, Agatha busy with Red Cross and Adam couldn't come. So she came alone.

Griffin shook his gray head. He was small, very brown, very lined, very wiry. He said he didn't like it. Away off alone like that and not a near neighbor. . . . Nobody had opened a danged house on the Point this summer and weren't likely to—and no phone. Suppose something went wrong, suppose she was taken sick?

She said she wouldn't be.

"Jessie would come stay with you," he suggested.

But she didn't want Jessie or anyone else. She compromised finally. If she got tired of being alone and cooking her own meals she'd walk in and let him know. It wasn't much of a walk, just three miles, she reminded him.

He said, "How are you off for points? I saved some ham for you, and Minnie cooked it. You can have it cold or fry it. Got a little steak, too . . . and some beans, and soup and the rest of the stuff you ordered. I don't have much gas," he said, shaking his head, "but I could manage to come out every two, three days and bring supplies. Got lots of milk for you, to start with, anyway."

He loaded up the car and presently they set off. They followed the county road for a little way, then turned off and lurched along the private road to the cottage. "It don't get much better," said Mr. Griffin critically.

MATERNITY WARD

"Just watch this. Miss Jones used to be a ventriloquist!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

Pines and oaks, the smell of fallen needles and dark soil, the smell of salt wind and of small, unseen flowers. Carol took off her hat and smiled. There was an other-worldly look to the arching sky and as the road curved you could see the water. A jay—azure, mauve and white—flew, screaming, across the rutted dirt road. A robin spoke warningly, a bluebird looked down from a branch, his breast a clear, soft rose. Somewhere a thrush sang and the sparrows scolded. It was knee-deep in peace here and the air was crystal-clear and wonderful.

She thought: If Miles were only here.

She said suddenly, "Look, Mr. Griffin, if an Army officer stops at the store and asks directions to the cottage—"

"I won't give 'em?" he inquired.

Her color rose, bright. She said, "On the contrary, give him the very best directions you have in stock."

He asked, "Army officer, eh? What branch?"

"Air Force Fighter pilot," she said. "Back from the Pacific."

He said, "We ain't heard from Rob in some time. You know he's on a submarine."

Rob was Griffin's grandson. Carol nodded. She said, "You'll hear soon."

"Yep, that's what I tell Minnie." He was silent a moment. He said presently, "I thought you were getting married."

She said, "I was. To Dudley Lennox. It's all off now."

"I read about the engagement," he said, "in the paper. I meant to write, but I ain't much of a hand at it. Glad I didn't. It would have been a waste of paper and ink. This aviator, now . . . where does he fit in?"

"Major," she said, "Major Miles Duncan. He's—a friend. Mother came back with him on the clipper. They met during her last trip. She's been helping him with a book about his experiences. He's stationed on the Island now, and I told him, if he could get here, how to reach me. Through you, that is."

"I'll keep my eyes peeled," said Mr. Griffin as the car bounced over the last curve and stopped in a clearing which was all there was of a yard.

The house was long and low, built of logs with the bark on. Helen had added to it, but the effect was not one of addition, merely of a house which had grown naturally.

The woods marched close. Carol and Mr. Griffin went in the back door; he had the keys which Jessie had returned to him. He put the things down on the kitchen table and started to unpack them. The kitchen was bright with yellow walls, checked blue curtains. It was compact. It utilized the electricity—in range, refrigerator, small dishwasher—the sink was polished metal. The windows shone. Jessie had done a good job.

While Mr. Griffin unpacked and put things away, Carol walked through the house. She loved it. She and Adam had used it far more than Helen. Helen was fond of it, as she had created it, but she never seemed to find much time for it. She referred to it as her sanctuary and added that it would be a good place to go when she was old and had nothing else to do.

The living room was very large, and an open porch ran the length of the house beyond it. The room itself was simply done, with sturdy, utilitarian furniture and chintz which had faded beautifully. It was really part of the porch. And because the house was set on a little rise of land the porch looked down to the Point and across the bay. The land dropped off beyond it, and the pines had been cut so that you had a straight, clear view to the steep overgrown bank, with the stunted trees leaning against the prevailing wind, to the curving white and gold beach and the water. The water was bright emerald and pale jade green in the shallows and a deep, wonderful blue beyond. The little pines had a precarious foothold on the bank and there were straggling vines of purple beach peas and waving grasses.

THERE was no dining room, but a gate-legged table near the kitchen end served, together with an old-fashioned tea wagon.

There were four bedrooms, two with a bath between, off the living room, and two more, with another bath for guests on the little wing Helen had added. It was adequate. She, Adam and Carol were rarely there together. . . . None of these rooms was large and each contained a comfortable bed, a dresser and two chairs. The wind came through the opened windows and the pine branches stirred near by.

Helen had made one concession to vanity in her bathroom, which had a built-in dressing table and good mirrors.

Mr. Griffin called. He asked, "Want I should bring in your suitcase?"

Carol, standing at the windows of what was tacitly Helen's bedroom said, "Yes, in here, please." The room was the largest and pleasantest and a French window opened to the porch from it. You undressed here for your swim and went out to the porch, down the steps and along the steep, winding path to the water. She thought, I'll put on a bathing suit and spend all day there tomorrow—right after breakfast. I'll pack a lunch and take some books and find a sheltered place and read and sleep, and maybe go for a swim.

And perhaps try to think.

Mr. Griffin lingered, reluctant to depart. She made him and herself a cup of tea and they drank it sociably in the kitchen and ate some of the ginger cookies that his wife, the postmistress, had sent. When he left it was with a warning that he didn't like it at all and that if she was scared in the night she must walk out first thing in the morning and he'd see to it that Jessie would return with her.

It was darkening when he left. Carol unpacked her suitcase—she had brought only slacks, sweaters, the necessary things—and went out on the porch. The afterglow stained the water and gulls were screaming from the beach. She thought, If Miles were here . . .

But he wasn't and she dared not hope that he would be.

She scrambled eggs for supper, made coffee, fried potatoes, ate some of Mrs. Griffin's ineffable angel-food cake and sat a long time over her cigarette. Tomorrow, she thought she would fix breakfast on a tray and carry it out on the porch. Lunch on the beach, and early supper, while it was still light, also on the porch. And early to bed.

She had not known how tired she was, how much tension possessed her nerves and slender body, until she reached the cottage, felt the wind and sun on her face and listened to the pines talking. She thought, I can get myself together here, I can relax . . .

She washed up, turned out the lights in the kitchen and living room and went to bed. Agatha had supplied her with some mystery novels. "Good and gory," said Agatha, "if you're like me you don't scare easily—they'll just put you to sleep."

But she couldn't read much after the first few chapters, her eyes grew heavy and she turned out her light and slept. She woke in the night, a drowsy bird spoke, close by, and she heard the little steps of an animal . . . a woodchuck, a skunk? Yes, definitely a skunk, she thought, smiling, and went back to sleep again.

THE next day dawned blue and gold. Carol woke early and lay listening to the awakening life of the woods and beach. She thought, I should go for a swim, and shivered, thinking about it. After a while she rose with reluctance and presently, in brief bathing shorts, a halter and play shoes, she slung a towel around her shoulders and went out on the porch and down the bank.

The beach was marked with the imprints of delicate bird feet, where the tide had receded and left the brown wet sand. A twisted beach plum grew quite near. There were yellow shells, fragile as fingernails. There were little pebbles and a ruffle of foam, and everywhere you looked there was only sky and brilliant water and sunlight, only trees and birds flying, except, across the bay, a solitary fisherman, motionless in an anchored rowboat.

The water was cold as calamity on her feet and she drew back and stood there, hesitating. But the sun rose steadily and it was warm and the little wind sighed and dropped. She drew a deep breath, waded out and ducked, like a child. The clear coolness, bracing with salt, flowed over her, from head to feet. She had forgotten to bring a cap and you couldn't buy one anywhere for love or money. She gasped and rose to the surface and swam out with strong, steady strokes . . .

She came in after a time and sat in the sun to dry her hair and then ran back up to the house. She stood on the porch and dropped her halter and shorts. No one was there to see. If the weather grew warmer she would swim naked, she thought, at night, under the stars and in the early morning.

She wrapped a quilted robe about her, an old one which hung with sweaters and fishing gear and hip boots and heaven knew what else in a closet, and went to the kitchen to start the coffee. Then she rinsed the salt from her hair and sat out on the porch, drying it, until the coffee was ready. And then, still in the thick robe she carried her crazy, satisfactory breakfast to the rustic table on the porch and ate it looking out over the water—coffee, a glass of milk, ginger cookies and an apple.

It was a good day, mint new and she loved

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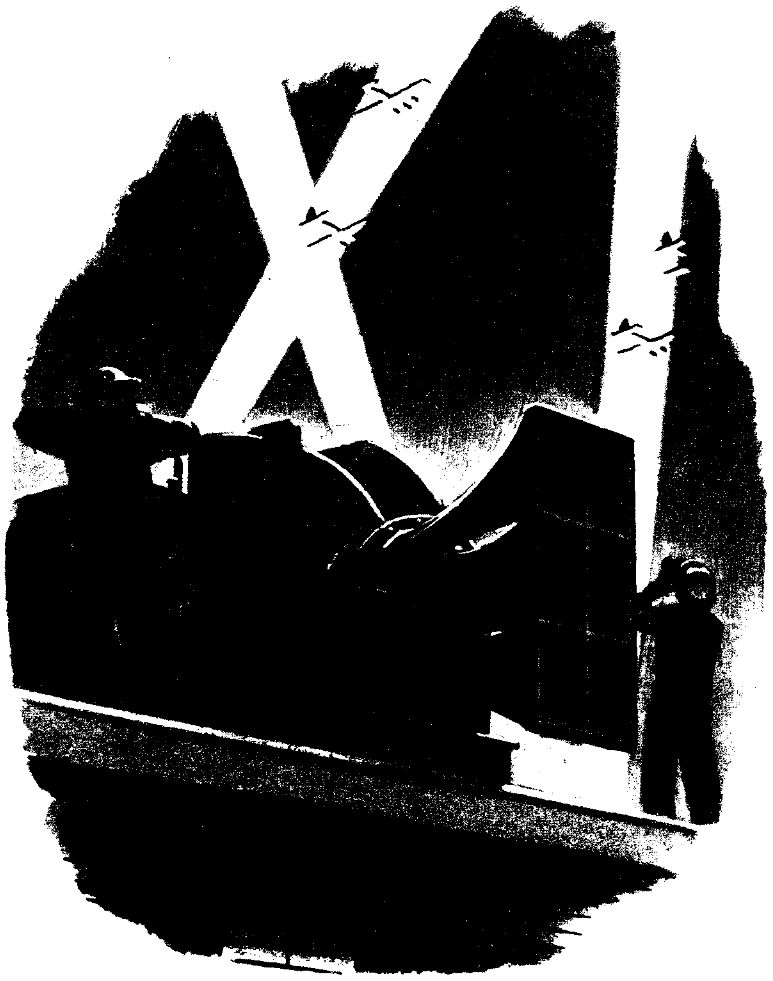

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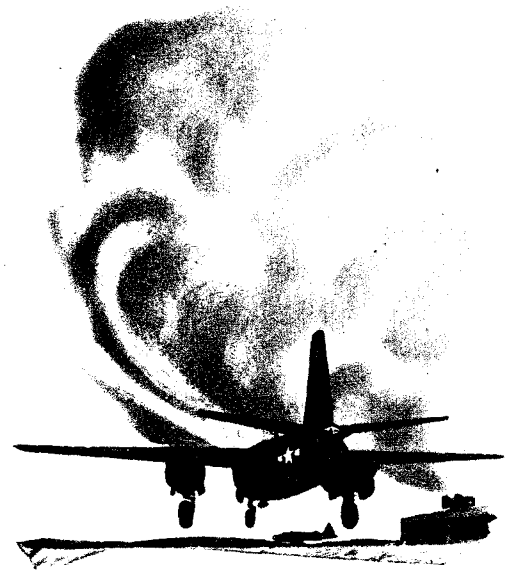

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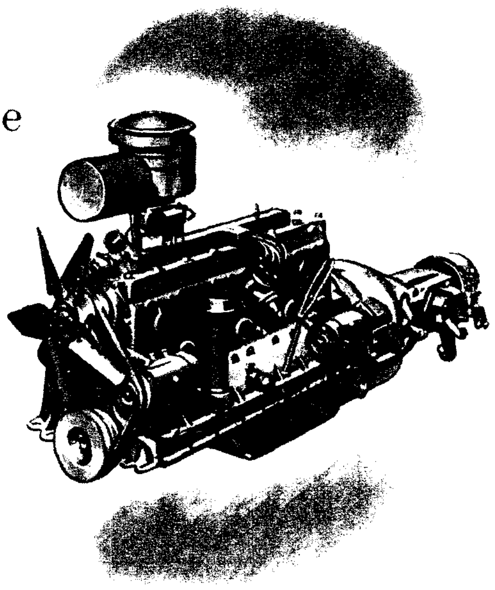

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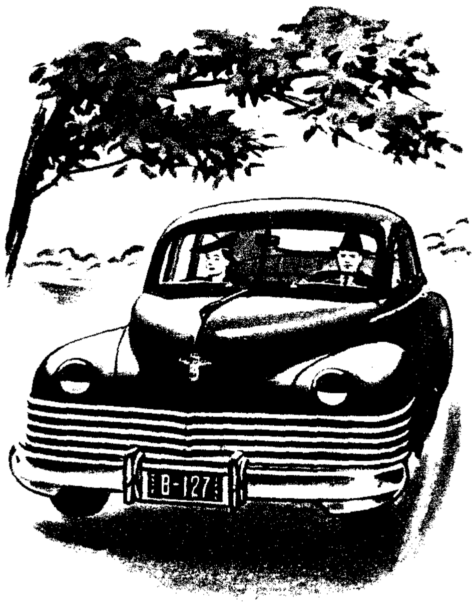

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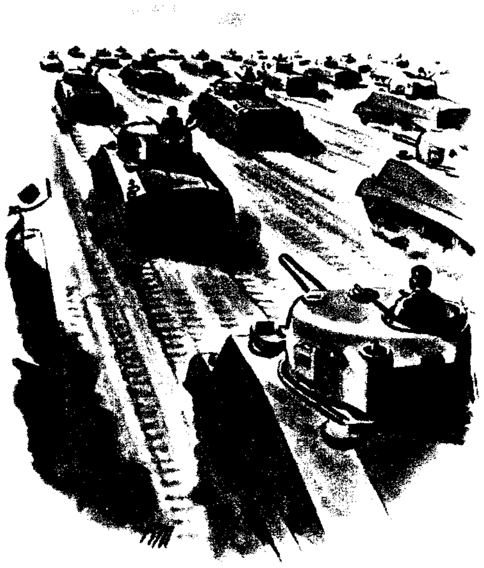

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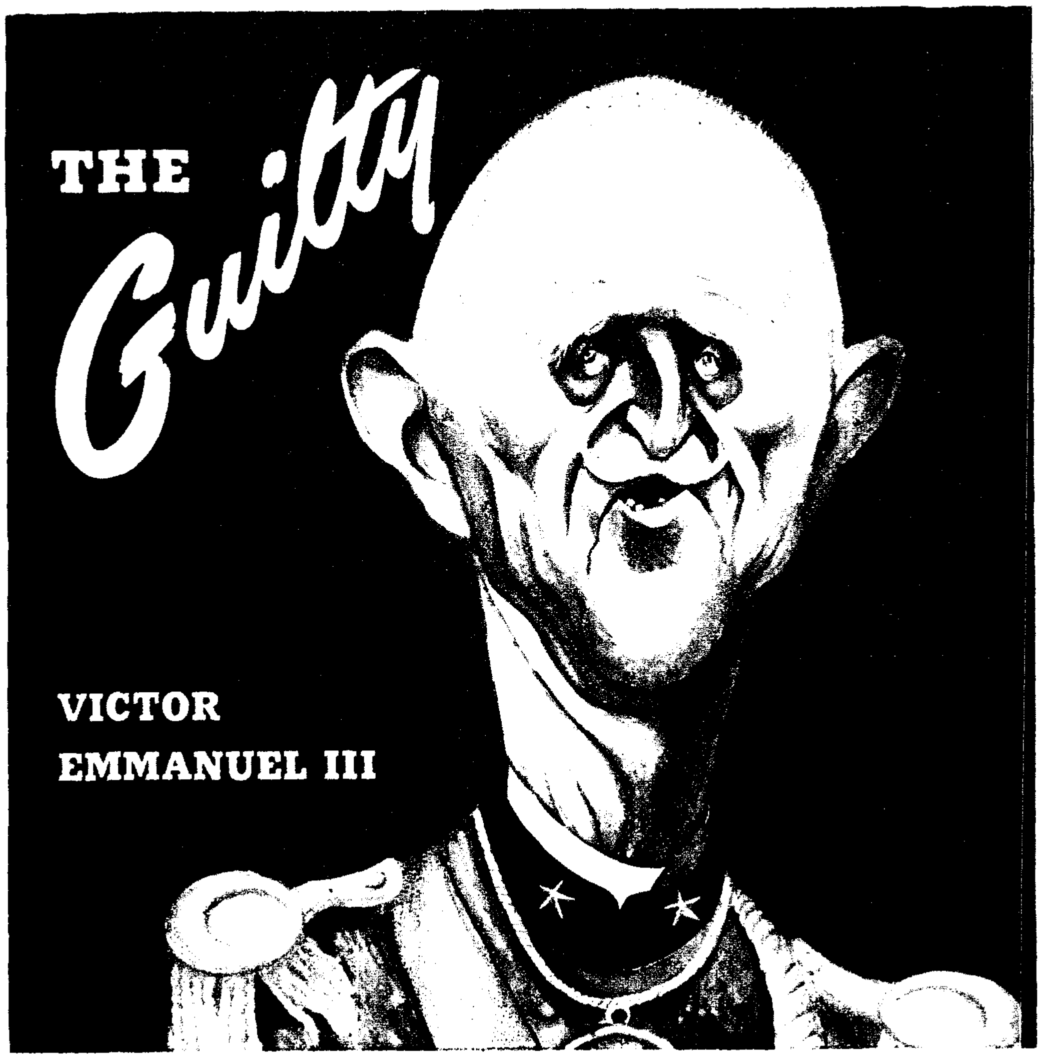

XLV

MANY readers demand to know why the king of Italy and the emperor of Japan have not been included in this series. All argue that the accessory to murder is just as guilty as the man who pulls the trigger. Where is the difference between him who orders massacre and rape and those who carry out the order? One letter, from a captain in the Marine Corps, is particularly pointed.

"We servicemen," he writes, "are being constantly told that we don't know what we are fighting for. Well, we certainly didn't put on uniforms to assist in shady political-power deals or whitewash guilty personages. If we are going to be kind and forgiving to Victor Emmanuel and Hirohito, it is only a short step more toward making a deal with Adolf. Is the promise of punishment, given by the United Nations, only double talk when it comes to criminals occupying the seats of the mighty?"

A fair question, but not an easy one to answer, in view of several inescapable facts. Even though wobblingly, the king of Italy still wears his crown, and it is well known that Doolittle's raiders were under specific instructions not to bomb the emperor's palace.

The Allies, quite evidently, are proceeding on the theory that both puppets have a definite symbolic value. About all that can be done at the present time, therefore, is to present records and let them speak for themselves. First taking up Victor Emmanuel III, something of his background is needed to make the man stand clear.

The House of Savoy, Italy's "royal line," started back in 1003 when one Humbert the White-handed rose to eminence among the bandits of his day. His successors fought and pillaged industriously, and by 1848, Charles Albert, prince of Savoy-Carignano, was sufficiently powerful to wage war against Austria. Defeated decisively, he abdicated in favor of his son. Cunning and fairly forceful, the new prince managed to add to his territory, but as late as 1860, Italy remained a welter of petty states.

Now rose Giuseppe Garibaldi, Italy's greatest man, and one entitled to rank among the great of all time. Taking the field with only a thousand men, he built up an invincible army and led it in campaigns as much marked by genius as those of Hannibal and Napoleon. Supreme power was in his hands at the end, but with never a thought of self, Garibaldi lifted up the Savoy princeling and put him on the throne as Victor Emmanuel II, king of a united Italy; not a very intelligent choice as it turned out, for only his many mistresses mourned the monarch's death in 1878.

Royal lines have a way of petering out, and those that followed spared no pains to prove it. Humbert succeeded his father, and an assassin killed him in 1900 after a reign distinguished only by corruption and inefficiency. His son, ascending to the throne as Victor Emmanuel III, stood forth as a puppet from the first, submitting to the rule of one powerful minister after another. Subterranean Baron Sonnino made the secret deals that took Italy into the World War in 1915 and in company with other black reactionaries oppressed and impoverished the country after the war.

In October, 1922, came Benito Mussolini's march on Rome—a new "mob" out to muscle in on the old. The cabinet voted to fight, and Marshal Badoglio was confident of his ability to "scatter the rabble." For once, however, the king refused his signature, and Il Duce conquered without resistance. If Victor Emmanuel thought that the change would give him a larger amount of independence he was soon undeceived. Under Sonnino, at least, they were courteous enough to give him some idea of the papers that he signed. Mussolini simply presented blank checks.

And what checks! First the invasion of Ethiopia, and then the ill-fated Spanish adventure. Thousands of wretched Italians, half-clad and half-armed, driven like sheep to the slaughter and left to rot in desert, plain and mountain pass. Two crimes without other point than the fertilization of Il Duce's monstrous ego, and yet both authorized by royal order. After that, the alliance with Germany, the betrayal of Austria, and the "stab in the back" that did so much to shatter French morale. And Victor Emmanuel, called away from his collection of old coins, signed on the dotted line.

In 1940, came the sneak attack on Greece. Again, as in Spain, thousands of villagers were rushed to death for no other reason than Mussolini's desire to strut the world stage as a Caesar. Ill-equipped as before, lacking food and clothes as well as arms, the Invincible Army suffered crushing defeat and was only saved from annihilation by German aid. All by order of the little man in the Quirinal, busy between signatures with a work on numismatics.

There, then, is the record of Victor Emmanuel III. Added up, the total is these two questions: Just how guilty is a puppet? And what is the punishment for supine assent to shameful deeds, with never a cry of revolt, even a gesture of protest? . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

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it. She spent it in utter laziness, and dreaming, under the pines, on the beach with sandwiches, fruit and a vacuum bottle near by. She spent it reading and sleeping and going in for a swim, when the sun was at its height. She spent it looking over fishing tackle and planning to have Mr. Griffin bring the boat down out of the shed the next time he came. She might paint it, she thought; it probably leaked.

Also she spent it thinking of Miles. And all the clamor and excitement and uncertainty was washed from her by the sun and wind and water. Things became clear and direct and simple. She was in love with him. If this were "just" physical attraction, it sufficed. She wanted to be with him, she wanted to sleep and to wake with him, she wanted to wait for him wherever he might go, afraid, because she loved him, yet, because she loved him, unafraid.

Loving him, if she could open his eyes to that loving; if by some miracle she could make him love her in return she would do so. There was no shame in this, no immodesty of the mind. It was very simple. It was not unusual, she told herself, as it had been going on since first man and first woman. It would continue.

If Miles came to her, this minute, across the white and gold and faintly rosy sand and sat down beside her and said, "You know, Carol, I thought I was in love with your mother," she would put her sun-warm hand on his and say, "Of course you were, dear . . ." Because he wasn't really, he hadn't been, he couldn't be. It wasn't a question of Helen's seniority, it was a question of Helen herself. You could fall in love with her but you didn't love her. She was a light which dazzled the eyes and passed.

THE day passed too, and Carol went back to the house, put on slacks and a sweater and looked over her larder. Mr. Griffin had saved her a very fine steak indeed. There was no use keeping it and she was hungry. It was well worth the points it had cost, a beautiful steak, the fat and the lean companionable.

Coffee, and the rest of the potatoes she had boiled for frying last night, creamed. Bread and butter, jam and a green salad. She was grateful to Aunt Agatha who had taught her to cook. Aunt Agatha had said, "A woman who can't do everything that her hired help does is an utterly useless and futile person . . . and open to blackmail. I taught your mother and I'm going to teach you."

It was still light, the long, lingering light of early summer. . . . She would be able to take her supper out on the porch. She was looking at the steak sizzling in the broiler when she heard the car. She thought, Mr. Griffin . . . and was half annoyed, half amused. Old fuss-budget! If he had brought Jessie, she would kill him.

The car stopped. And a voice called, "Hi! Anyone home?"

It was Miles . . .

She shut the door of the range carefully, thinking for a moment that she had gone crazy, that only a longing for that particular voice had produced it in her wayward ears. But Miles called again. He asked, "Carol, where are you?" and then he was at the back door.

She opened it and stood looking at him and he grinned at her and asked, "Am I in time for supper . . . ?"

"Of course." She was sedate and quiet suddenly. This was magic, as a fairy story is magic and you must react as if such visitations were of everyday and not sheer enchantment. She said, "The steak's almost ready."

He came in and dropped the small bag he was carrying. He said, "It smells good, and I'm starved . . . I got away late, and I got lost." He put his arm around her shoulder. He added, "I've missed you."

"That's good . . ." she said.

"You aren't surprised to see me? What a girl. I tried to phone you before I left. No dice, because no phone. I called New York, and Ole said nobody home. I couldn't remember the name of the man who ran the general store . . . but I knew if I found it there'd be only one. Find it I did, after various adventures, involving rustic maidens, chipmunks and, of all things, a flat tire. Anyway, I discovered the store and your Mr. Griffin. He wasn't too cordial. He said you were alone. However, he directed me, and kept me waiting while he wrote you a note. Here it is, the seal unbroken. He didn't trust me," said Miles.

She said, "Wait till I set the table . . . we'll sit out on the porch."

She put the envelope in her pocket and turned her back on Miles. Her cheeks were too bright and her eyes, and her heart beat too quickly. She removed her steak, slid a platter under it, and directed her guest. Cups, saucers, plates, glasses, silverware. . . . She loaded a tray and ordered, "Go straight through the living room . . ."

When the table was set she looked at him. She said, "Run, find yourself a bathroom, and wash . . . and hurry."

She sat waiting, and while she waited she read Mr. Griffin's letter. Mr. Griffin said plump and plain that he had tried to get hold of Jessie when the young man turned

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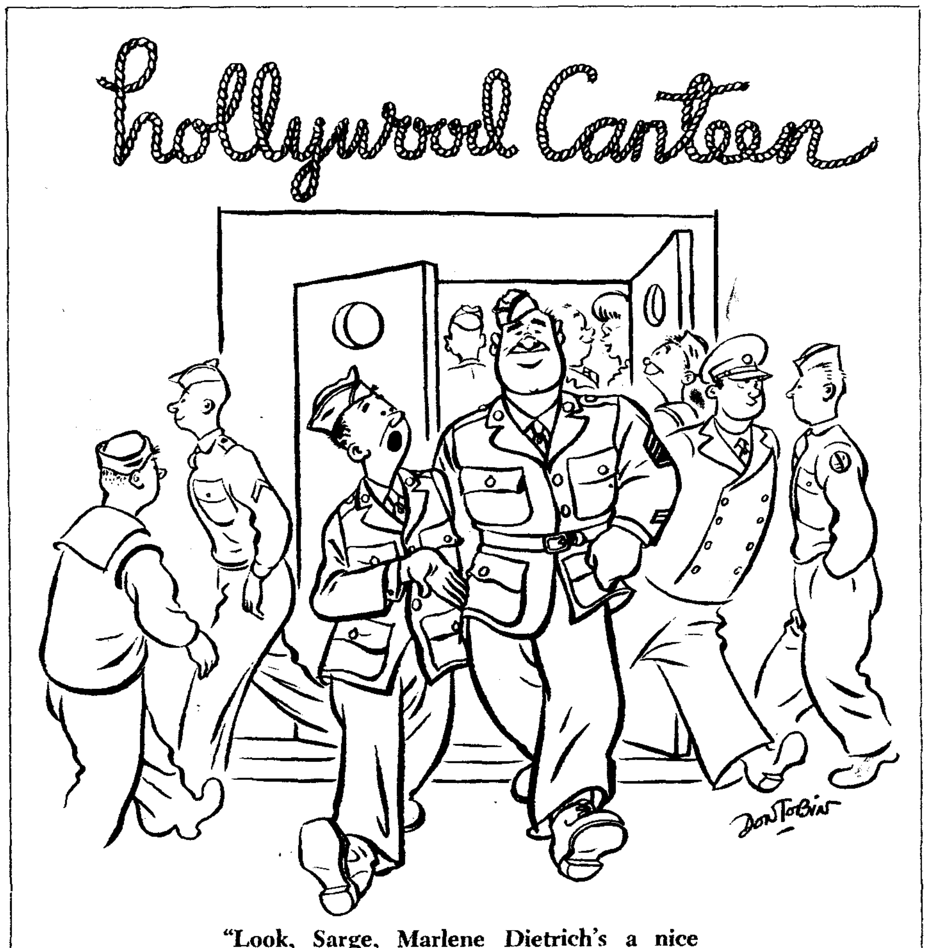
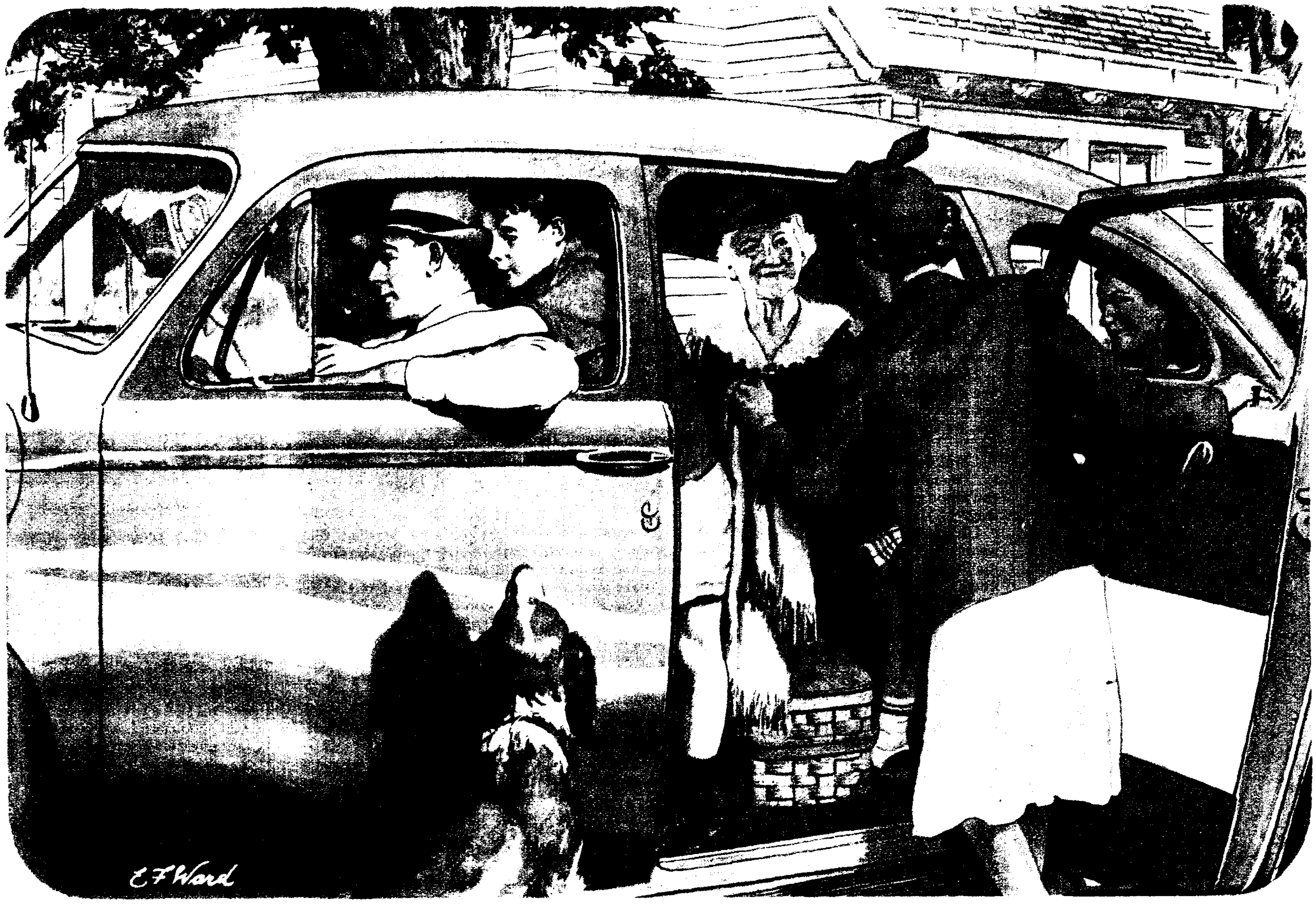


"Look, Sarge, Marlene Dietrich's a nice kid. Why d'ya string her along like that?"

COLLIER'S

DON TOBIN



Remember when . . .
Sunday afternoon was pleasure-riding time?

REMEMBER those long, lazy, happy Sunday afternoons when everybody piled into the car and the whole family was off . . . to the picnic grounds, to the river, or perhaps "just exploring"?

There's neither time nor gas these days for Sunday pleasure rides. And, even if there were, the mileage that's left in your tires is too precious to be used for anything but really necessary driving.

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Do these few simple things and you'll be helping to fight one of the great battles of this war —the Battle of Rubber. It's a battle that's vitally important to our men in uniform; and one where victory can be won *only* with the whole-hearted help of all of us.

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up. But Jessie had gone away for the day and evening. . . . When the major left, if Carol had any directions for him, Mr. Griffin, the major was to stop by the house.

She smiled and put the note back in her pocket.

Miles came out. He said, "This is a wonderful house, the kind you dream about. I have dreamed about it, as a matter of fact. Helen told me about it, a world away. It didn't seem possible then that a place like this still existed. She told me how she had stumbled across it and what she had done to it."

A little chill crept across the warmth of Carol's spirit. She said, "Eat your steak and potatoes, Miles, before they are cold."

He ate, smiling at her. He said, "I could stay here for weeks. I have, by the way, a couple of days. It was one of those breaks which don't often happen . . ." He looked at her a moment and raised an eyebrow. He added, "I didn't see a hotel."

"There isn't one," said Carol . . . "and you know it."

He said, mildly—and somehow reminded her of her father, "I gathered that both from personal observation and Mr. Griffin. He told me, by the way, that he'd be glad to put me up."

Carol said evenly, "It isn't necessary, Miles . . . there's plenty of room here . . . if you can stand my cooking I'll be glad to have you stay."

He said, "I hoped you'd say that. But wasn't sure. As a matter of fact I thought maybe Miss Stuart was down here with you until I saw Griffin."

"Aunt Agatha hates the place," said Carol. "She's a born cockney. The country scares the daylights out of her—it's too noisy."

He said, after a moment, "Look . . . if you have the least hesitation about this—?"

"Should I have?" she asked, smiling. "Do I look like Little Red Riding Hood?"

He said seriously, "Not very much. But your father or Miss Stuart might cry 'Wolf'!"

"Why," she asked, "do you exclude Mother?"

He looked uneasy. He said, "I didn't mean to—"

Carol laughed. She felt like laughing, it was true laughter, and gay. She said, "We're both grown up; I doubt if you have designs on me." She looked at him, "And if I have any on you they don't include seduction," she concluded.

"Carol!"

"Or do they?" she asked, very much entertained by his expression of shock. "At any rate, we won't stop to argue that now." She rose. "Angel food?" she asked, "Or ginger cookies? There's fruit too and if I had known you were coming I would have made an apple pie . . ."

"You can really cook?" he asked.

"Did you think little green men prepared this repast?" she inquired . . . and departed, leaving him looking out over the water and the pines.

WHEN she came back he asked, "Is there fishing?"

"Of course, there's always fishing. You won't get anything very startling this time of year but maybe you'll find a blackfish or two," she answered, "and they're wonderful eating. We can carry the boat down from the shed and see how much it leaks."

"I'll sleep late," he told her, "and go for a swim . . ." He looked startled. "Only I haven't any trunks . . ."

She said, "You won't need 'em. I promise to stay off the beach and when, later in the day, you decide you'd like company, I'll find a pair of Father's for you. They'll be much too big but we'll anchor them with a safety pin . . ."

He said reverently, "You think of everything. By the way, what did your friend Mr. Griffin say in the letter?"

She said, "He doesn't, of course, approve. But he won't do anything about it unless I ask him to. If I ask, if, that is, I send you back to the village tonight, he'll offer you bed and even board, he'll find us a chaperon, he'll do everything. If I don't ask, he'll stay out of things. He'll be curious but he won't gossip. And he won't interfere because he respects other people's decisions and admits their right to live as they please. He doesn't have to applaud their methods but he doesn't try to reform them. Besides, I flatter myself that he knows and likes me well enough to be troubled only by the routine conventional aspect of this adventure."

Miles said, "I suppose I didn't think too much about that. . . . You get out of the habit."

She said, rising, "And now, you'll get into the habit of dishwashing. If you're staying here you have to pull your weight in the boat. No loafers allowed. . . . Come help me clear away," she ordered, "and then I'll show you your room."

He asked, following her to the kitchen, "Do I have to go to bed now, Grandma?"

"No," she said, "unless you'd rather. We'll build a fire in the living room and sit and talk for a while. I'm sorry I haven't a drink to offer you. Adam never leaves any liquor here . . ."

"Only a slight flaw," he murmured.

In the kitchen, he watched her as she washed their dishes. Her hair curled, riotously, without benefit of hairdresser. Her face was rosy from the sun, and unpowdered, and she wore no lipstick. He thought, suddenly, that she was as pretty a girl as he had ever seen. He said so, after a fashion. He said, "I like you scrubbed up like this."

Carol scowled, briefly. She said, "You caught me with my lipstick off. It's something I shall never forgive. It will, however, teach me not to believe myself alone in the wilderness."

She thought, watching him handle the dishes with awkward care: I have two days, and two nights.

AFTER their dishes were washed they went back to the living room. Mr. Griffin had filled the woodbox and Miles built a fire. He put a match to it and a brief flame flared. "See," he said in triumph, "Boy Scout stuff."

Carol, in the corner of the big shabby couch, applauded dutifully, and then the flame died down. Amused, she watched him struggle with the logs and the kindling. He stabbed his finger on a sharp splinter and swore, and Carol grinned, restraining herself from rising and kicking the logs briskly into place with an experienced and competent toe. Let him struggle, she thought, and when he achieves what he's after, enjoy it.

She remembered Adam's counsel, bestowed upon her long ago when she was going through the stress of her first grown-up love affair. He'd said, "Carol, let me give you a tip: The women men like are friendly, human and warm. They have pleasant flaws and charming weaknesses. They are competent in the important things—the ordering of a household, the creating of a satisfactory meal. But when they become too competent in realms which men have long considered their bailiwick, it's best to hide it . . . except in an emergency.

"Contrary to general opinion men don't dislike clever women. They merely dislike women who aren't clever enough to conceal their cleverness. Nor are they, as a rule, fond of witty women . . . they're scared of them. They don't want their women dumb, in the accepted sense of the word, but there are times when they like 'em mute. And such women with an instinct for selfless loving win over all competitors, hands down."

Miles got his fire going, dusted his hands absently along the seams of his slacks and grinned. He said, "There she blows."

Presently he came to sit beside Carol. He put his arm around her and commented, "You're a very comfortable person . . ."

Carol said nothing but her breath and her heartbeat seemed suspended. He kissed her lightly, experimentally, and then drew her closer. He said, in a loud and startled voice, "But very exciting, too," and kissed her again, the reverse of lightly.

Carol put her arms around his neck. She was no niggardly lover, but generous and surrendering.

When Miles released her he was conscious of chilly fingers up and down his spine, and a vast astonishment.

"For Pete's sake!" he said helplessly.

Carol laughed; the laughter was low and shaken. She said, unsteadily:

"You asked for it."

"Sure," he admitted, "but I didn't bargain for . . ." He broke off. "Woman," he asked, "did I dream that, just now? How about kissing me again to make sure?"

Carol shook her head, a gesture which cost her much in self-discipline. She said, firmly:

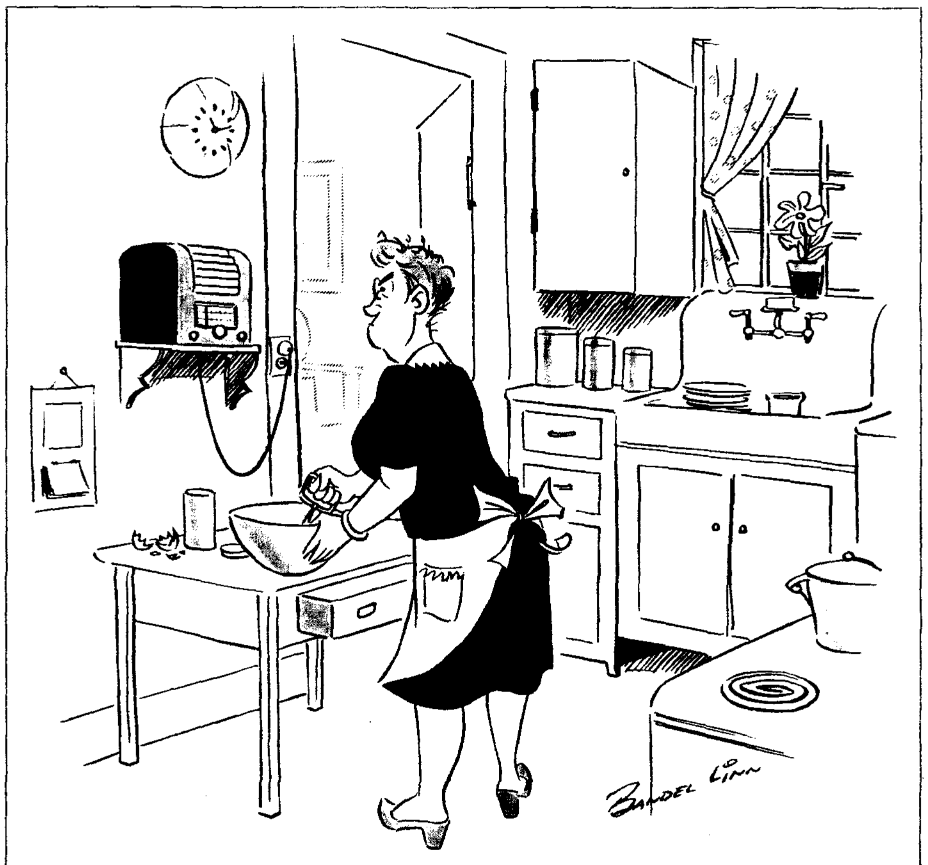
"No—"

"Why not?" he demanded.

She answered gently, and very quietly, "It wouldn't be fair. . . ."

"To whom?"

"To us both." She added, without a change



NEWS

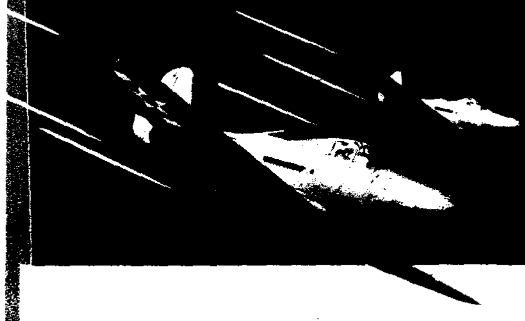
"... First quarter allocation for butter was set at 410,000,000 pounds by the WFA. This is a reduction from the previous quota, and it is being assumed that a butter shortage is in prospect. In Chicago, however, the WFA recently released *40,670 pounds of butter for sale—a fact which seems* hardly possible. Steinmetz Bledsoe, in an off-the-record talk to reporters, charged that 85,000 tons of butter have spoiled in government warehouses. This was immediately denied by Congressman Slipshod, who added: "I hate war! And I hate irresponsible statements about the public welfare! No butter has ever spoiled in any government warehouse—and never will! As a matter of fact, we are producing more butter than ever before—"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

ANOTHER OLDSMOBILE FAMILY...

Doing a Man's Job

- TRAINING FIGHTING MEN!



REMARKS: PILOTS

THE GARDNER FAMILY OF BUFFALO have no sons of military age. But they do have a *daughter* to lend to their country. Today, she is doing a job as important to winning the war as anything she might do if she were a man. Miss Elsa Gardner *trains soldiers!* At Camp Bell, New York—operated by the Bell Aircraft Corporation—Miss Gardner instructs Army Air Force mechanics in pre-flight inspections, servicing and maintenance of Airacobra fighter planes, as capably as any man. She has earned the highest esteem of her associates, and of the soldiers she trains. And she has never failed to report for duty. Although there is no direct bus service at the hours Miss Gardner goes to work, she always gets there *on time*. Her transportation is her 1935-model Oldsmobile. She couldn't do so much to Keep 'Em Flying without it.

ARMY AIR FORCE MECHANICS receive first-hand experience in the maintenance of "Airacobras" in their training at Camp Bell. They go to all fighting fronts to Keep 'Em Flying.

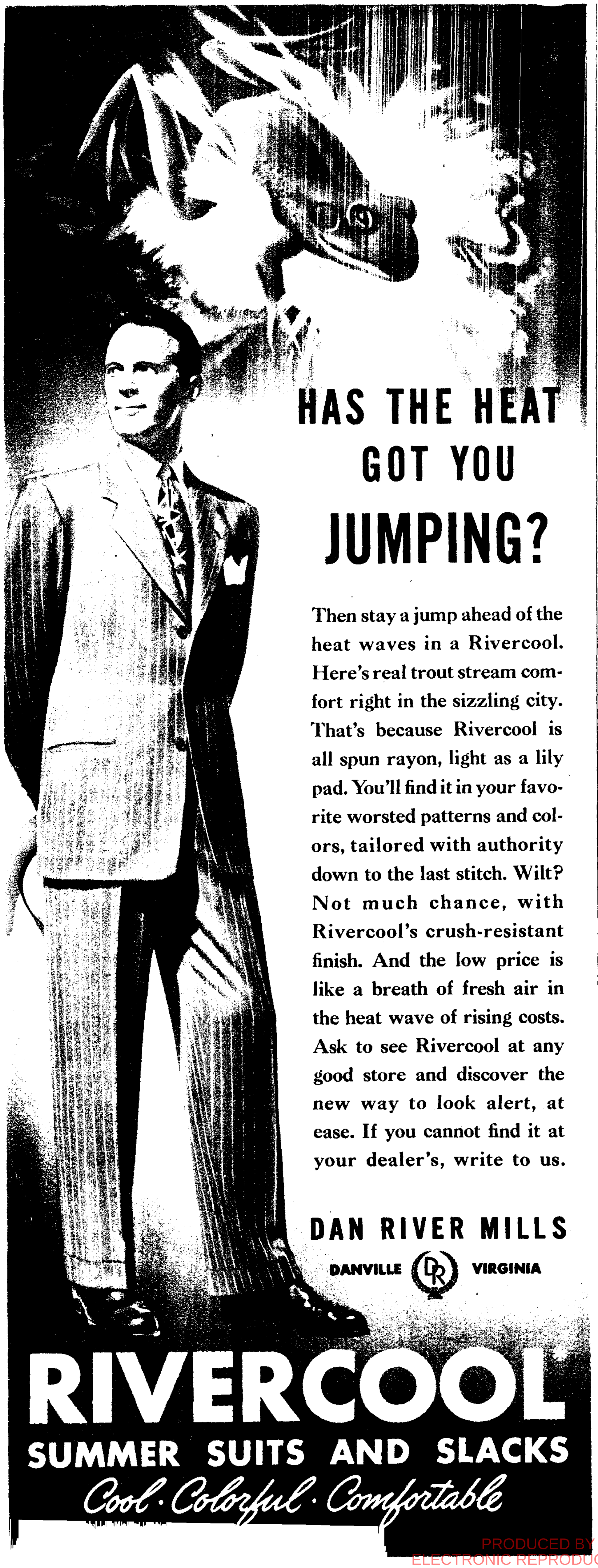
THIS AIRACOBRA FIGHTER PLANE at Camp Bell was built from salvaged parts by some of Miss Gardner's students. It is used for instructional and ground training purposes.

IT'S AN OLDSMOBILE-BUILT CANNON these Camp Bell instructors are studying. This advanced technical training school teaches maintenance of the entire Airacobra plane, including its cannon.

ANOTHER WAR BOND for mother. Miss Elsa is the only member of the Gardner family of working age. She is investing every cent she can save, in War Bonds.

AUTHORIZED OLDSMOBILE SERVICE keeps this 9-year-old Oldsmobile in fighting trim. Miss Gardner teaches mechanical maintenance, knows how important it is.

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS


HAS THE HEAT GOT YOU JUMPING?

Then stay a jump ahead of the heat waves in a Rivercool. Here's real trout stream comfort right in the sizzling city. That's because Rivercool is all spun rayon, light as a lily pad. You'll find it in your favorite worsted patterns and colors, tailored with authority down to the last stitch. Wilt? Not much chance, with Rivercool's crush-resistant finish. And the low price is like a breath of fresh air in the heat wave of rising costs. Ask to see Rivercool at any good store and discover the new way to look alert, at ease. If you cannot find it at your dealer's, write to us.

DAN RIVER MILLS
DANVILLE DR VIRGINIA

RIVERCOOL
SUMMER SUITS AND SLACKS
Cool · Colorful · Comfortable

of expression: "You see, I'm very much in love with you."

His reply was utterly unromantic, as automatic as the ringing of a telephone and as genuine as bread and butter.

"Are you *kidding?*" he demanded.

"No," said Carol.

Miles hunted for a cigarette, found a battered pack and set a match to the only one it contained. He said:

"Well, if *you're* not, you're crazy."

"That's right," she said. "Crazy enough to break all the rules, at least."

"Rules?"

"You know. Be coy—horrible word—never pursue, be the hunted, not the hunter. Personally, I think that's stupid. Everyone knows that women do the hunting. Only men prefer to think they do." She was laughing now, with authentic amusement, at his expression . . . "Darling," she said, "don't look like that. You aren't committed to anything—not even a lunatic asylum."

He said, slowly, "I think I'd like to be committed. I enjoy your particular form of insanity. It's catching."

HE SEIZED her, suddenly, kissed her, hard and long . . . and released her. "One for the book," he murmured. "And it's still there, by golly."

"What is?"

"The—the comfortableness and the excitement. Maybe I've fallen in love with you too," he added, bewildered, "because there's something very different about this—"

"Different from what . . . ?"

"Other times," he said vaguely . . .

"Nonsense," Carol told him cheerfully. "In the morning you will have thought things over and you'll be headed back to the Field as fast as tires and gas can take you."

There was the catch. He might. Very easily, he might. Yet she felt that, in justice, she should provide him with a blueprint for escape.

He said, "But you were in love with Lennox."

"I thought so," she admitted, "but was never quite sure . . ."

"And you're sure now?"

She said, "It doesn't make sense but I've never been as sure of anything, from the first moment . . ."

"When was that?" he wondered.

"The night we went out and danced—"

He said, "So that was it."

"What?"

"Nothing . . . everything." He hesitated. He said, "But you—before you met Lennox . . . ?"

"You mean was I ever in love before. Oh, now and then. It was never quite real. Even, when I told Dudley I'd marry him . . ."

He said, "You're the most honest person I've ever known. I—well, gosh, there have been girls. Not that *I* ever thought I was in love, exactly. . . . You wouldn't know about that, or," he asked, suddenly, "would you?"

She said quietly, "If you mean have I ever had an affair, no, Miles, I wouldn't know."

He was scarlet, and it wasn't entirely the reflection of the firelight. He said:

"I didn't mean. . . . Well, perhaps I did. I'm sorry, Carol, I had no right . . ."

"Every right in the world. Stop chewing on that cigarette. Throw it away, it's disgusting. Here, take my case." She gave it to him, smiling. "Now that that's settled, let's talk about the Field. Tell me what you're doing, how you like it, if you've run into anyone you know and everything that's happened." And then when he still hesitated, turning the fresh cigarette between his lean fingers she exclaimed, "Oh, for heaven's sake . . . at ease!"

Miles laughed. He said, "You're pretty wonderful." He put his arm around her, companionably. The astonishment had passed, and the excitement, yet they were still there, underneath—an undercurrent. He asked, "One thing first: Did you break your engagement to Lennox because of me?"

"Naturally," she responded promptly. "Don't be a dope."

He shook his head. He said, "I'll never understand you."

"That's good," said Carol, "I'd hate to be understood. Too dreary."

He said, "Lennox must hate my guts."

"Don't flatter yourself. He doesn't know. He's beating his brains out, trying to find out who—because when he asked me if there was someone else, I said yes."

He said, "You're the damnedest girl. Does anyone else—?"

"Father," she murmured, "suspects . . . and, possibly, Mother."

She felt his arm shift, on her shoulder. He said, "They won't like it . . ."

"Father will," she said. "He likes you. He's never cared much for Dudley. Mother . . ." she stopped, said a short silent prayer and then went on steadily, "Mother won't be pleased. She rather looks on you as her property."

He said uneasily, "It's a funny thing to be saying to you, Carol, but I suspect I made a damn' fool of myself, in that direction."

"No," she said, gravely. "She's—a pretty glamorous person. She has all the advantages, Miles."

He said, slowly, "After the places I'd been and the things I'd seen . . . and done, you can't imagine what it was like, meeting her . . ."

"I can imagine perfectly."

"Do you remember," he asked her, "the days when people talked about crushes? I had a crush on a grade-school teacher once. She was awfully pretty, she liked kids and understood them. I suppose I suffered over her more than any woman I've met since. She married some insurance guy in town and I thought hanging too good for him. Maybe it was something like that," he said, "if you get me."

"I get you," she said.

He was silent. Then he said, conversationally, "I've no business marrying you, Carol."

The room turned upside down. When the earth ceased to tremble and the house righted itself, she said, "I didn't know that you contemplated it."

"I didn't, until a few minutes ago," he told her, "and then I knew that if I could . . ." His arm tightened about her. He asked, "Would you . . . ? Would you take all the risks and anxiety and the lack of promises . . . ? For I couldn't promise you anything . . ." he paused and added, "darling." He liked it. He said it again. "Not even a future, darling."

She said, steadily, "Of course, I understand that, Miles. I'm not interested in a future. None of us can afford to be, I suppose. But we have—now."

He said, unhappily, "That's what you think. But how long is . . . now?"

She said, "We don't know that either. Miles, are you proposing to me, by any chance?"

"I'm afraid so," he told her.

She said, "Well, I won't have it. I'm not going to have you waking up, come tomorrow, and asking yourself, *How in blazes will I get out of this?* Suppose we talk about something else. . . . Are you satisfied with your book?"

HE SAID, impatiently, "Oh, it's all right, I guess. I never thought I knew anything worth telling . . . the things I knew best I couldn't tell. Carol, *why* won't you . . . ?"

She said, "If you still feel the same way when your next orders come, I'll follow you wherever you go and we'll be married and then when you go off again—" she shrugged . . . I'll get a job," she said, "and wait for you . . ."

"Is that the way you want it?"

"That's the way. I don't want it," she said, "on the strength—or weakness—of a kiss, and firelight and being alone like this—"

He said, "Maybe you're right." He was silent a moment. Then he said, "But I don't think so. Perhaps I'm not very used to being in love yet . . ."

"That's where I have a slight advantage," she reminded him.

"I suppose you'll throw that up to me," he told her, "all the rest of our lives."

The blood sang in her ears, and the tears were hot and immediate back of her eyes. She closed her eyelids against them. Then she said, shakily, "No, but you will. You'll say, 'You fell in love with me first and were shameless about it. You even told me so.' And you'll tell the children, 'Your mother proposed to me. . . .' Which will be a base lie, because, after all, I didn't."

"Oh hush," he said and laid his urgent mouth on hers, "you talk entirely too much—"

The firelight flickered on the walls and the fire spoke to itself in a hurried, busy little whisper. It was a very quiet night. You could hear the water and the pines, talking . . . you could hear the silence and the darkness . . .

After a while he said, gently, "Carol?"

She pulled herself away from him. She said, "No, darling. I'm not being—that hideous word again—coy . . . I'm not trying to hold you by withholding. Please believe that. And I do love you . . . completely. I wouldn't be sorry, I'd never be sorry. But you might be. And I'm not going to put you in a position where you'll feel obliged to go all chivalrous and conventional . . . tomorrow. Besides," she said very softly, "if you find . . . if we both find . . . that we want each other, not just tonight but always . . ."

He put his hand over her mouth. He said, a little roughly, "Okay, you win."

The tension in her nerves relaxed. She said, "Let's go out in the kitchen and get a bottle of milk and some cookies. I think I'm hungry!"

THEY sat for a long time in the kitchen with the milk and the cookies on the bare table, talking. They talked about themselves. They talked about all sorts of silly, unrelated things . . . the big back yard in which Miles had played in Portland . . . the rocks and wild coast line of the summer place his people had had . . . the redheaded kid who had licked him in his first fight. They talked about his parents and his grandmother . . . "She was a little like your great-aunt," he said. They talked about his training, his friends, and a little about his combat experience. They talked about Carol's boarding school and his prep school and discovered that they had been not more than thirty miles apart. . . . They talked themselves hoarse, trying to compress twenty-three, twenty-four years in an hour, two hours, three.

It was very late and the fire slept into embers, the wind spoke softly at the windows and Miles yawned, prodigiously. Carol rose, ran water in the milk bottle, washed the cooky plate and the glasses. She was so tired that she felt as if she had been beaten. She was so happy that she felt she must weep or die. She couldn't walk another step without her knees collapsing. Yet she could walk a hundred miles, now, this minute, if he were with her.

She said, "For heaven's sake, *will* you go to bed!"

She took him into the guest wing. Jessie had made up all the beds, which is, Carol thought, a break, for if I had to make one up now I'd fall screaming to the floor. And then, after she had locked up and turned out the lights, she went back to his room. She stood there in the doorway, a dark girl with tumbled hair, and shadows under her eyes and her mouth the shape of a kiss. She said, "Goodnight, darling," and put her arms around him and he bent his tall head and kissed her, gently. He said, "I don't know how it all happened or why . . . but it has."

She smiled, waved her hand and was gone. And a little later, fell, exhausted, into bed. She lifted her heavy lids and looked through the gray square which was the window into darkness beyond and tried to think. She must remember, every word, every gesture, every touch. She must relive it, each minute, and now. But her eyes closed and she slept, deeply, without dreams.

In the morning she woke and, waking, remembered. She jumped out of bed and ran to the windows and the sun was shining and it was nine o'clock. She thought, Good Lord . . . ! She thought, *Darling*, and her color rose, and she went into the bathroom and stood under the shower and then went back to the bedroom again. She ran a comb through her hair, touched her happy mouth with lipstick and wrapped herself in the big robe. Then she pounded on Miles' door.

"Hey," he said, sleepily, "who is it?"

"Me," said Carol. "May I come in?"

"At your own risk," he replied, and his voice was no longer drowsy.

She went in and he was sitting up in bed, his hair at crazy angles, his thin face flushed with sleep. He reached for a pack of cigarettes on the bedside table and she said, severely, "You shouldn't, before breakfast."

He put the pack down. "Come here," he ordered and she came and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Kiss me," he asked, "for good morning?"

She kissed his cheek and the corner of his mouth. She said, "Look, while I get breakfast, go take your swim. I don't think there'll be a human being around . . . and there's a robe of Adam's in the closet. How did you sleep?"

"Like the dead," he said, and a swift shadow passed across his eyes. He let her hand go, took a cigarette from the pack and grinned with defiance. He said, "We aren't married yet. And besides, I hate reformers."

Carol rose and went to the door. She looked back. She said, "I slept too. I didn't expect I would."

"Neither did I," said Miles, "and now will you get out of here? You may as well learn once and for all that I sleep raw but wouldn't you rather I just *told* you about it . . . ?"

SHE fled, laughing, back to her room . . . and dressed . . . slacks again, a sweater, play shoes. She heard Miles go out on the side porch upon which his room opened. She saw him walking down the path, tall and free, Adam's big robe wrapped about him, his feet bare, a towel slung over his arm. He stepped on a stone and cursed freely in the bright sunshine.

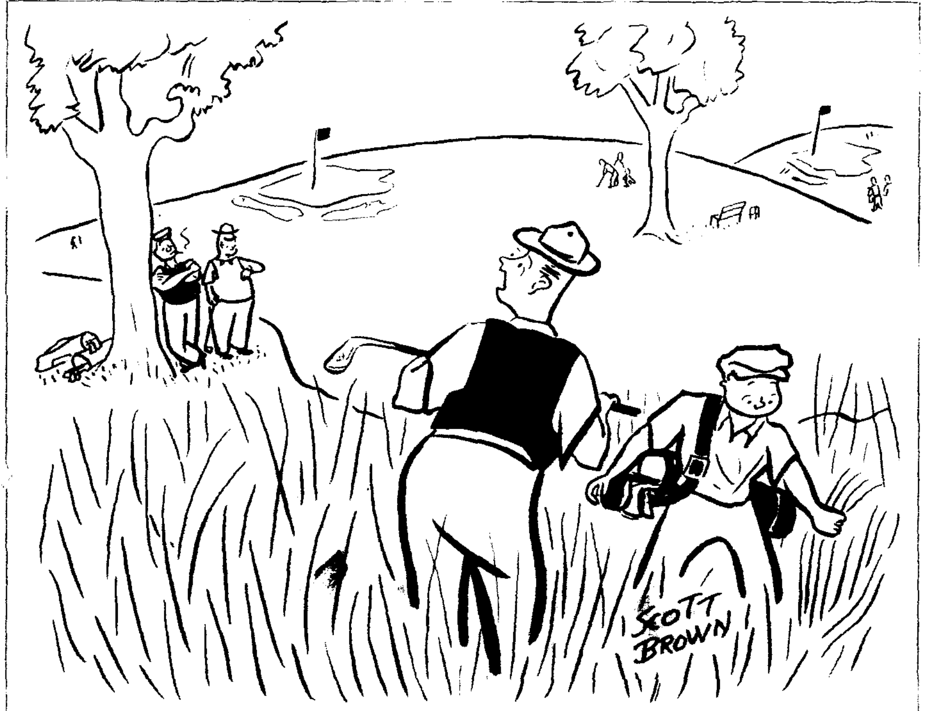
When he returned, coffee was ready and the eggs were frying. . . . He came galloping into the kitchen, his hair sleek with water, his face shining with it, his feet making large wet prints on the floor.

Carol said, "For heaven's sake, go get dry . . . and we'll have breakfast on the porch."

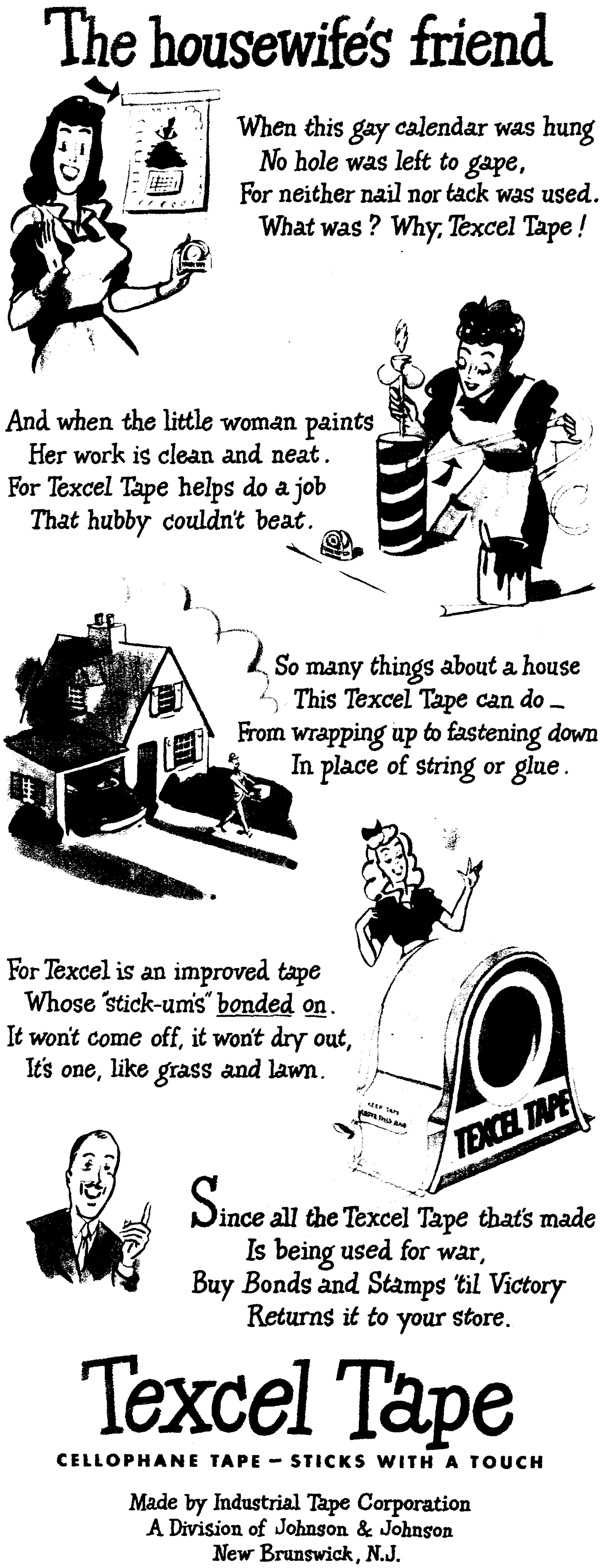
She set the table and carried out the trays. When he appeared, shaven, brushed, in shirt and slacks, she was ready. She said, "Sorry, no bacon, but I nipped a piece off Mr. Griffin's special ham and fried it for you. And made biscuits."

He said reverently, "Would you be so good as to marry me, sometime before noon?"

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "We found the ball. We're looking for the cover" SCOTT BROWN



The housewife's friend

When this gay calendar was hung
No hole was left to gape,
For neither nail nor tack was used.
What was? Why, Texcel Tape!

And when the little woman paints
Her work is clean and neat.
For Texcel Tape helps do a job
That hubby couldn't beat.

So many things about a house
This Texcel Tape can do—
From wrapping up to fastening down
In place of string or glue.

For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out,
It's one, like grass and lawn.

Since all the Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape
CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Made by Industrial Tape Corporation
A Division of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.

The Father's Day Gift that Mother Approves!

WHEN dad gets an Essley, he gets a *fine* shirt—and mother gets plenty of pleasure from the way he looks! Essleys, you see, are carefully tailored by celebrated Troy craftsmen and smartly styled by America's leading men's fashion authority so that even a woman's critical eyes flash their approval! That's why Essleys are called *Woman-Wise*. $1.75 to $3.50.

Essley Shirt Company, Empire State Building, New York

Originators of the TRUBENIZED* Collar

ESSLEY
Woman-Wise
SHIRTS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ESSLEY SPORTSWEAR BY THE MAKERS OF ESSLEY SHIRTS

HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?—No. 11

Each sentence below contains four words commonly mispronounced. Read aloud, then check with list on page 48.

1. **His biography disclosed that he had climbed Mount Popocatepetl and the highest peaks of the Appalachian and Himalayan mountains.**
2. **The victim of schizophrenia thought himself now a renascent archangel, now a demoniacal ogre.**
3. **The psychiatric studies of Freud were interrupted by the regimen of Der Fuehrer.**
4. **With becoming naïveté the modiste pinned a boutonniere of hydrangea on his lapel.**
5. **They stuffed their esophagi with filet mignon, broccoli and meringue.**
6. **The eccentric samurai sat on the piazza, eating gherkins and reading a translation of Dumas.**
7. **The plethora of poison fungi was reduced by the reclamation of the quagmire.**
8. **It was inferable from the miscellany of zodiacal data that he was a stargazer.**
9. **The Caucasian representatives acted as a liaison between the factions of the formidable internecine conflict.**
10. **The naphtha was heated to blood temperature and applied to the tympanum with a syringe.**

(Words having more than one pronunciation are checked with seven leading dictionaries for the most generally accepted usage.)

Charles H. Hall

We Need Airships

Continued from page 15

landing after dark. Comfort of passengers on such a long jaunt by airplane, too, had to be considered. There were delays due to weather and other causes en route and at these various resting points. Mechanical troubles and turnbacks took their toll in time. So the actual records are far from the printed timetable figures.

The traveler is interested primarily in how long it takes him to get to his destination after his scheduled departure time, and not in how fast he goes per hour while his craft is in motion. Thus the average speed he really cares about is found by dividing the shortest distance between the points of departure and arrival, by the total time spent between scheduled departure and actual arrival. On this basis, for the five-year period ending early December, 1941, we find that transpacific clippers between San Francisco and Hong Kong had an "effective" average speed of about 35 miles per hour westbound, and about 33 mph eastbound!

Somewhat surprising, these figures? We commonly think of flying boats and other airplanes streaking placidly through the skies at 150 and 200 miles per hour—which they can easily do—but we tend to overlook their troubles. They can't fly in all sorts of weather, and troubles of various kinds can and do bob up. A volume could be written, from newspaper reports, of clipper delays:

"Westbound clipper service, halted for 16 days by adverse winds and inclement weather between San Francisco and Honolulu, was resumed late today . . . The huge plane carried 2,000 pounds of air mail but no passengers or air express."

"The ——— clipper left Horta yesterday but turned back after flying 833 miles, because of minor engine trouble."

"Forced to turn back by engine trouble . . . the ——— clipper will probably be delayed four days. It may be necessary to change a motor."

But if weather affects the clippers, what does it do to airships? Well, certainly no airship skipper would go butting headlong into dangerous weather any more than a steamer deliberately goes through an ice field in the open sea. Like the ocean liner, the airship carries fuel for such a long distance that it can shape its course by meteorological factors as all ocean-flying aircraft should do—that is, avoid dangerous weather and utilize favorable factors.

With severe weather along its fixed path, the airplane, with its relatively shorter cruising range, generally must await passing of the danger, fight its way through, or turn back. But the westbound Hindenburg once took off with full knowledge of a North Atlantic hurricane. Not only was the storm circumnavigated by going as far north as Greenland, but, utilizing favorable tail-wind circulation on its periphery, the Hindenburg actually reached Lakehurst hours sooner than it had ever done by the direct route. Such meteorological navigation, of which the airship is capable, showed that the longer way round may sometimes be the quicker way home, and certainly the safer way.

As North Atlantic clipper passengers can testify, in winter months, weather forced clippers to traverse the 3,363 miles between Lisbon and New York via a circuitous southern route touching Africa, South America and the Caribbean, varying between 7,400 and 7,990 miles. Counting delays of various kinds, over the period for which public data are available, the average clipper time to negotiate the 3,363 miles between Lisbon and New York via this roundabout route was 4 days and 16 hours, and the average speed only about 30 miles per hour!

At the Whim of the Weather

Published information reveals the following record of the North Atlantic clipper service between May, 1939, and June, 1941:

a.	Trips scheduled	501
b.	Trips made	370 (74% of a)
c.	Trips not made	131 (26% of a)
d.	Trips started on schedule	154 (42% of b)
e.	Trips started late	216 (58% of b)

I don't make these points in derogation of heavier-than-air craft at all. But the public has been continuously told for years that the clipper is the full answer, and it would be the height of national folly not to see the full picture in its true perspective. Why should we overlook the airship—the one form of oceanic air transportation which no other nation can copy, the one which together with suitable heavier-than-air craft can give us supremacy? And there are other sound supporting features. For reliability and passenger comfort the airship has no equal. In economy it should surpass the clipper. In speed it far surpasses clippers in long nonstop service such as in the Pacific; it compares favorably with them in the North Atlantic and elsewhere.

Actual performances of the only comparable contemporary commercial types show that:

(a) Whereas the schedule of the 1939-model clippers between San Francisco and Hong Kong (6,904 miles) was 6 days and 7 hours, actually the average time required has been about 8 days and 8 hours. Based on the Hindenburg's average speed over a comparable route, the 1936-model airship could make the journey, nonstop, in 4 days and 15 hours, or on the average, the airship would beat the clipper to Hong Kong by 3 days and 15 hours!

(b) Whereas the clipper's eastbound transpacific schedule was 6 days, 20½ hours, actually the average time has been about 8 days, 19 hours. The airship could make the same journey, nonstop, in 3 days and 18 hours or, on the average, the airship could beat the clipper to San Francisco by five days!

There's a lot of misunderstanding also on the subject of payload carried by clipper flying boats—actual rather than the advance untried "blueprint" figures. The 85,000-pound clipper flying boats placed in service in the Pacific and the Atlantic in 1939 are still occasionally referred to as "74-passenger" craft, but there is no such thing in service even today as a clipper capable of carrying 74 passengers over even the shortest nonstop distance in either the Atlantic or the Pacific. Seventy-four passengers and baggage would mean a payload of about 18,000 pounds.

Actually, the "average maximum amount available for payload" reported for this type clipper *in service* over the 2,410 miles between San Francisco and Honolulu was 6,985 pounds westbound and 6,210 pounds eastbound. In 1929, the 1928-model airship Graf Zeppelin, with only three quarters the horsepower of a clipper, in 69 hours flew the 5,200 miles between Japan and San Francisco nonstop, with over 6,000 pounds payload.

There are other interesting payload comparisons. The 1936 season of oceanic operations by the airship Hindenburg extended between March 31st and December 7th. The first year in which North Atlantic clipper service was in effect during corresponding months was 1940. Available statistics show that between March 31 and December 7, 1940, an average number of 3¼ clippers flew a total of 1,105,335 ton-miles of payload over the North Atlantic. Between March 31 and December 7, 1936, the Hindenburg singlehanded flew a total of 1,016,850 ton-miles of payload over the North and South Atlantic. The one airship, with only about one quarter their combined horsepower, thus did practically as much as 3¼ clippers.

But that isn't the whole story. The Hindenburg habitually carried a number of excess crewmen in training for her coming sister airships. An exorbitant weight of spares was also carried. These excessive items could have been converted into equivalent payload. Also, more load could have been put aboard in flight by transferring it by means of a hook-on plane. Adding up these available items, the Hindenburg in the period of comparison could have flown some 2,312,000 ton-miles of payload. Based on actual 1940 performance of that type, it would have taken nearly *seven* clippers of that vintage to do the possible useful work of one 1936-model airship, with these interesting comparative features:

	Engines	*Horsepower*	*Crew*
1 *Airship*	4	4,400	44
7 *Clippers*	28	42,000	77

True enough, the 7,000,000-cubic-foot Hindenburg used hydrogen which is a more efficient lifting medium than helium. But there has already been begun the design of an American airship of 10,000,000-cubic-foot capacity, which will have not only marked superiority over the Hindenburg in performance but also the enormous safety of American helium. And just as the airplane is expected to continue to improve, so will the airship, under the impetus of modern research, improved materials, etc., continue to develop its greater performance and utility.

Whereas the "74-passenger" blueprint figure for today's clippers had to be drastically reduced in actual service, the Hindenburg's original accommodations for 50 soon had to be expanded to take 72 passengers. Average airship cabin occupancy was nearly 90%, with abundant volume, floor space, and comfort for all. Airship accommodations included staterooms, promenades, writing room, lounge with grand piano, smoking room, bar and even a shower bath; meals were not precooked or reheated but prepared in flight from fresh supplies. Relatively, the clipper is a flying "club car" or "parlor car," the airship a "flying hotel."

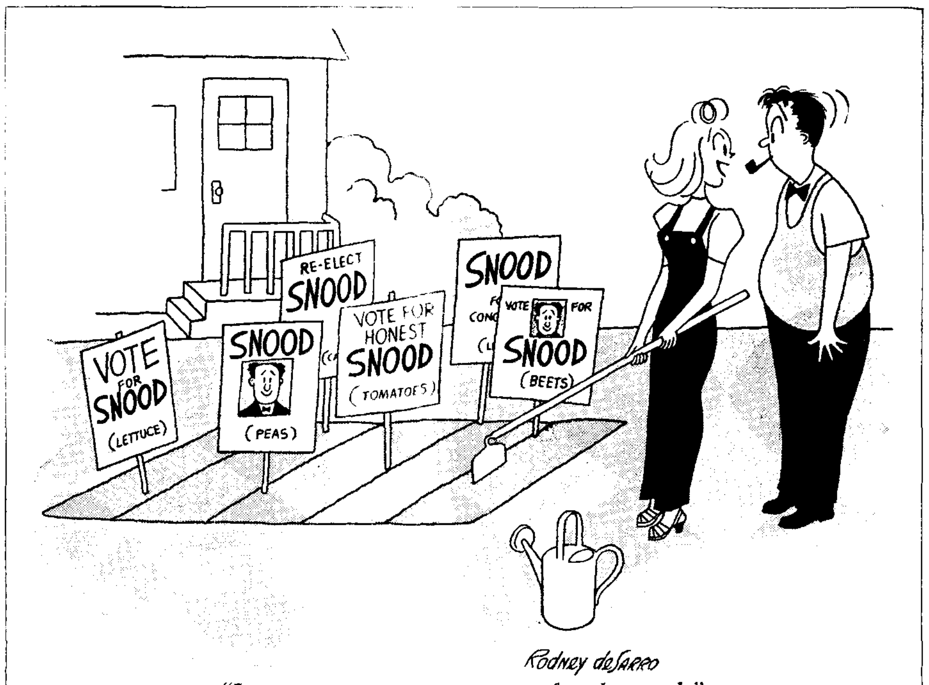
Vibrations and noises in the Hindenburg were reported the lowest measured in any form of transportation. Open, draftless windows added a great deal to passenger pleasure. In even the roughest weather, airship motion is only a moderate pitching and rolling, with slow rates of rise and fall, and no precipitous frightening "bumps." On one trip over the North Atlantic, while the Hindenburg was riding a 90-knot tail wind, the passengers were not in the least aware of the storm, except for glimpses through fog and clouds of the mountainous seas below. The operators of the Graf Zeppelin and the Hindenburg reported there never was a case of airsickness or seasickness in those ships.

Discomforts of Clipper Travel

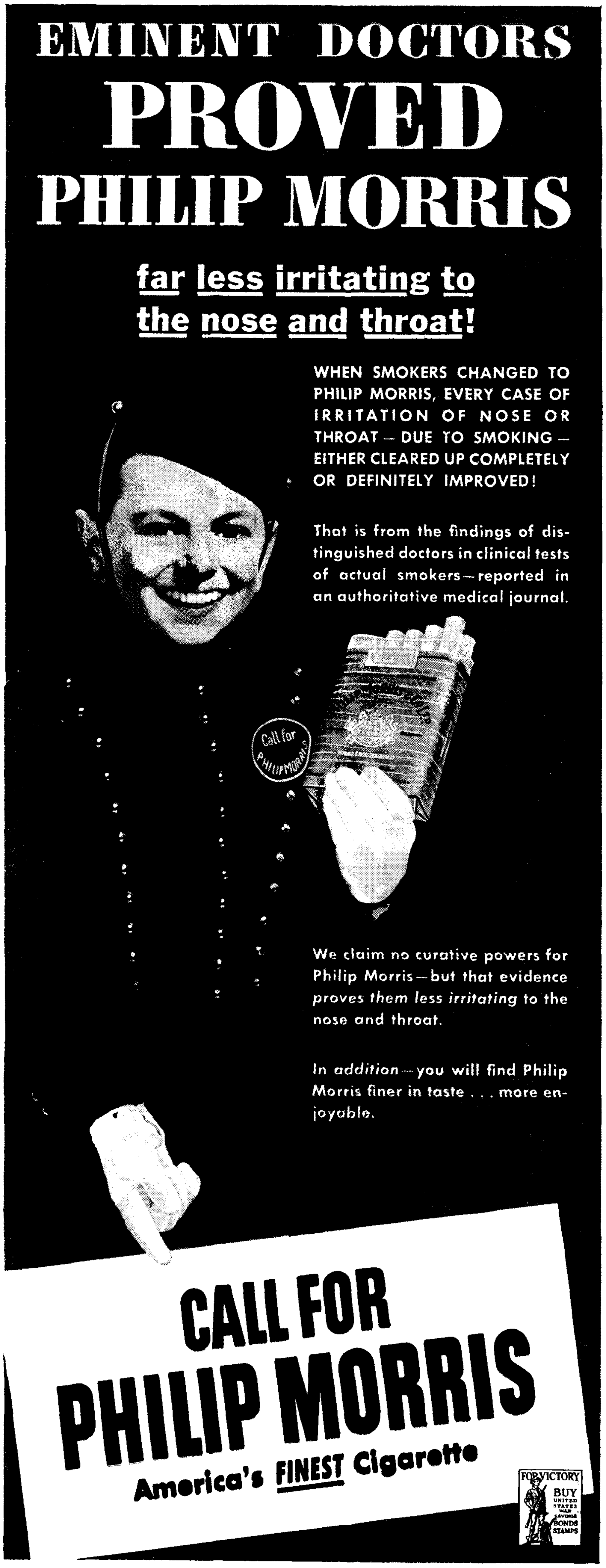
Whereas the airship has carried many satisfied "repeat" customers in comfort over nonstop distances in excess of 6,300 miles, the New York Times reports that on their North Atlantic winter return route the clipper operators reduced the 3,120-mile nonstop leg between Bolama and Trinidad to two shorter ones because the hop "was too long for the comfort of the passengers." But breaking up a lengthy air journey apparently has its drawbacks, too.

Seasoned reporters who flew the transpacific clippers stressed the "Spartan aspect of routing out passengers at the most unearthly hours of the morning in preparation for a long day's flying." They remarked also that "the casual tourist, to whom the time element is not vital, will find that the transpacific sky grind calls for considerable fortitude." The airship passenger, on the other hand, stays aboard in comfort throughout the journey and continues his normal habits as though he were traveling by steamer.

Probably the most successful aircraft ever built, the moderate-sized Graf Zeppelin of 3,700,000-cubic-foot capacity, went into service in 1928 and operated in commercial overseas service—mainly to South America—until retired in 1937 after the Hindenburg



COLLIER'S "I wrote to our congressman for the seeds" RODNEY DE SARRO


EMINENT DOCTORS PROVED PHILIP MORRIS

far less irritating to the nose and throat!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

That is from the findings of distinguished doctors in clinical tests of actual smokers—reported in an authoritative medical journal.

We claim no curative powers for Philip Morris—but that evidence proves them *less irritating* to the nose and throat.

In addition—you will find Philip Morris finer in taste . . . more enjoyable.

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America's FINEST Cigarette

FORECAST:
Cool and Breezy!

NO WILTING weather in Koolies! Here's white with all the trimmings—perforated to make them even cooler than they look. Their easy, natural fit and lasting good looks are the result of 70 years of fine shoemaking. You're happy, relaxed . . . headed for a foot-loose, fancy-free summer when Koolies lead the way!

The original breeze-cooled shoes

WALK·OVER
KOOLIES
Walk-Over prices $8.95 to $12.95

Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

fire. In addition to its famous 1929 world flight, it made many spectacular flights including an arctic flight to Spitzbergen and a trip to Egypt. The Hindenburg, completed and placed in service in 1936, was 7,000,000 cubic feet in volume, was Diesel-engine-driven, was faster and more comfortable than the Graf, and was the first of a series of four very large airships started by the Germans to bid for both North and South American commerce. Here are some totals piled up by these pioneer airships:

	Graf Zeppelin	*Hindenburg*	*Total*
Flights	590	63	653
Flight hours	17,177	3,088	20,265
Miles flown	1,053,618	209,527	1,263,145
Passengers	13,310	3,059	16,369
Mail and freight (pounds)	253,300	41,161	294,461
Ocean crossings	144	37	181

Here are a few interesting facts:

(a) Up until the Hindenburg fire, the commercial airship had a record for passenger safety that was perfect.

(b) No scheduled commercial airship flight was ever canceled or uncompleted.

(c) Contrary to clipper experience, never has an airship on a scheduled commercial flight turned back from oil leaks, magneto trouble, fuel shortage, head winds or bad weather; in fact, none ever turned back. The widely publicized experience of the Graf Zeppelin in May, 1929, when the ship turned back from mid-Atlantic with propeller shaft trouble, was during a demonstration flight. Even so, her safe return with four out of five engines inoperative was a remarkable demonstration of airship safety.

(d) The average amount of fuel remaining in the Hindenburg's tanks on arrival after each of her twenty North Atlantic commercial crossings was equivalent to 70% of the average amount consumed per crossing.

(e) On four out of ten trips to Lakehurst, when all commercial airplane flights in the vicinity were rightfully suspended on account of bad weather, the airship Hindenburg nevertheless departed on schedule.

(f) The most any Hindenburg arrivals were ever behind schedule was as follows:

North Atlantic . . . westbound—12 hours; eastbound—6 hours.

South Atlantic . . . southbound—14 hours; northbound—15 hours.

Earlier, I mentioned the recent "record" demonstration cargo flight of the Mars carrying 13,000 pounds of pay cargo nonstop for a little over 4,000 miles in 28 hours. Based on previous commercial airship experience, a 10,000,000-cubic-foot helium-filled airship cruising at an air speed of 75 mph could make the same journey in 56 hours and carry 130,000 pounds or *ten* times as much cargo.

Allowing 12 hours turn-around time at one end of the 4,000-mile nonstop flight and 48 hours at the other, we find that over a period of time on such a run it would take *seven* Mars flying boats to do the volume cargo transportation work of which *one* modern cargo airship conservatively is capable. Here are some interesting features of this comparison:

	One Airship	*Seven Mars*
Crew	40	7×15=105
Engines	6	7×4=28
Horsepower	7,200	7×8,800=61,600
Empty weight—	300,000 lbs.	7×75,000=525,000 lbs.

Thus superiority of the airship in these important items is outstanding. Note the relative "empty weights" and remember that the amounts of "critical" materials and man-hours to construct would be in almost the same proportions.

And note this: In doing the same volume cargo transportation under these conditions, the seven Marses would consume *six* times as much fuel and lubricating oil as the one airship. The importance of this feature cannot be overrated. The most reliable estimates yet made indicate that in simultaneous operation of four or more large airships, the cost of carriage of airship cargo would be on the order of ten cents per ton-mile. But even the most optimistic estimates for flying-boat operations that have yet come to my attention are several times this value.

Speed costs money, and economy influences speed. On land, trucks and passenger busses travel at speeds much lower than the highest of which the automobile is capable. Fast, premium rail traffic is a small amount of the total, most rail cargoes proceeding at only moderate speeds. At sea, there are few Queen Marys; the great bulk of cargo and passengers are carried at very moderate speeds. Why? For economy's sake. In the air also, speed is expensive. The airplane simply can't fly at speeds low enough to be truly economical. But the airship's speed *is* low enough to be economical and still exceeds severalfold the speeds of ocean-going steamers.

Can Operate for a Profit

Hence, the important factor of economy clearly forces a place for the ocean-going airship. Doctor Eckener reported that in the Hindenburg's 1936 Atlantic service, 75 per cent of all conceivable costs and charges was covered by pay revenue, and that with the correction of such understandable items as elimination of "deadheads," spreading of overhead to several ships, etc., the potential ability to operate with reasonable revenue return was demonstrated.

The foregoing facts seem to me to make out an unassailable case for the large commercial airship. Much of the spadework has already been done. Continued neglect of airships could only be based on superficial judgment and wavering decisions or on disregard of facts. Has America lost the pioneering spirit of which we used to boast?

Our wartime blimp operations have shown us that we can operate airships under much worse conditions than we had imagined before. Their missions, while generally unspectacular, have been carried out well. They have been remarkably free from losses, the few we've had being due mainly to mistakes of inexperienced personnel. The lone loss of the K-74 by submarine gunfire must not be considered typical; a hairline break in its luck would have made the K-74 a hero.

In peacetime also, blimps have set an outstanding record. Until the U. S. Navy took over all their ships, Goodyear commercial blimps had made 152,441 flights, flown 93,096 hours and 4,166,390 miles, and had carried 407,171 passengers without so much *as a scratch on a single one!*

If our country is really to have a thorough system of transoceanic transportation, nothing useful should be omitted. We need cargo vessels and luxury liners; we need seaplanes and landplanes; we need the airship. Long nonstop oceanic routes are the role of the airship, with mail, freight, express, passengers.

As examples, the Pacific presents a particular challenge to the airship. The North Atlantic, too, should include dirigibles, no matter how many planes enter the field. A route between our East Coast and Africa has real possibilities. A particularly appealing and important link would be airship service from some U. S. port on the Gulf of Mexico as well as from Miami to important cities on both the east and west coasts of South America.

While these would be long nonstop voyages by the most comfortable form of travel known, intermediate traffic also could be easily included. By use of hook-on planes, a feature well solved by your Navy, both cargo and passengers can be picked up or landed en route without interfering with the airship's steady march to the main terminal. Does this seem fantastic? Well, it isn't.

Wartime needs have resulted in an enormous, economical helium production capacity, and nature has bestowed upon us not only a practically inexhaustible supply of helium but a world monopoly. Industry has trained airship engineers and skilled workmen, *ready to build the greater ships needed.* The blimp program has given us abundant high-type American men trained in at least the essentials of big airship operation. Many of the naval airship facilities along our continental coast lines could be utilized by commercial airships.

It would be a "Milquetoast" approach to build only one or two large airships and expect them to carry the load of proving the project. This country goes in on no such shoestring basis anywhere else. We need, first, a training rigid airship of about the size of the excellent old Los Angeles, which in a weak moment we scrapped in spite of much remaining useful service.

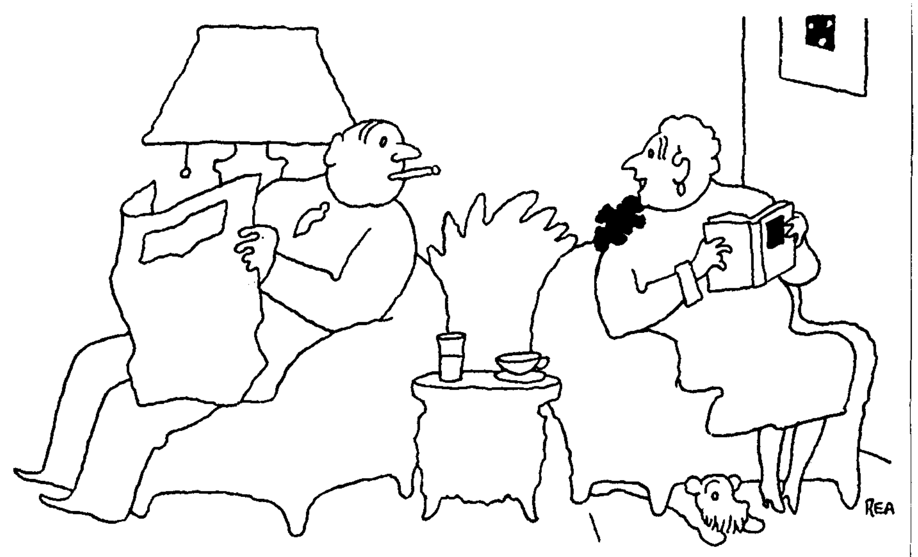
We need at least a dozen airships of 10,000,000-cubic-foot capacity, each half again the size of the Hindenburg. We know we can build them—much improved over anything the world has yet seen. We know, too, that we can operate them. The only nation which tried commercial airships made a real success of them. Is there anyone today who thinks we cannot outdo the Germans in any endeavor for which we have the resolve?

Never has a nation had a greater opportunity for a unified, complete transportation system. We have our Merchant Marine, our flying boats and airplanes—with better ones sure to come. In addition, we among all the nations will have the airship—the best in the world, the only ones in the world. With me, the airship is not a matter of mere hap-chance sentiment. Not only will it be an added string to our national bow but it will pay its own way in revenue and prestige. We have at least as much reason for so believing in the airship as we did in our bold pioneering with the flying boat, which received lavish public acclamation and support. And with no need for numerous intermediate island bases, the international aspects of *airship operation should be simpler.*

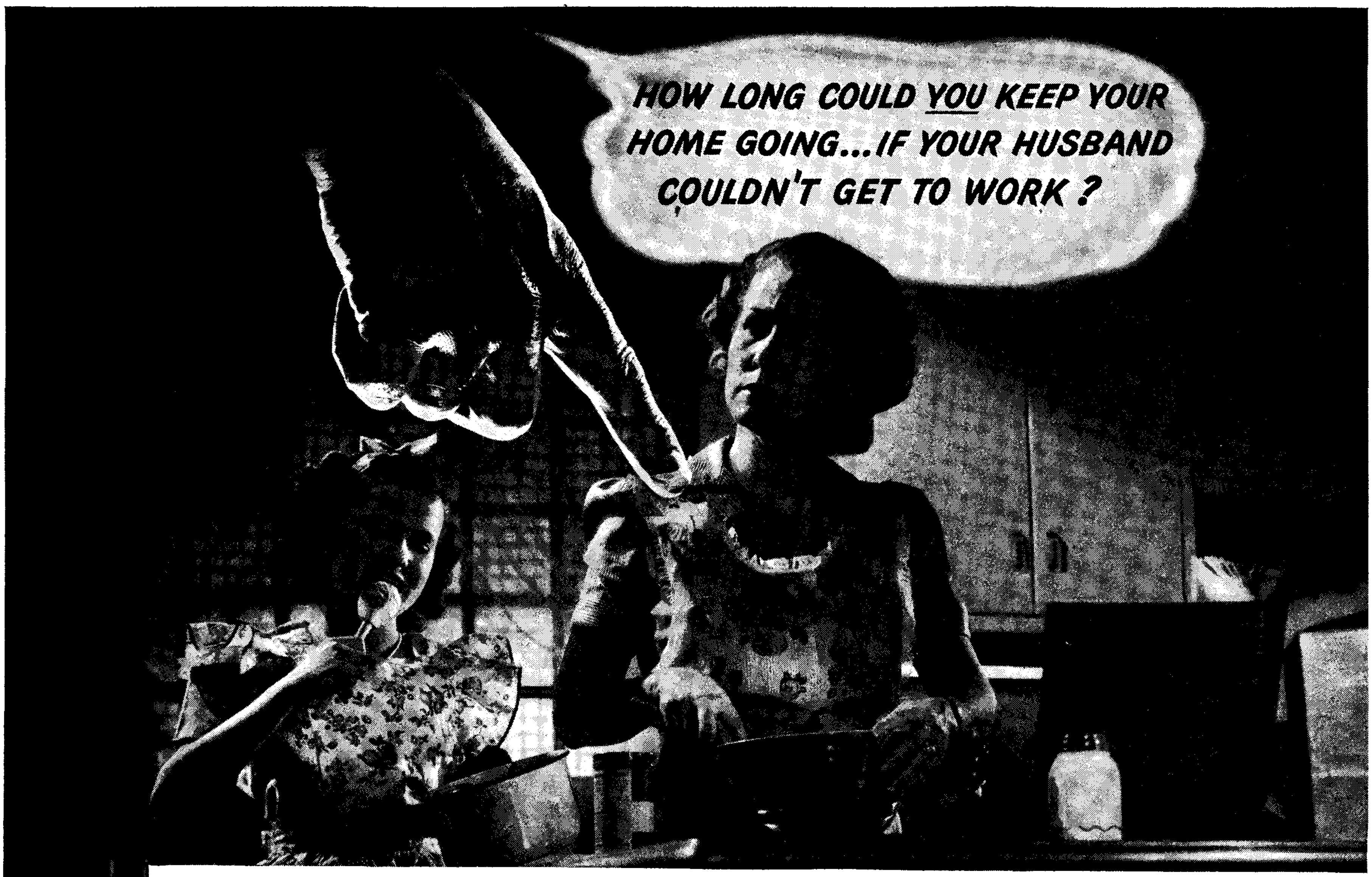
It is interesting to note that the Germans refused to regard the airplane and the airship as rivals. The Lufthansa both controlled heavier-than-air commercial traffic and owned a considerable interest in the German Airship Operating Company. There was also a tie-up with the combined Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd steamship companies which acted as agents for the airships. Recently three large British steamship companies have indicated they would operate aircraft in conjunction with their steamship lines. Addition of the airship also to existing transportation systems of oceanic scope as another form of service seems entirely logical. Yet, of course, airship operating systems could be set up on an independent basis if so desired.

We need a strong national policy with regard to the airship. Our past indifference and indecision should be obliterated by a conscientious effort, immediately. Only a daring policy will be effective.

THE END



COLLIER'S "You ought to read it, Morton. It's perfectly wonderful. It tells all about how we can win the war in 1943!" GARDNER REA


HOW LONG COULD YOU KEEP YOUR HOME GOING...IF YOUR HUSBAND COULDN'T GET TO WORK?

"Did you know that cars are the only way 4 out of 5 Americans can ride to work? And that over 200,000 are losing their vital cars every month? Here's how to guard your family car's life..."

Al Wright *Speaking for the Automobile Service Men of America*

"THE CAR that gets *your husband* to work is something for *you* to worry about, lady! If that car should quit, how long would your budget mean anything? How long would money keep on coming in . . . to pay the bills and keep your home going?

"As an automobile service man, I know how serious those questions are. I see families like yours coming face to face with them every day. Because the fact is that—with streetcars and buses already crowded—4 out of 5 Americans have to keep on driving to work—or walk—or risk not getting to the jobs that keep their homes and families together.

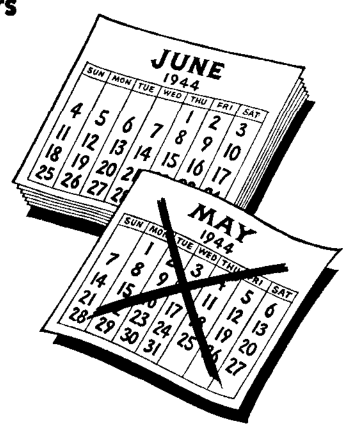
"That's why I'm here again to remind you that a whole month has gone—and 200,000 cars like yours gone with it—since I saw you last. That means *the car that helps earn your living* is due again for the service that will keep it running. Naturally, the Alemite people who send me here hope that your dealer is one of the thousands who give your car Alemite's extra protection. But whether he uses Alemite or not, the important thing is to *see him now* for these safeguards that keep cars running:

1. Prevention of wear and breakdowns. Without regular care, less and slower driving can result in faster wear. Today's conditions demand every-30-day chassis lubrication, crankcase flushing and oil change, and battery check. Also periodic steering gear care, packing of wheel bearings, and renewing oil filter.

2. Long-life insurance for tires—through every-30-day inspection of wheel alignment, with brake check-up and adjustment. Also periodic rotation of tires.

3. Gas mileage checkup—to stretch mileage by cleaning and respacing fouled plugs, cleaning air filter, adjusting timing and carburetor, and tuning motor.

"Remember that your present car is the last you'll own for a long time to come. And a little care will stretch its life—save breakdowns—perhaps make the difference between holding a job and losing it. Play safe—and give your car that care now."



Another Month Gone—

It's later than you think!

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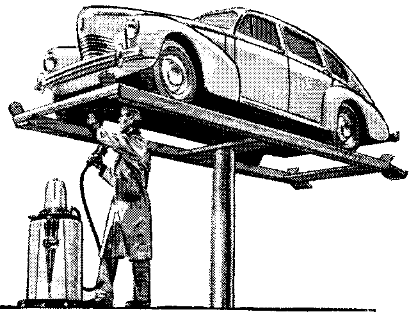
See your Service Man Today ...Then Every 30 Days!



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Job for a Lady

Continued from page 19

practical experience in work with present-day youth. Some cities, proud of their up-to-the-minute policemen, appoint to the women's division the well-meaning but untrained, bungling widows of oldtime cops. Such officers evoke derisive laughter from modern delinquents, who can think circles around them.

In the Detroit women's division—which is generally regarded as a model for the country—all entrants must possess a college degree or the equivalent, plus two years of practical experience in work with youth. They must be between twenty-two and thirty, mentally alert, athletic, with great physical endurance and no serious physical defects.

After admission, the training is grueling. It includes not only the basic police curriculum, but very special training in work with youth, broad courses in psychology, sociology, penology and specific instruction in local law enforcement and crime prevention. These policwomen, when trained, can and do handle every known offense from simple loitering to the most vicious crimes in the calendar. In its twenty-three years of existence, the women's division has won the respect of the men in the department and of the people of Detroit.

These women are quiet, refined and feminine. Some are extremely pretty. They have low voices. They dress in plain clothes and drive cars that bear no insignia. (This is to spare minors the shock and disgrace of public arrest, and to prevent life-long bitterness toward the law.) Yet all these officers have an indescribable air of authority and power. They demand obedience and get it. All of them can shoot, if need be.

Miss Hutzel, who heads this women's group, is one of the country's leading authorities on police procedure and is the author of a widely used police manual. I asked her how a small city, with limited funds for training women police, could hope to attract the right applicants and train them. She told me of a plan now under way and swiftly gathering momentum. The same project had been mentioned to me several weeks before in Washington, D. C., by Eliot Ness, director of the Office of Community War Services of the Federal Security Agency, and Mr. Charles J. Hahn, Jr., executive secretary of the National Sheriffs' Association.

The idea is to establish a national school at which men and women police officers assigned to youth work, and coming to the school from all over the land, can be trained in modern scientific methods. The International Association of Chiefs of Police is determinedly behind this and is endeavoring to get it publicly or privately financed and launched at some university.

Training for Youth Protection

"A school of this type would be attached to a school of government or of social work," Miss Hutzel told me. "This police training for work with youth is a very urgent need today, and supplying it is one step that the public can take to make up for its recent appalling indifference to rising delinquency rates. People are asking, 'What can we do?' Here is something immediate and definite that they can do. They can help the Police Chiefs' Association to start this school—from which specialists in youth work will go out to police departments all over the land, equipped to discover youth in hazardous situations and utilize community resources for their rescue."

These foot-loose youngsters, ignorant and unsupervised—unnumbered thousands of them—are flitting through our city streets today, hunting excitement, finding disaster. We've always had some girl delinquents; probably always will. But this flock of excited little moths flying from neglect at home to the bright lights of the cities, getting singed and disappearing down dark streets—this is a grim product of the war. Almost the only hope of rescue lies in discovery by the police—especially by some alert, diligent policewoman scientifically trained for this work.

Last year in New York, the police uncovered a horrible example of what can happen to unsupervised little girls. They arrested a girl of seventeen for recruiting some twenty-five girls aged twelve to fourteen for use as prostitutes. When apprehended she, with three men, had been operating this vice ring successfully for eighteen months.

In Detroit, a girl of eleven, missing from her home for a week, was found by policewomen as a result of dogged day and night searching. This child, Helen, left alone evenings, had wandered downtown to a movie, been picked up by a young procuress of fourteen, lured to her apartment and dressed up to look eighteen. She had been offered to sailors as a V-girl. But though she looked eighteen, the men had decided, from her childish voice, that she must be very young and had let her alone. Her hostess then turned her out.

Helen escaped rape almost by a miracle. Other unprotected children have not been so fortunate. Rape is sharply on the increase throughout the nation, according to new F.B.I. statistics. Arrests of males under 18 for rape increased 39.8% in 1943.

"Rape cases," Mrs. Nell Coolidge, lieutenant of the Detroit women's division, told me, "should never be handled by a policeman, always by a policewoman. To get a warrant, an officer has to go into all the revolting details with the victim. Imagine the strain on a sensitive child or very young girl obliged to describe the hideous experience in detail—to a man. The men, in turn, hate the job of questioning rape victims. Besides, they know that a woman is more successful in drawing out a girl or child."

Mrs. Coolidge continued: "It is very important that a man guilty of rape be prosecuted. But too often a victim's parents will refuse flatly. They are afraid of the publicity—of the effect on the child or girl of questioning in court. This is an injustice to society. It shields the criminal and leaves him free to attack someone else."

"If parents won't prosecute," I asked, "is there anything local governments can do?"

"Yes. Remove the publicity from the trial. You see, a sex criminal has a right to a public trial. This means that the poor little victim must tell her story before sensation-seeking hundreds. So—shut them out. Use for such cases a small courtroom, like the judge's chambers—a place barely large enough to hold, jury, judge and clerk. By leaving the door open, you would make it a 'public trial.' Yet the army of morbid court loafers, flocking to hear sex cases, couldn't get in. Do this, and I believe most parents will prosecute."

She made two other recommendations: (1) that a strict city ordinance be passed forbidding children to sell on the street except under certain specified conditions; (2) *that as male sex offenders are usually repeaters*, a state law be passed committing for an indefinite number of years any man convicted of more than one sex crime.

Michigan has made this provision through its Goodrich Act, which sprang from the rape and murder, by an insane musician, of a little girl of nine who came to sell him chances in a church raffle.

Percentages of increase or decrease in number of juvenile delinquents in court in 1943 as compared with 1942.*

	Increase	*Decrease*
Birmingham, Ala...	34%	
Phoenix, Ariz......	117	
Tucson, Ariz......	60	
Los Angeles, Calif.	...	34%
Denver, Colo......	11	
Jacksonville, Fla...	54	
W. Palm Beach, Fla.	157	
Atlanta, Ga.......	30	
Des Moines, Iowa.	40	
Shreveport, La.....	37	
Rockville, Md.....	16	
Boston, Mass......	90	
Springfield, Mass...	42	
St. Paul, Minn....	52	
St. Louis, Mo.	...	7
Trenton, N. J.	...	9
Buffalo, N. Y......	115	
Cleveland, O......	32	
Cincinnati, O......	29	
Tulsa, Okla.......	48	
Portland, Ore......	56	
Philadelphia, Pa...	29	
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	17	
Dallas, Texas.....	55	
Norfolk, Va.......	43	
Seattle, Wash......	29	
Milwaukee, Wis....	12	

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* As reported to the National Probation Association by juvenile-court officers in 27 American cities.

Mrs. Coolidge urged that sex education be taught in the schools. "Recently a school principal was present when I was questioning two girls thirteen and fourteen, sex offenders," she said. "They were from decent homes. Yet they knew nothing about anatomy or the right names for organs. Street words? Yes, they knew all those.

"The principal was horrified. He himself did not know what their street words meant. The girls talked the language of prostitutes and panderers. All four parents worked, and after school these girls had been roaming the streets at will. One was pregnant, one venereal. Their parents were appalled. The mothers gave up their jobs and began strict supervision of their children. Now, with the aid of health officers and social agencies, the girls are straightening out."

"We of the Juvenile Court bench are horrified over the present girl-delinquency situation," the Honorable Walter H. Beckham, judge of the Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court of Miami, Florida, told me recently. "It is a grave emergency—though judging from public apathy, one would not think so. What is the basic cause? There is no question about that in the mind of any Juvenile Court judge. Delinquent parents are the basic cause."

There is no over-all panacea. But one thing is obvious: Parents are chiefly to blame. Parental education is a first requisite. With parents on the job, police courts and reformatories will be relieved of an insuperable burden, and girls *will* have the home life and protection that are rightfully theirs. With parents on the job, most of this delinquency just won't occur.

Some communities are courageously taking this stand. Notable among them is San Francisco. The so-called San Francisco experiment—the Parental School of San Francisco—is attracting the attention of cities all over the country. Over a hundred cities have already asked San Francisco's guidance in setting up a similar program.

The San Francisco plan is simply this: The judge puts the parents on probation whenever a child is proved delinquent. The father and mother are sentenced to become students at the Parental School for eight weeks. The school meets every Monday evening. The course covers legal responsibility, recreation, school counseling, work, religion, social services, mental hygiene, and health. So far it has proved a complete success. Two hundred "students" have already been graduated, and there has not been a single repeater among them. The experiment need cost nothing. All San Francisco's instructors have been volunteers or persons assigned from other agencies.

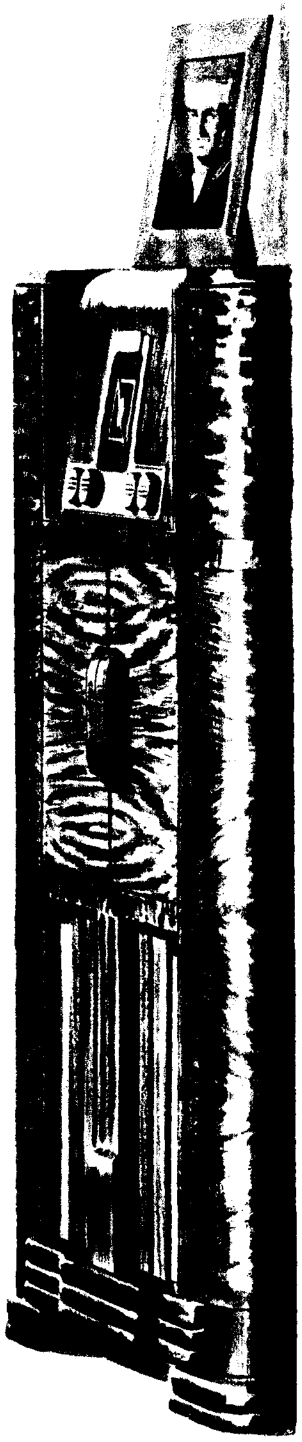
If this country had a smallpox epidemic, we'd stop it—and immediately. This epidemic of juvenile delinquency is no less grave!

THE END

ANSWERS TO HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?—PAGE 44

Group No.	*Words*	*Pronunciation*	*Caution*	*Sounds like or rhymes with*
1.	BIOGRAPHY	bye *og* raphy	The i is long, accent og	my-LOG-raffy
	POPOCATEPETL	—*tay* pet'l	Accent the tay, not the cat	rope-oh-cat-TAY-kettle
	APPALACHIAN	ap ah *latch* ian	Accent lach with short a	-a-PATCHY-'un
	HIMALAYAN	him *all* ah yahn	Accent mal, broad a, four syllables	him-ALL-a-yawn
2.	SCHIZOPHRENIA	skiz oh *free* ny ah	Accent phre, long e, ch is k	is-so-MEANY-ah
	RENASCENT	ree *nass* ent	Accent nas with short a. Means reborn	we-GAS-scent
	ARCHANGEL	*ark* ane jel	Accent ark, don't say arch	DARK-angel
	DEMONIACAL	dee mow *nigh* ah k'l	Accent ni, long i	-NIGH-a-pal
3.	PSYCHIATRIC	sigh ky *at* rik	Accent at, y is long i	Ikey-PATRICK
	FREUD	froit	Keep it German, eu is oi, d is t	TROIT
	REGIMEN	rej*jy* men	Don't confuse with regime	REGGIE-men
	DER FUEHRER	dehr *fear* er	Der is short e, for eu say e with pursed lips	Herr-QUEERER
4.	NAÏVETÉ	nah eve *tay*	Three syllables, accent the last	saw-Eve-PLAY
	MODISTE	mow *deest*	Two syllables, accent diste, i is long e	mode-EAST
	BOUTONNIERE	boo tah *nyar*	Keep it French, three syllables	boot-on YEAH(R)
	HYDRANGEA	high *dran* gee ah	Accent dran, short a, four syllables	I-RAN-gee-haw
5.	ESOPHAGI	ee *sof* ah ji	Plural. Accent soph, say ji not guy	we-SCOFF-ah-why
	FILET MIGNON	fee leh mee *'nyon*	Keep it French, accent last syllable	ready-mean-YAWN
	BROCCOLI	*brock* oh ly	Accent first syllable	SHOCK-olee
	MERINGUE	meh *rang*	Say rang, not ring, ue is silent	we-RANG
6.	SAMURAI	*sam* oo rye	Accent sam, u as in put	SAM-your-eye
	PIAZZA	py *az* ah	Accent az, i is short	th'-PLAZA
	GHERKINS	*gur* kins	Accent gur, don't say jerk	FIRKINS
	DUMAS	doo *mah*	Accent ma, omit s, u as in put	tu-MA
7.	PLETHORA	*pleth* oh rah	Accent first syllable	DEATH-or-awe
	FUNGI	*fun* jai	Plural. Accent fun, soft g, don't say guy	PLUNGE-I
	RECLAMATION	reck lah *may* shun	Say wreck, not ree, accent may	DECLAMATION
	QUAGMIRE	*kwag* mire	Accent quag with short a	BRAG-liar
8.	INFERABLE	in *fur* ah b'l	Accent second syllable	INCUR-a-bull
	MISCELLANY	*miss* eh lay ny	Accent mis, not cell	MISS-EL-aney
	ZODIACAL	zo *die* ah k'l	Accent second syllable	so-DIE-a-cull
	DATA	*day* tah	Say date, not dat	DATE-ah
9.	CAUCASIAN	caw *kay* zh'n	Accent ca with long a, s is zh	OCCASION
	LIAISON	leeay *zawn*	Keep it French	he-plays-ON
	FORMIDABLE	*for* middab'l	Accent for, not mid	FOUR-mid-a-bull
	INTERNECINE	inter *nee* sin	Accent ne with long e, last i short	winter-FLEECE-in
10.	NAPHTHA	*naff* thah	Say naf, not nap	GAFF-thaw
	FAHRENHEIT	*farren* hite	Accent far with short a, say height, not heat	BARREN-height
	TYMPANUM	*tim* pah num	Accent first syllable. Means eardrum	TIM-pa-num
	SYRINGE	*sihr* inje	Accent first syllable with short i	EAR-hinge

"Mother! Come quick ... it's our Jim on the radio from Naples!"



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AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

Born to Lead

Continued from page 13

defenseless against the perfume of a fresh, sweetly starched dress, when he goes water-blooded at the impact of that wifely look Annie had—and knew she had. No man wants to be a bachelor at such an hour.

James still had the big team out, with a stableman holding them as he walked around and around them. He slipped off his hat and grew redfaced and fumble-footed when she came through the gate. He looked none too prosperous. He had needed a haircut for weeks and his clothing was in tatters.

"Out Wist I've been," he gulped awkwardly, "where 'twas told to me in Cuba they had lots o' horses—out to the cowboy country. Sure and they have, Miss, but only little bits o' ponies to ride on whin ye herd cows. 'Twas not me style a-tall, a-tall; so I come home. And 'twas not aisy, wid no money."

"Home?" she said, knowing by his speech that he was not more than three years over from the Old Sod. "Where's home to yez?" Thus she reduced his defenses, one at a time.

He flushed under his freckles. "Well—here's me home now, I guess. I like Saint Louis, ye might say—" He fell silent.

She gave him a brilliant smile. "Be ye hungry? Cud ye tear yersilf away from the bays a minnit and come have a bite to eat?"

"I've not had annything since yisterday," he confessed.

"Thin come to the top o' the stairs—and be quiet, list ye wake Daddy. There's some leftover fried cabbage, and new bread, and like as not, a bit o' bologna."

"Put the horses up, b'yes," said James, in a strangled voice. "They'll keep to tomorra. Good hivins—fried cabbage—frish bread!"

SHE tripped upstairs and came out with a potful of warm, greasy cabbage. The bologna was looped over one arm, and a fresh loaf, with the knife sticking in it, was in her other hand. He crouched on the top step like a spaniel, his hands freshly clean, his eyes at once hot and humble. He ate ravenously.

"I'm sorry I was cross wid yez," she lied. " 'Twas only that I thought me daddy was kilt. I'm over ut now intirely. Wud ye like to walk me over to the parish house tonight? Father O'Lafferty's sick, and I've a mind to take um some jelly."

"Sure, and I'm not drissed to go visitin'," he said, with his mouth full. "All I've got to me name is what's on me back."

"Oh, no wan will care, this wance. Ye've got a job now. Ye'll have clothes enough whin ye get a pay check."

"I'd love to take ye, thin."

"But ye must get a new suit at wance. Ye've got to live up to the job now."

Thus she put it into his head to squander his money on a new suit, when all he needed was a pair of overalls, a shirt and some socks. On the way to visit the sick priest, she also put it into his head to switch the two new teams about, in a way that would horrify Billy. Mark Hanna and Leo were to go back as wheelers, and Chip and Rebus were to come forward as leaders. It cannot be said that she suggested anything—oh, no! The idea would come to him gradually sometime, and, when it failed, he would have no one to blame but himself. Nor did she tell him that Father O'Lafferty had the mumps.

She followed him around the stables for three weeks, neglecting Billy, nagging James about his clothing and the horses until, in desperation, he bought a new suit. She had promised to go to the Brewery Workers' Ball with him if he got the new suit in time, but when he called for her, wearing it, he complained of feeling ill. His throat was sore and he had a headache. Annie smiled wickedly. *She* was all through with the mumps, having had them in childhood.

" 'Tis only a stiff muscle, belike," she said. "We'll stay home. Ye can take me another time. Ye'll be all right in the mornin'."

A light rain was falling outside. They sat in the kitchen and sipped coffee and, now and then, she let James hold the tips of her fingers. The lamp chimney was clean and bright, and a row of well-scoured pots gleamed over the little black cookstove. James looked around the room wistfully, twisting his whole body because his neck would not bend, and ached to his lonely bachelor's core.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"I dunno. Iverything's gone wrong. I can't do no good wid the horses, seems like, and I feel so bad tonight. I'd go see a doctor, only I'm stony. I—I've drawed ahead on me pay."

"Mr. Schellenstroh won't like that."

"I know, I know, but me suit cost more than I'd planned. I don't know how I came to buy wan so grand. And now the b'yes to the stables say I must have a derby to drive in. Do ye think I cud borra yer dad's?"

She laughed, a tiny tinkle that made him ashamed.

"Niver mind," he added hastily, rubbing his sore jowls. "I'll get wan o' me own. I—I'll go get wan this vurry night. Oh, Annie—all the trouble I'm in, and yit I ought to be on top o' the world. All me life I've wantid such a job, and now I've got ut, 'tis not how I thought 'twud be a-tall. Do all the things ye look for'ads to turn out so, I wonder?"

"Belike," she answered listlessly.

"Well, I'll go get me derby," he said, staggering to his feet. "If I must have wan, I guess I must. 'Tis sorry I am about the ball."

"Oh, that's all right. Maybe—maybe ye'd bist go see a doctor afther all."

"No. No. I'll go get me derby. Got to have a derby."

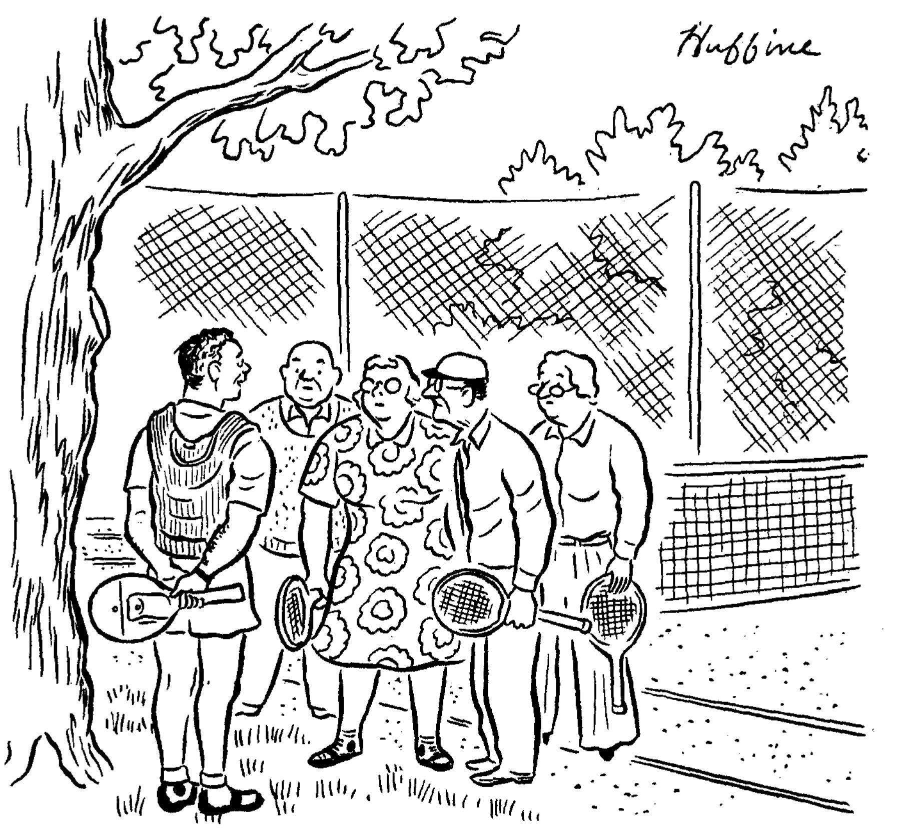
Billy Pope lay in the adjoining room and listened. He did not know that James was already suffering from a high fever, with all the morbid fancies that go with one. All he knew was that the boy's melancholy had infected the whole household. He heard Annie follow him outside and waited long moments for her to return.

"Where'd the lad go?"

She laughed shortly. "To get um a derby. Tomorra he's going to switch the new t'ames about. There'll be a fine to-do, no doubt."

"I don't know, Annie," Billy said hesitantly. "A man's sinsitive at that age. I know I was, lookin' back. 'Tis all I've had to do lately—lay here and think. Like as not, he'll have more than he can bear—to have both his girl and his horses make a fool of um at wance."

"Oh, let be, Daddy, let be!" she said.



"Oh, you folks go ahead and play. I'll have fun just watching"

COLLIER'S DAVE HUFFINE

JAMES' face was swollen almost beyond recognition when he got the horses out the next morning. The rain had ceased, but the track was still wet. He reeled as he led the new leaders into place. He wore his fine new suit—in fact, it looked as though he might have slept in it—and the derby was cocked at a gay angle on one side of his head. The stable hands heard him muttering queerly as he hitched up the teams.

"Yis. 'Twill solve all me troubles. Whin I get um hooked up this way, I'll be on Aisy Str'ate. Now, hold um still, b'yes, while I climb up."

From the window upstairs, Billy watched. "Why, the lad's drunk!" he exclaimed. "He'll smash up me t'ame."

" 'Tis not liquor," Annie answered. "He's got the mumps. Oh, don't worry—I warned the lads to stand by. They'll not let um get out o' hand."

James sorted the lines with painful slowness. The stable hands stepped back at last, and he spoke to the horses.

Instantly, Chip and Rebus, in their unaccustomed place in the lead, went up on their hind legs. They missed steady old Happy and Boots ahead of them, and the weight of the long lead lines was new upon their bits. They bolted, dragging the other four with them. James slipped from the seat to the bottom of the wagon, found his feet, and tried to straighten out his lines.

"Am pack, am pack!" he shouted, in a strangled voice, by which he meant to warn the stablemen to stand back. But they caught an imperious wave from Annie at the window and ran in and seized the bits of the two frightened leaders. The wagon stopped, and James clutched at the back of the seat for support, dropping three of his lines.

He looked up and, with shamed eyes, saw Billy and Annie watching. He fought grimly as he was dragged off the wagon, new suit and all. The derby rolled in the wet grass.

Annie had been washing the dishes and she had come to the window with water dripping from her fingers. The last thing James saw, before lapsing into unconsciousness, was her motion of wiping her hands. It had a definite, conclusive air. Unintentionally, she had been even more cruel than she had planned to be. But then, the Popes had a genius for meanness, and things like that came naturally to them.

In the delirious days that followed, James heard the stablemen talking. By the time he was again in possession of his wits, he had a fairly good idea of what had happened to him.

"She niver loved me," he mourned into his pillowful of hay. "She made game o' me. Oh, the black heart o' her, and the silly, gawping fool of a James Kennedy I am."

On the ninth day of his convalescence, when things looked blackest, he heard a step at the door. He thought it was one of the stablemen bringing his medicine, and he turned with a convalescent's bad-tempered snarl. It was only Billy Pope, leaning shyly on his cane, his knuckle upraised to knock.

"Hello, lad," said Billy. "I just drapped in to pass the time o' day wid yez. 'Tis the first time I been downstairs. They say ye had a bad time of ut."

"Go out," said James. "Get out o' me sight wid the ugly face o' yez. Ye've come to laugh, that's what, whin I'm too sick to fight back. 'Tis in the bad, black blood of yez to make fun o' me, and ut runs in the family. Go out."

"Oh, no! What's there to laugh at?" Billy said uncertainly, plucking at a splinter on the door. "I'll just come in a bit, if ye don't mind." He limped in and seated himself with a groan on a stool by the bed. His ugly little face twitched like a rabbit's, as he went on: "I'm only an ould man wid a busted rib, hidin' out from me wimminfolk. Why shud I laugh, James Kennedy?"

"Because the daughter o' ye made a fool o' me and made me to think she was fond o' the likes o' me. Because I wint in debt over me h'id, and bought clothes I'd no business to own, and had not the good sinse and backbone to decide against. Because I switched the two t'ames about and let um run off wid me—*me*, that's been to Cuba and niver been laughed at in all me life. No, nor anny Kennedy." He covered his face.

"So! Ye switched the two t'ames about, eh?" Billy mused.

"Yis. Ye saw."

"I saw. Look here, lad," said Billy thoughtfully. "We're both fools. I saw the minnit ye hooked um up that 'twas the right way to do ut. I know now why I had trouble before. Chip and Rebus didn't like another t'ame up ahead, and Mark Hanna and Leo didn't like to l'ade a-tall, a-tall. If ye'd only waited till ye had yer strength, ye'd made ut work."

"Oh, no! You can't do ut! I'll not be made a fool of again."

"Why," said Billy, paying no attention, " 'tis as plain as the nose on yer face. There's thim that's born to l'ade, and thim that's born to folla, and no man can change um about and make ut work. Now me—'twas in me to l'ade, and I'd niver folla, anny more than Chip and Rebus. And Annie—"

JAMES uncovered his eyes suspiciously, but Billy was staring at the floor, wrestling with his thoughts.

"Annie, now—like as not she's born to folla, and whiniver she's out in the l'ade she'll make trouble. 'Tis too bad. A fine girl she is, whin she's not in her timpers. A good severe bit on her, now, and a short line—"

He suddenly started up, hearing Annie's voice outside. He turned pale and hobbled to the door as fast as his cane would permit.

"Mind," he hissed, from the doorway. "Say nathin' about me bein' down here. A short line's what she n'ades, but I'm not the man to put ut on her in me ould age. Don't play me false, lad. Don't tell her."

"I won't," said James.

Annie had another bad night. She dreamed of dogbites and floods and gallows trees and of falling out of a high building. She awakened with a headache, and it washday, too. Billy saw her storm out of the house with the washboard in her hand and the bundle of soiled things on her head. He had cold coffee and dry bread for breakfast.

Halfway through his third cup of coffee, pandemonium broke loose downstairs.

He hobbled to the window and looked out. There was Annie, running through the gate, shedding the washboard and the laundry as she ran. There was the big team, already hitched up, with Chip and Rebus pitching in the lead. A frightened stableman clung to each massive head, dangling like toys.

There was James Kennedy, paper-pale and thin as a lath in his new suit, with the new derby tilted rakishly over one ear. As far away as he was, Billy Pope saw the anger on the lad's face.

"Ye fool, ye'll kill me daddy's horses!" Annie screamed. "Get out o' the wagon."

"No," James answered. "I'm goin' fer a bit of a ride, a turn about the track to get some new air, ye might say. Wid me new suit and new hat and all. And I want to try out me new l'aders."

"Get down! If ye don't get down at wance, I'll call the p'lice."

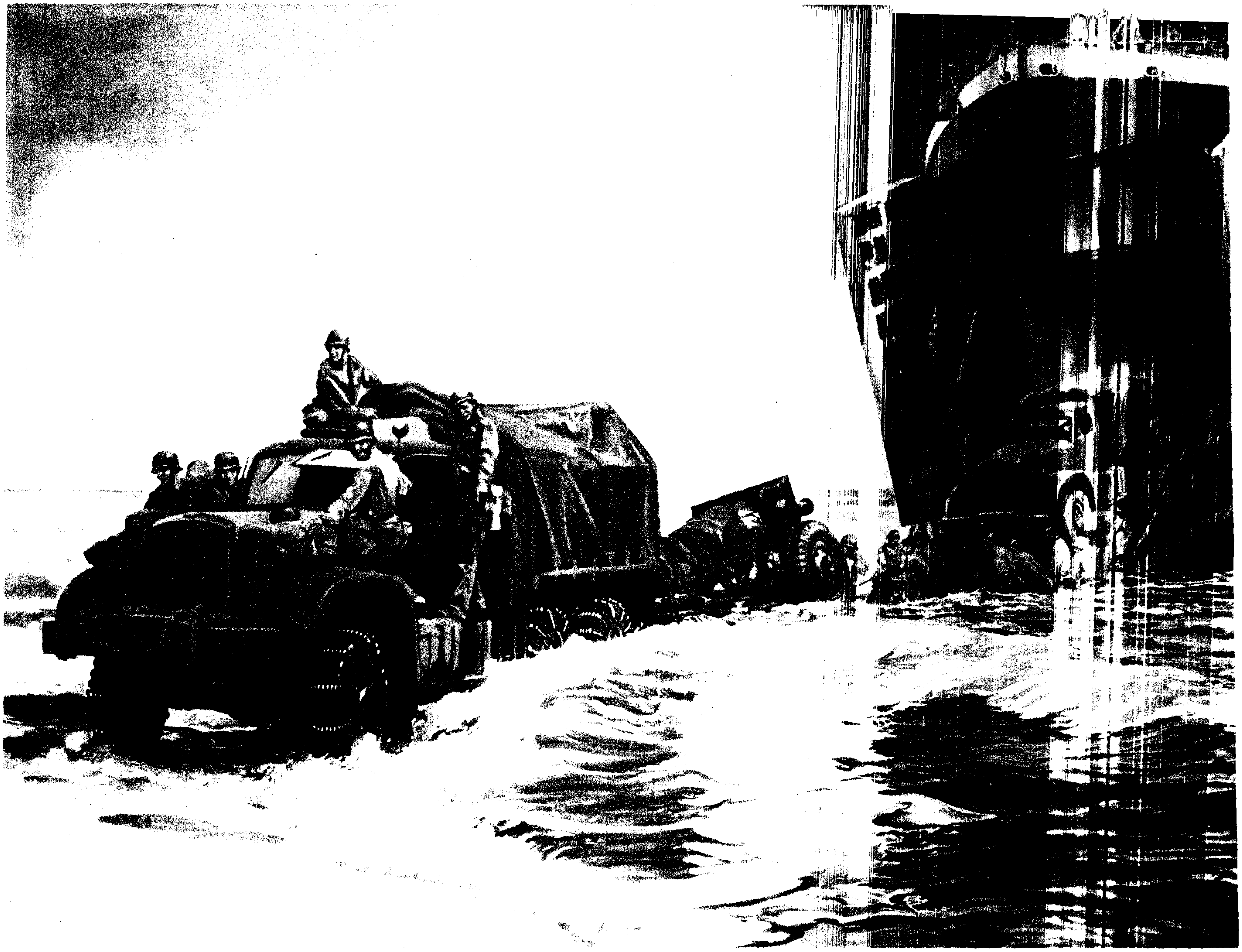
His answer was to turn his shoulder. He nodded to the two men who held Chip and Rebus.

"Let go, b'yes. Ye'll see now who's boss here!"

Annie scrambled up into the wagon as the stablemen stepped back. The wagon lurched ahead, and Chip and Rebus gave a mighty leap and stood on their hind legs. James' thin arms, like pipestems from his illness, seemed too light to have any effect on them at all. Annie reeled to the front of the wagon and caught hold with him.

"Pull back!" she cried. "Whoa, whoa!"

To her surprise, Kennedy let go altogether;



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he stepped back with an evil grin, leaving the lines in her hands. The pull of the six big brutes drew her half over the endgate. She threw an angry glance back over her shoulder.

James grinned. "Now drive um," he said. "I'll just ride along, like, and see how ye do. 'Tis so smart ye are, and all, we'll just have a bit of a dimonstration."

"James!" she snarled. "Take these lines this instant!"

"Ye n'ade a derby," was his answer. He removed his hat and jammed it down over her brown hair, with a crooked smile. "There—a wee bit o' fashion's what we want. Niver mind the cost—we've got to have class."

"James!"

"Give Chip more line," he said, sensing her panic just in time. "Ye'll pile up if ye don't."

SHE hastily paid out slack. The team straightened, the wagon careened across the sod, and the team hit the track at a stylish trot. Chip and Rebus quit pitching and curvetting and braced their heads against the weight of the long lead lines.

That is not to say they quit misbehaving altogether, for they did not. They wanted to run, having been in the stable for three weeks. The girl could have seen their humor had she been anywhere except where she was. Everyone else saw it—the fine, rhythmic music, lacking only a firm hand and a sense of authority on the lines. But all Annie saw was Kennedy's white face over her shoulder.

"Ah, now," he said, in his rich brogue. "'Tis lovely ye are, Annie, now I've got ye where ye've got to listen. There's a fine blue in yer eyes fer me to see, and a fine pink to yer cheeks, and a sweet smell to the hair of yez, and the sweat's like dew on yer pretty throat. 'Tis me that says ut, Annie Pope, and I'd no intintion to—I wantid only to shame yez like ye shamed me. But ye've gone tinder, and if I niver see ye again afther this, I'll always love yez—swing um round haw, and watch yer drivin'!"

"Yis," she whispered, swinging the team. "What was ye sayin'?"

They had struck the curve. She was near fainting, but she gave the leaders just the light, significant twitch of the lines that they needed, and royally Chip and Rebus turned the team on a fine promenade. Her eyes sparkled as she looked back at James.

There is no language on earth like the old, authentic Irish brogue for love-making. And what with a bit of convalescent lightheadedness, and the dash and rumble of the wagon, and the intoxicating rhythm of the team, and the fright that was in her, she was powerfully susceptible.

"Yis," he whispered, leaning closer. "I love the ground ye stamp on whin ye're in wan o' yer timpers, I love the dishrag ye tore the other day whin ut rained in the winda Billy left opin—but I'll have no more of ut. I'll have no more of yer mixin' in what goes on in me stables, or wid yer daddy and me, or wid the t'ame. Do ye hear me, Annie Pope?"

"Yis."

"Give yer wheelers more head."

"Yis. Oh, James, darlin'," she sighed, "look how foine they behave. I can drive wid the bist, can't I?"

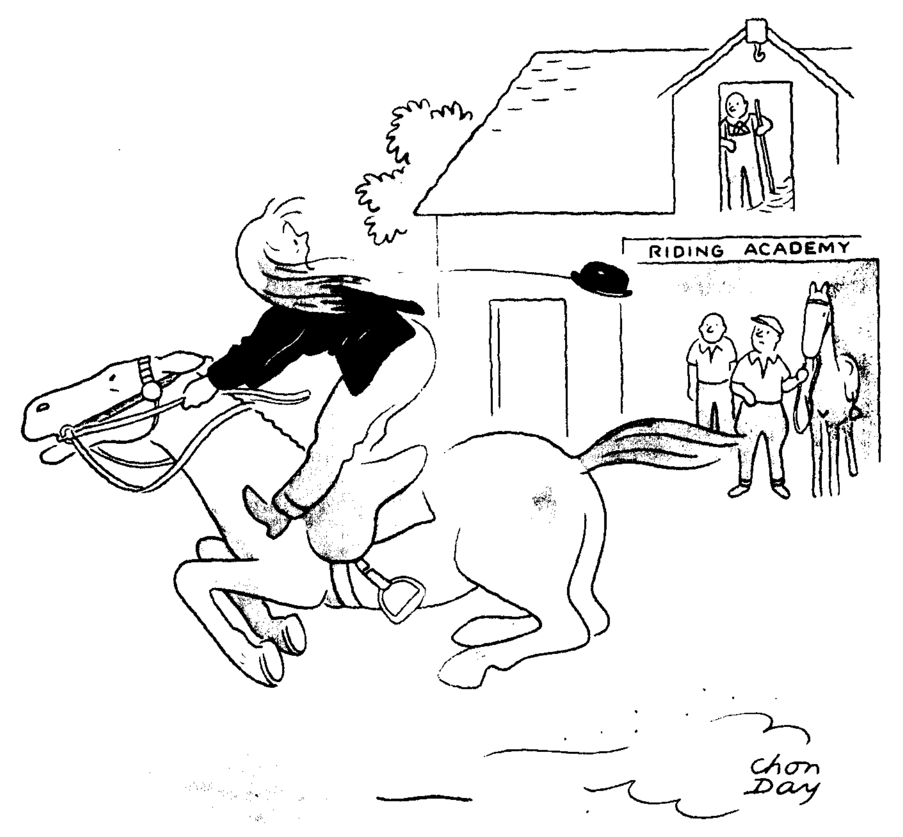
"Ye cannot," he said masterfully, taking the lines. "There's only wan driver in this family, and that's James Kennedy. Give me back yer derby and go back to yer washin'. And stay beyond the fince whin I've got the t'ame out."

THEY stopped. Vexed, Annie was about to refuse; the old habits of mind were strong in her. But James put one of his arms around her, kissed her soundly and hoisted her over the side of the wagon to the ground. Not another word did he give her as the wagon rolled off.

She watched the big team as they paced down the track and saw the magic in his handling of them, and just then a small bird alighted on the fence and sang straight into the impressionable Irish heart of her. She picked up her washboard and turned back to the gate, expelling one last, rebellious sigh.

"But ut's me," she whispered, "that first thought to put Chip and Rebus in the l'ade."

THE END



"I'm afraid I'm going to have to keep him out a while longer!"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

As if that wasn't enough, there was the time a formation of Thunderbolts accomplished four missions in one. First they went out over a target in Italy and dive-bombed it, then climbed to form protective cover for a group of Baltimores bombing the same target. After the Baltimores left, the P-47s remained to keep the area clear of enemy fighters while a formation of B-25 Mitchells lambasted the already twice-bombed target. Then, with the B-25s gone, the Thunderbolts dived to strafe a Nazi troop concentration and went back home to load up for another mission. All of which may help you to understand why Thunderbolt pilots think it's the best all-round airplane in the air.

Box scores kept at Air Forces headquarters in Washington credit the Republic Thunderbolt with 1,256 enemy aircraft destroyed up to the end of March, compared with 249 Thunderbolts lost in combat. This gives the P-47 a 5-to-1 advantage. Watch the papers for further details. G. W.

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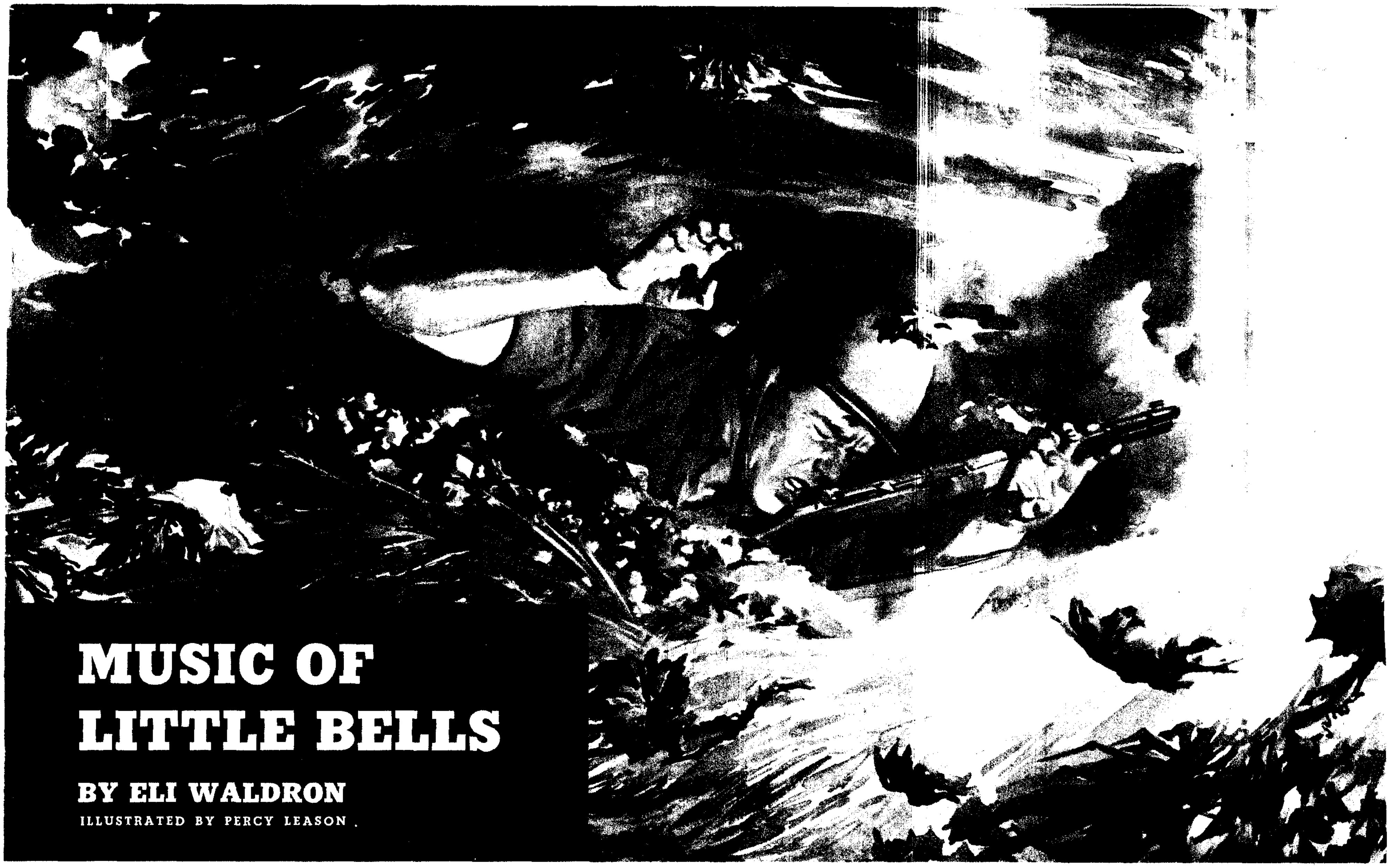


MUSIC OF LITTLE BELLS

BY ELI WALDRON

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

HE THOUGHT he had put the question out of his mind, but on the train coming home the whole thing began again and he couldn't stop it.

It wasn't exactly a question although it sounded a lot like one. It was more a kind of darkness, and Corporal Finley hated darkness. He had had enough darkness—in New Guinea and in New Britain and on the hospital ship—to last a lifetime.

It wasn't that he didn't enjoy being alive, now that everything had been put behind him, but the thing that troubled him was how come he was alive when, in the past, death had seemed so easy and so desirable. He had wanted to die—he admitted it without shame—but he hadn't died. Something wouldn't let him.

"What was it?" he asked himself again as he stared, chin in hand, through the window at the swiftly unreeling scenery. But the only answer he got was the darkness that he hated so and could not dispel.

Sometimes he simply asked himself, "Why?" But there was no answer to that either; it was the same question. The words didn't make any difference; he had learned that long ago.

It had begun in the mud which, of course, was where it had to begin. And that was all right; there were others with him. It would have been fine—the mud and the heat and the mosquitoes—if he had only been able to sleep. That was the thing. God, how he had prayed for sleep, even a little sleep. Just five minutes of sleep, untroubled and undisturbed.

There was no sleep, however; only the mud and the eternal, nerve-shredding wakefulness.

That was when he began to think about dying.

At first he just shoved the thought aside but it came sneaking back again and again. It was a very tempting thought and it always came back when the temptation was greatest. "Just relax and sleep," it seemed to say. "Forget about everything. Just go to sleep, go to sleep . . ."

About that time he began to hear the bells. They were small bells and far away and they came when the words came, making a little melody that was very pleasing and brought memories of things like grass and cool water and slender birch trees standing against a quiet sky. He enjoyed listening to them because they seemed to ease the terrible need for sleep and because they somehow made him feel close to all those good things that had been left behind in the good land from which he had come.

He enjoyed listening to them, that is until one day a sniper's bullet bounced off his helmet. They clamored loudly then, as if in warning, and now he knew that they marked the coming of death, but in a friendly way, as though seeking to protect him.

And yet, with all his heart, he wanted to hear them in spite of what they foreboded. As much as he had ever wanted anything in his whole life, he wanted to listen and listen to their thin, beautiful, faraway song—listen and think of the good things in the past—but although he, Corporal Finley, wanted it, something kept him from it.

THEN there was a long silence and he awoke and remembered the mortar fire and the shell he knew was coming and which came exactly as he knew it would, with a roar that brought blackness and silence. . . .

But he found when he awoke in the hospital that he hadn't left the bells behind. They had come with him and they floated just outside the window, sweet and tantalizing. He tried to tell the nurse about them but he couldn't make her understand. No one understood how he, Corporal Finley, wanted to die but couldn't.

They transferred him to a hospital ship and the little bells came with him and were as lovely and tempting as ever. They were made of frosted glass with silver tongues, the way he pictured them as he lay there; they were the loveliest things he had ever dreamed of in his life. Except, of course, when he dreamed of his home and the trees around it and the hushed and shaded streets that led to it.

But one day the bells sounded a little fainter and the next day fainter still. He strained his ears to catch the melody, but it had faded to a single, small, diminishing tone, and one day that went too and, as the ship moved on, the bells were left behind somewhere in the mist and sunshine of the Pacific.

He cleared through San Francisco and was sent to a general hospital in Texas. It hadn't been bad. The months were long but the sun was good to him and he spent long hours on the ramp outside his ward, letting the glittering white sun do its work.

He hadn't forgotten the bells, however. He remembered the song clearly. But although the longing to hear them was gone, another longing had taken its place and that was to know what hand had stayed him when he felt like dying and wished for it honestly. . . .

Corporal Finley turned his head from the window and stared at the man opposite him. "Business," the fellow was saying, "is being smothered. It's a gigantic squeeze play being engineered right in Washington, right from a place in Washington I could name but won't. . . ."

He looked at the speaker blankly, not understanding a word of it. The man was small and plump with large nostrils in a turned-up nose. He had tiny feet and wore expensive-looking shoes. They looked like patent leather and had white stitching and were forty-dollar shoes, at least. Corporal Finley looked at his own battered brogans, shrugged and got to his feet.

He went into the smoking compartment, lit a cigarette, and looked out at the spring landscape with its bright new pennants and banners fluttering in the breeze.

Well, he hadn't lived for Tiny-Feet, he thought to himself, not for anything like that. What for, then? For his girl? For his mother? His home? None of them answered the question the way he wanted it answered. The darkness was still there.

He remembered the mortar fire and the shell he knew was coming, which came exactly as he knew it would, with a roar that brought blackness and silence

Then he realized with a start that he was nearly home, and by the time the train stopped he had hastily collected his things and was waiting to get off.

She was standing there with a smile and all she said was: "Hello, Son." And all he could say was: "Hello, Mom." That was all they were able to say to each other.

They walked home along the drowsy streets without speaking, glad to have it the way it was, without words and without any tears. And yet there was something missing, he felt, and he began to sense that troubling darkness again.

THEY were almost home when it happened. Loudly now and joyously, the bells sounded, and all about him the air seemed flooded with their color.

He drew in his breath sharply and stiffened, and his mother turned her face to his inquiringly.

"What is it, Son?" she asked. "Is anything the matter?"

"Do you . . . do you hear anything?" he said after a moment.

She listened and shook her head.

"Bells . . . ?"

"Oh," she said, nodding. "The bells. Yes."

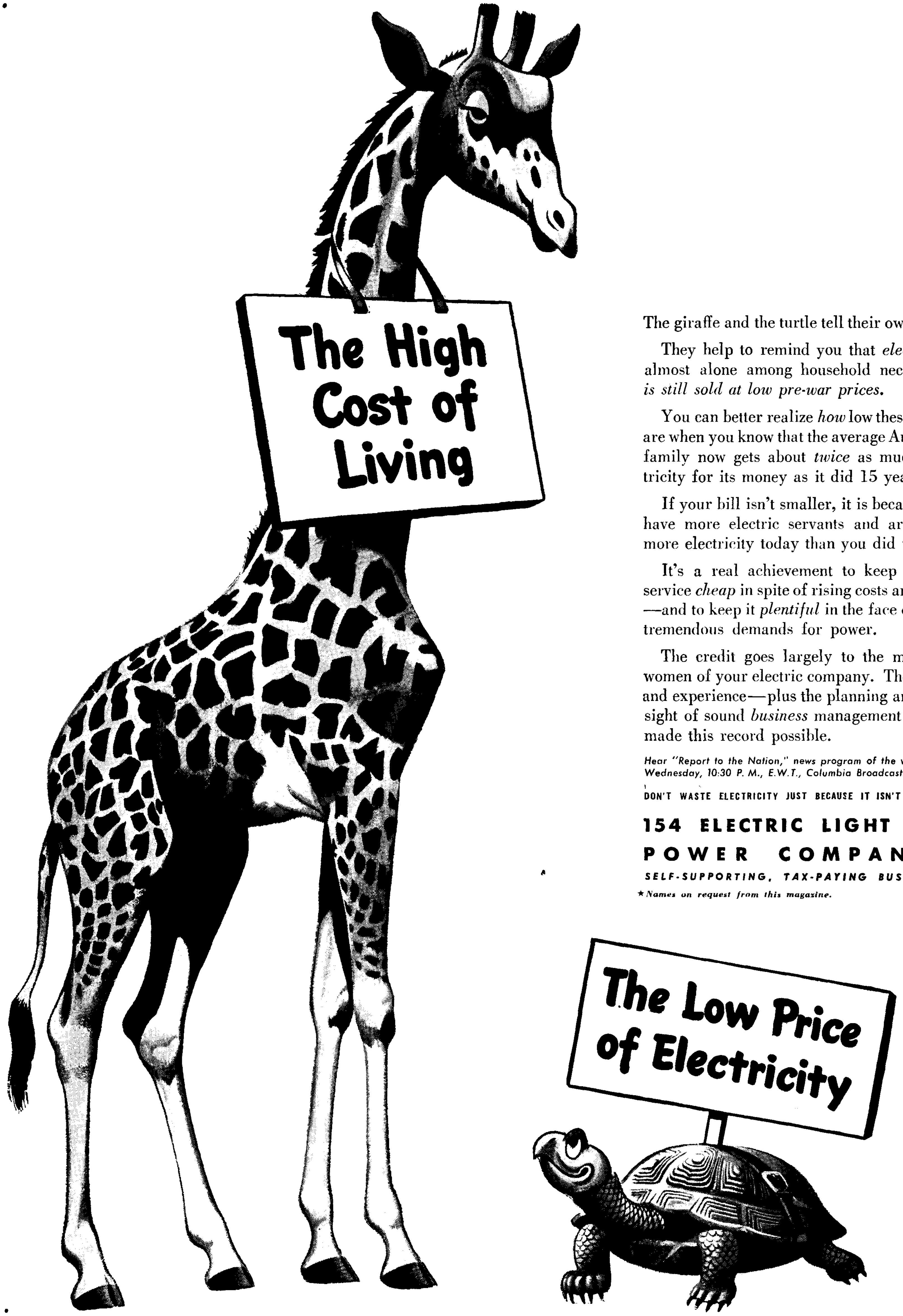
"You . . . you hear them too?" he asked incredulously.

"Why, yes," she said with a quizzical smile. "Of course. The church bells—it's Sunday, don't you remember?"

"Sunday," he breathed. "Sunday." He raised his eyes and looked at the tall, clean trees and at the grass and at the reposed houses—at all the things the sound of the bells had touched, the bells that had called him back without his knowing it.

"Remember?" he said. "Sure, Mom—now I remember. . . ."

a short short story complete on this page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JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Where Invasions Are Born

Continued from page 22

planned to make a coaling station on the island, using Alaska coal. The scheme never developed, but the Japanese apparently imagined there still was a United States base there, and solemnly captured the place. Their landings on other islands often were at inferior spots, indicating they knew less about the islands than we did.

"You can't do surveying secretly in a few hours," points out Captain Gilbert T. Rude, who has been doing it for years. "It takes weeks to chart a body of water and the surrounding land, and a good deal of equipment. There always were a few people on the Aleutians and they would have reported any foreign expedition. It's our judgment that the Japs didn't have and don't have good maps and charts of any of our possessions outside of those they or anyone else could buy for a few dimes before the war."

However, the Japs have their own coast and geodetic survey, and in past years it worked with somewhat less honesty than ours, according to Alaskans. In 1931 a Tokyo newspaper, Hochi Shimbun, announced it was sponsoring a "good-will flight" from Japan to our West Coast. The Jap *Gaimusho* (Foreign Office) then asked our State Department if Japanese scientists might gather a few nubbins of weather dope along the flight route.

In those halcyon days, the Japs were thought of as quaint, friendly little fellows, and Washington said yes. Very soon trios of Japs turned up, equipped with good instruments and short-wave radio sets, on half a dozen Aleutian islands from Unimak to Attu. In those trios were meteorologists, botanists, biologists, oceanographers and other strange observers. In May, the short waves began buzzing between the survey parties and Tokyo. Alaskans began to suspect something when day after day suitable for "good-will flying" passed without any Hochi plane showing up overhead.

Here and there on the islands, old settlers plied Jap scientists with Alaskan hooch, and it finally came out that the scheme was, eventually, to settle five million Japs on the Aleutians. The islands (the botanists and biologists said) would easily support that many; white scientists have since confirmed this.

An Occasion for Regrets

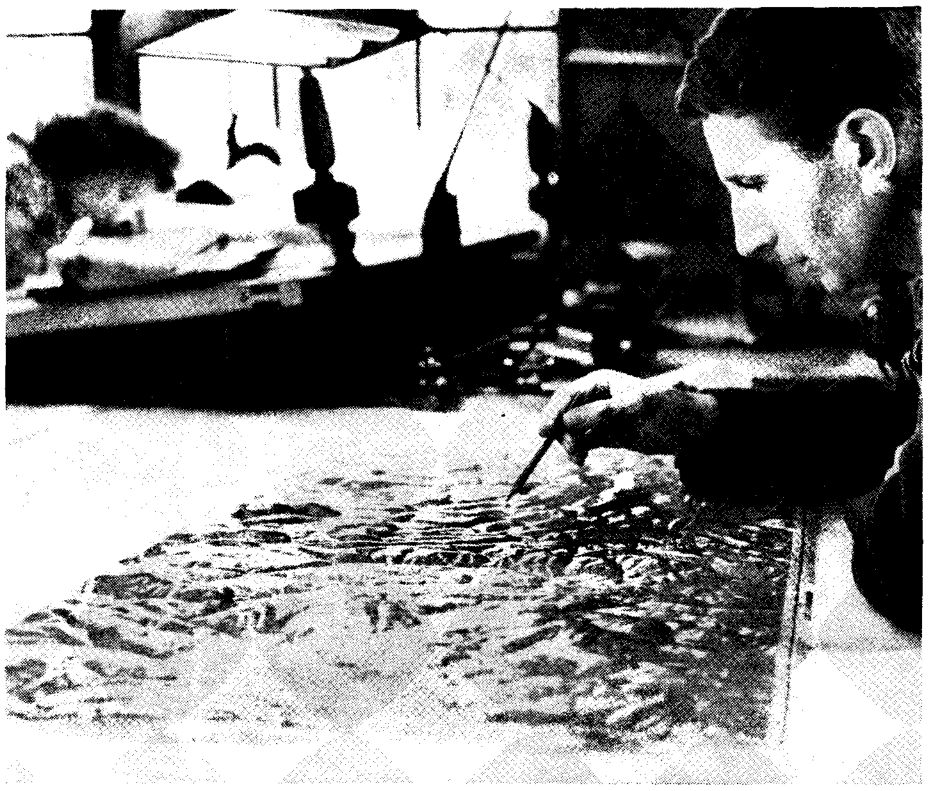
In September, having completed a survey of the islands, the Japs sighed heavily and said the flight was off, and everyone was sorry as hell. Even Washington was sorry and sent regrets.

In the years following, Aleutian islanders occasionally would see Jap cruisers steaming at twenty knots through channels where American ships went on the lead line or proceeded at three knots with the fathometer going. But in most cases, the Japs didn't need to go to the trouble of making extensive surveys. For a few hundred dollars the Japs could and undoubtedly did buy complete detailed charts of every American harbor—leaving out Pearl, maybe.

There were and are, it's true, secret charts and maps of naval bases, but the Japs probably never got them. Or maybe they did. No one knows. And maybe we have charts of Sasebo and other Jap bases.

In normal times, the Survey goes along in its own quiet way as one of our six commissioned services, but only the seagoing members of the outfit wear uniforms; today everybody wears one. Before the war there were, ashore, about 220 workers; there are more than 3,000 today. Five years ago, fifty men made all the aeronautical charts; now there are more than 1,000 at the job—and 750 of them are girls, many with little previous training. First thing most of the newcomers have to do is toss away the geography they learned from flat maps and realize that the only accurate way of portraying the world is on a globe.

Surveying, mapping and charting is a long, tedious job. As an example, our men started work on the 7,000-odd Philippine islands a few weeks after Dewey gave Gridley the nod at Manila Bay. When the Japs moved in at the end of 1941, the job still wasn't complete. When the war started, the Survey was operating twelve ships; two of these were lost at Manila, and most of their officers and crews are interned. But much of the data was smuggled out and eventually reached Australia and finally came to Washington. There are some missing negatives, but whether the Japs got them or whether Commander George D. Cowie managed to destroy them isn't known. Cowie himself was killed on Christmas Eve, 1941, by a bomb.



A regular full-color chart is printed on a sheet of plastic and pressed over a steel mold, providing a light, flexible relief map

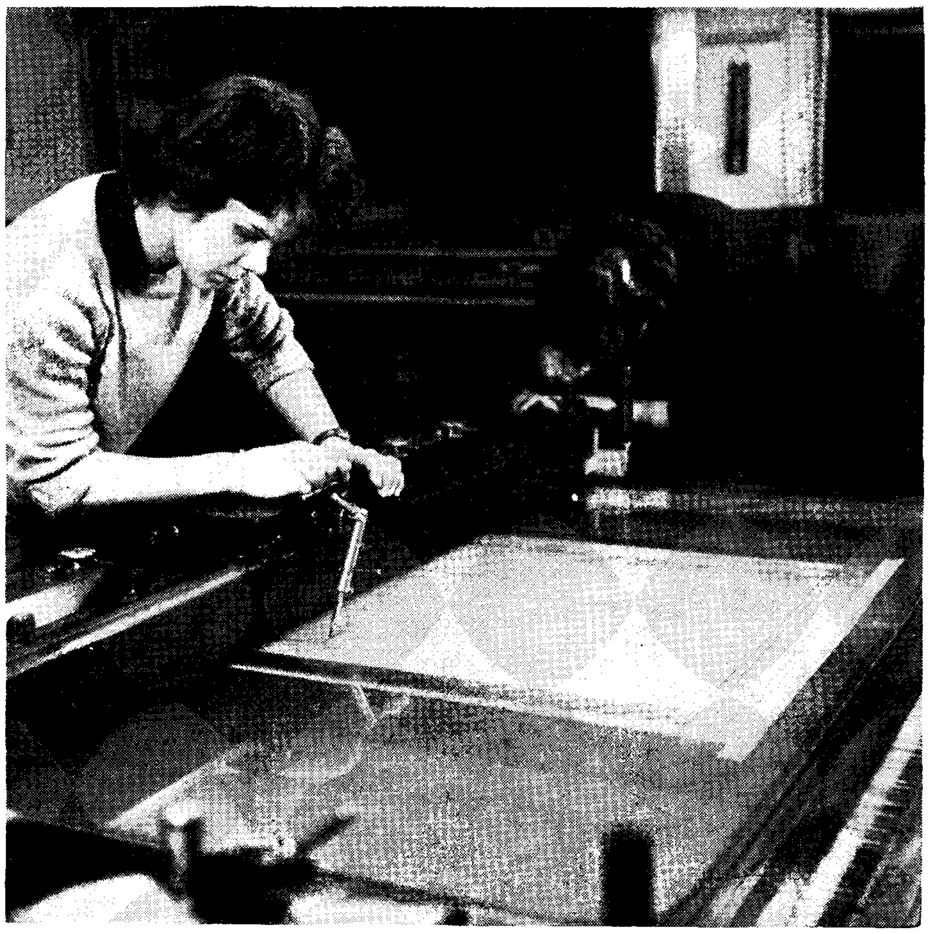
The Survey has all sorts of unique gadgets, some of which it invented itself. During the first World War, for example, a ship out of sight of land couldn't tell exactly where it was. Now, radio and sound echoes, either from shore stations or automatic buoys, will give a ship a fix within a few yards. Soundings used to take four hours, with the ship hove to and wind and current usually moving the vessel so that it was hard to tell exactly just where the sounding was taken. Today, a sounding more than three miles deep takes seven seconds, with the ship at full speed and the exact location of the sounding a matter of record.

This little trick is worked with a fathometer, which sends down a signal that bounces back and registers the distance by computing the time, dividing by two and translating seconds into feet. The fathometer has discovered canyons, huge mountain walls, valleys and tall ranges far below the surface.

There is also a machine that puts gravity to work and will tell you, roughly, what things may be like five miles below where you're standing. It will indicate, within limits, where it may be profitable to wildcat for oil. The Survey has discovered hundreds of spots undersea where it might pay to drill.

However, international complications might arise, for, as yet, nations claim jurisdiction only a few miles from their coasts. It used to be gun range—three miles; we extended it during prohibition to twelve miles. Louisiana now claims everything within twenty-seven miles. At any rate, the nation that, when peace comes, knows where the oil is under the ocean and is ready to go after it will have a distinct advantage. When the time comes, the Survey will have a great deal of good information on the subject.

Longitude and latitude lines are drawn by the projection machine



Men have been mapping and charting their world or parts of it for nearly two thousand years, but until a few years ago the scheme was pretty haphazard, with little international exchange of information. Such information used to be a valuable commercial secret, especially for nations depending on seaborne commerce, and little of it was given out.

The gathering of geographic knowledge took a haymaker in the Middle Ages when the church people who governed the world decided that the world wasn't globular. This so upset the scientists—who knew it *was*—that they gave up and let it ride. For some decades, little or nothing was done.

In our own country, President Jefferson prodded Congress into setting aside money for a coast and geodetic survey along in 1807, but nothing much was done for nine years, although Professor F. R. Hassler, the Survey's first superintendent, spent some years in Europe studying methods and came back with a set of the first standards of weight, measure and volume. These later were given to the present Bureau of Standards. The Survey's first work was on the Hempstead Plains, on Long Island, New York.

Even today, there isn't a complete aerial survey of the country, and the work of surveying and charting all the thousands of islands we own still is not complete.

In every war, from 1812 on, the Survey has played a little-known but often decisive part. Any general or admiral is lost without accurate information of the sea or land he's supposed to fight over; the Survey has always been able to give out this information. Today, more than seventy of its officers are working with Army, Navy and Marines.

Clocking the World's Tides

Tides and currents usually govern invasion times, and the Survey can tell you high- and low-tide times for almost any spot on earth—which isn't so easy as you might think. Tide computing is done by an intricate machine in the Commerce Building in Washington. The machine is operated by a girl, who turns a crank with her left hand and writes down, with her right, figures that show up on a dial. But before this machine will give out with high-tide time at the Golden Gate or Miami Beach, it has to be "set" to take into account up to thirty-seven factors that may influence ocean movements, including sun, moon and star pulls, the rotation of the earth and other things.

Usually only about twenty-five factors have to be taken into account, though. Once set, the machine will go on reeling off tidal data indefinitely. But this whole system can be thrown out of usefulness by unpredictable winds, especially over shallow waters. At one Pacific island where we landed recently, an unexpected wind blew a couple of feet of water off a reef and delayed things somewhat. No one could have predicted that—and it could happen tomorrow to the Japs. Another slant of wind might have added a couple of feet at the vital spot. Winds make tides vary several feet in places like Chesapeake Bay, for example.

Currents are recorded by a machine you can stake out in a channel, the machine sending ashore, by radio, current speed and direction for weeks at a time. The current data for a channel off an invasion beach might be quite important, too.

When the Army decided on the African invasion, all these predicting gadgets proved their worth; in a few days after the Survey got a call for information, it came up with hundreds of facts about tides, winds, currents and so forth at invasion spots. It got these not only from its machines, but from guides, pilot books, charts and miscellaneous material, some good, some bad. What it gave the Army turned out to be remarkably accurate.

Besides answering reasonable questions, the Survey in peacetime gets its quota of nut questions—seventy per cent of them from southern California and Florida, where people have more time to invent them. People are always wanting to know whether it was high or low tide when Moses crossed the Red Sea and what phase was the moon in when Washington crossed the Delaware. Queries like these are duck soup for the boys in peacetime; in wartime, they don't bother.

They grin a little when they read grandiloquent stuff titled Blueprint for Invasion or something like that. They know *how* the blueprints really are made.

THE END

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Asphodel

Continued from page 17

had been able to say, then he had lost his temper and said many things, while she had stood tensely by the fireplace, with one elbow resting on the mantel, watching him. The expression of her eyes had been the impersonal, appraising expression that was in her eyes now as she worked on his bust. When he quieted he had asked, "I know Rice died, but what happened to the others? Divorced?"

"No, Edward."

He remembered the calm assurance of her tone, and it occurred to him now for the first time that she had met his eyes throughout the incident. She had never looked away, once she had told him there were four.

"They're dead, Edward," she had said flatly.

"All four? All four died on your hands?" he had exclaimed.

Thinking of it, Edward's heart seemed now to rustle like autumn leaves and her answer still was brittle in his ears: "I should think, Edward, you'd be more considerate. It isn't fair to cross-examine me about things past. I've had my share of misfortune and I'd like to forget it."

"But look here, Elaine, I'm your husband," he had said. "We were married to share our lives, not just a part of them. Marriage is a contract and all the facts should be set forth, all the . . ."

"You're talking like a lawyer." She had waved one hand impatiently. "Oh, Edward, you know you'd have been even more upset if I'd told you in the beginning. I didn't tell you simply because I knew you'd mind."

"Well, I do mind," he'd said. "I mind like hell. I don't mean about George and Larry and whoever else. I mean, damn it, you should have told me. You shouldn't have kept it from me."

BUT later he had softened. He'd been sympathetic and, holding her hand, had said, "Darling, you've had a lot of bad luck, I know. I suppose I can understand your being secretive about it, but please, let's have no more of it. Let's tell each other everything. What do you say? No more secrets."

She had clung to him then and sobbed and whispered, "No more secrets, darling," and the next few days had been the best of their marriage. But he had been unable to get those four out of his head. He had known that it was pointless to ask about them, but he could not keep them out of his thoughts. After all—four husbands! He had begun to form mental pictures of them, to assign physical characteristics and character traits.

The last one, that man Rice, he knew about. Elaine had met him out on the Coast, been his wife about a year. It was heart disease that had taken Rice, he remembered. Then there was George, who was stuffy. Edward conceived of George as a large man with a prominent chin and rather choking high collars. She had passed Larry off rather casually. But what was his last name? And who in blazes was the other fellow, the one somewhere in between?

It was the one between, the man without a name, who troubled Edward most. Several times he had been on the point of asking about him, but he had not dared return to those bitter days of distrust and evasion. Often he had tried to lead the discussion around to the subject, such as the time they'd been to a cocktail party downtown and had stopped for one more at the Brevoort on a fine spring day when the hedges were set out and sunlight fell on the tables.

"Darling," he had said after the second Manhattan, "where were you born?"

"Where? In a hospital, I suppose. What difference does it make?"

"I mean what part of the country? What town?"

"I haven't any idea, Edward. You know I'm an orphan."

"But you know who your parents were, don't you?"

"Just their names."

"Then where were you brought up? In a foundling home?"

"Edward, are you going to pry again? Please. I had rather a rough childhood and I'd rather not talk about it."

"All right," he had said. "Sorry, Elaine."

But it did seem, he had thought, that she would know her home town. It couldn't be far from the foundling home. It would be in the same state, certainly. She must know the state.

That was the worst part of it, Edward reflected. He couldn't stop thinking about it, even though he told himself that he ought to let the matter drop before he caused a barrier more serious than her secretiveness, than the four husbands, the four dead men.

He wondered now if he should have consulted a psychiatrist. It was unhealthy the way his thoughts had returned to those four men, and he had realized that it could not go on so indefinitely. But there were things he had to know and she should have told him. This other fellow, this in-between man, he had a name, and Edward felt he ought to know it.

ONE day he had been reading Pope from a handsomely bound library set that Elaine had put in the shelves and he came across a marked passage in a translation from Homer that said:

"And rest at last where souls unbodied dwell,
In ever-flow'ring meads of asphodel."

He read it aloud, asked, "You mark it, dear?"

"I?" Elaine had raised her eyebrows. "Of course not. Why should I?"

"I wonder who did," Edward had said. "Asphodel. That's the flower of the dead that blooms in hell. Nice line, too . . . *where souls unbodied dwell, In ever flow'ring meads of asphodel.* Where did the book come from?"

She had moved her shoulders uneasily, her eyes turning aside in evasion. Edward had persisted, "Whom did it belong to? Rice?"

"I believe so." She had risen. "Time for bed, Edward."

"Yes, all right. In a moment."

But Edward had closed the book on his knees and sat staring into the fire. It was an odd passage to have marked, *where souls unbodied dwell,* and he wondered if Rice's hand had made the pencil lines in the margin, if Rice had known about the three before him, if those three had been unbodied, but present and accounted for, as all four were for Edward. It was a beautiful, exotic word, asphodel, and Edward had thought that it somehow suited Elaine. Then he had wondered if he had called her that, this fellow Rice. To himself he might have called her Asphodel.

IT WAS that morbid line of thought again, running through his mind as he sat posing in the studio. That night he had tried to stop it by throwing the book to the floor. But sleepless in bed he had thought of Rice and found him as absorbing as the fellow in between, whose name he did not know. He'd been a newspaperman on the Coast, Edward knew, and rather small potatoes, at that. An obvious mismatch for Elaine. But the man had liked poetry and he had found that passage and marked it. Asphodel, the pale lily of the dead.

The word repeated itself in Edward's brain now as he sat looking at the bronze faun, and his lips moved silently in saying it. Was it only three days since he had seen the letter in her handbag? It seemed like weeks.

They had been about to go out for the evening, and as Edward opened the door the telephone had rung. Elaine had answered it, and after a moment he heard her clear voice saying, "Wait, I'll get a pencil and jot it down."

She had returned. "Do you have a pencil, Edward?"

"No. Afraid not."

"I must have one." She had opened her handbag, found a pencil, and dropped the bag on a refectory table.

Edward had waited impatiently in the foyer. It had been one of those idle moments when the mind pauses and the eye strays, and for a long time he had looked at the sheet of green paper that had fallen from her bag before he bent over to pick it up. It was because of the letterhead, *Greenvale Cemetery,* that his eyes had dropped to the lines of type below. It was a bill for the upkeep of a cemetery plot in a small town fifty miles from New York. He had hardly digested the fact when Elaine returned.

"Edward," she had said, and her voice had broken off as she stared at the green paper in his hand. Then she had taken it from his fingers and tucked it in her bag, saying, "Shall we go?"

Descending in the elevator he had noticed that her eyes were shining and her face was flushed. She did not explain, and he had asked no questions, but he had thought, which one was it? Was it Rice or George or Larry or the other one, the one in between, whose memory was kept verdant in the Greenvale Cemetery.

During dinner that night he had tortured himself. He should have asked her outright, he had thought. After all, an explanation was due. He hadn't pried. The letter had fallen to the floor, and he had naturally picked it up. But since he'd seen it, the least she could do was explain. He had to know which one it was.

As he lit cigarettes for them both on the way home in a taxi she had said lightly, "Edward, do you know I haven't a commission? Not a single commission."

"Oh, one will come along."

"Not that. I mean for the first time since we were married I'm free. I haven't a commission and I can do what I want. Edward, I'd like to do a head of you."

EDWARD had been pleased. Her work had always been something apart, and he had been happy to be included in it, flattered that she should wish to do a bust of him.

"So, darling, let's get up early," she had said. "I want to get started on it first thing in the morning."

It was fascinating, he thought now, to see the sureness of her strong fingers molding the clay. She was a small woman, with a high-bridged nose that gave her thin face a sharp, flat perspective in profile, and her gray eyes held a light of watchful perception, like a cat's. It was surprising, he thought, that her work should be so powerful, almost monumental.

The first day he had been enthusiastic as he watched his own head taking shape in the clay in massive, oversize planes. But the following morning something had gone wrong and she had mashed his clay nose, saying, "That's all for today, Edward." She had left the studio and he had not seen her again until dinner, when she talked little. He had been depressed and kept thinking of the letter from the Greenvale Cemetery.

As they were having coffee he had asked her bluntly, "Elaine, why the bill from a cemetery?"

Her eyes had met his for an instant, with a gleam of anger. "Edward, what do you mean by going through my pocketbook? Really, I've had enough of your prying."

"It fell out on the floor when you took the pencil. I simply picked it up. Darling, I wasn't prying into your affairs."

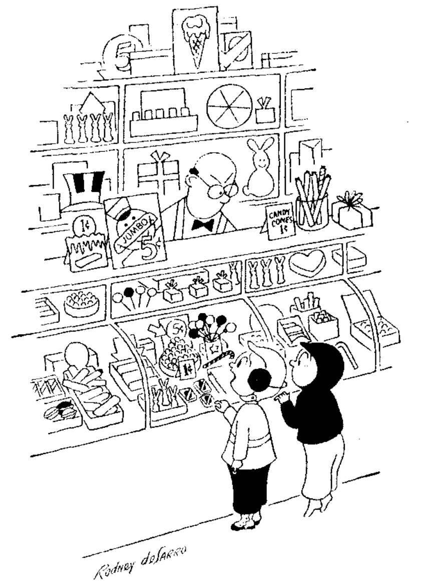
"Very well. Then let's not talk about it."

"But I did see it, Elaine, and I'm curious. Why the cemetery plot? No reason why you can't tell me about it, is there?"

"But I *won't* tell you, Edward. I simply will not encourage your morbid curiosity. We've talked this all out and you promised not to pry."

"We also said no secrets. Remember?"

She had risen to her feet and the angry shine of her eyes was almost hatred, surely contempt. She had said sharply, "Edward,



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But when he lit a cigarette, his hand shook . . . and any sudden noise would make him start and tremble . . . and then he'd break out in a cold sweat.

For the sounds of war beat through his head . . . and he couldn't forget.

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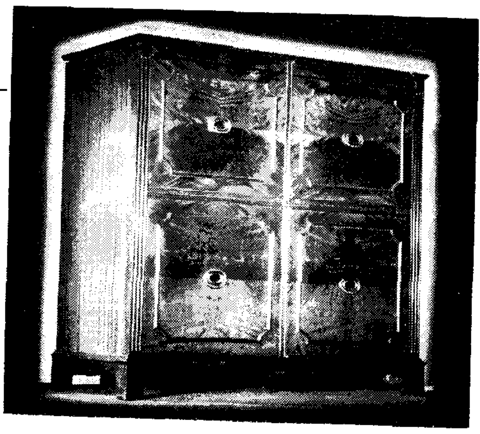

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Why not be kind to your system by regulating it this natural *healthful* way? Try it ten days... juice of one lemon in a glass of water *first thing on arising.*

P. S. Some prefer juice of one lemon in half glass water with ¼ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as foaming quiets.

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

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Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

...first thing on arising

we can't go on like this. Really, I think you'd better do something about it. See somebody. How about that man Betty West goes to, Doctor Lewis? Why don't you see him, Edward?"

He had banged his fist on the table. "I don't need a psychiatrist. That's a pretty shabby means of evasion, Elaine. That's *no* answer to a direct question."

"You need medical attention more than you realize, Edward," she had said quietly. "And I don't intend to answer any questions put like that. Good night."

Now Edward frowned at the faun, rigidly holding his pose. It was the bottle of Scotch he had opened last night, after she left, that had given him the headache. He had known then, while drinking the Scotch, as he was sure now, that there was nothing wrong with his mind, that there was nothing morbid about his curiosity. Perhaps it was unhealthy to keep thinking about those three and the other one, the in-between one, but if she would talk about them openly and honestly he'd be able to get them out of his head. And that letter from the cemetery ought to be explained. He had the right to an explanation.

But her attitude had always bewildered him, her quick changes of mood. He had been surprised this morning when she prepared to work in the studio and came impatiently to ask if he was ready to pose. He had gazed at her, thinking that he would rather not sit another day staring at the high light on the faun, that he would rather not sit for his bust at all, and he had said, "Let's skip it, Elaine."

"Skip it? Why? I have a very good start, Edward."

"I don't feel so well, Elaine. I have a headache."

She had come a step nearer him. "It will be restful just to sit there and relax. We'll rest every five minutes, if you like."

"But I simply don't feel up to it, Elaine."

SHE had examined him with hard, impersonal eyes, and there had been a strange authority in her bearing. All she had said was, "Please, Edward," and he had shrugged his shoulders and followed her into the studio.

But now he thought uneasily that at some point in recent weeks their relationship had been reversed: he had taken the defensive and she had become increasingly dominant.

He stared morosely at the bronze faun, thinking that he must escape, he must free his brain of this absorbing doubt. If he was to be charged with prying, why not pry in earnest? Why not find out for himself? Go out to the cemetery and find out. Through the hours of posing he had become excited about it, and there was an anxious urgency in his mind that made him restless, unable to sit still.

"Time for rest," Elaine said. "I'll finish it by dark."

"Finish it? Finish what?"

"The bust, of course."

"Finish it this afternoon?"

"Edward, what's the matter with you? Of course."

"Nothing," Edward said. "Nothing at all." But he had a sense of dread. He could not wait; he must go at once. He could not wait for the bust to be finished. He said, "Elaine, I feel terrible. I'm going for a walk. Got to have some fresh air. I'll be back in no time."

He fled from the studio, caught up his hat in the hall. He found a taxicab at the corner and almost shouted, "Grand Central Terminal."

ON THE train he was nervous and could not relax. As the afternoon sun sank lower he thought of Elaine in the studio, waiting beside the head of clay, the bust that would never be finished. Never, never be finished. Let her wait in the fading light of the studio with the shadows lengthening the planes of her face, he thought, until eternity. Maybe he was crazy, maybe he should have seen a psychiatrist, but he was determined that the bust would never be completed.

It was a quiet town and a golden glow lay over it as the sun's rays slanted from just above the hills of the horizon. The caretaker was a strong old man with faded, incurious eyes and an irritating manner of deliberating over each word.

"The Peters plot? Don't know it. Oh, Mrs. Edward Peters. Yes, Mrs. Rice that used to be. Just follow that path until you come to a big marble cross with the name Cowan on it. Turn right and the plot is along by the hedge, with dogwood around it."

The Cowan cross loomed against the sunset sky. Edward turned right on the paved walk, his heels ringing loud in the graveyard. There ahead was the tall green hedge, to the left the grove of dogwood. He turned aside on a gravel path and came to a gladelike plot where the grass was very green and saw what he had come to see.

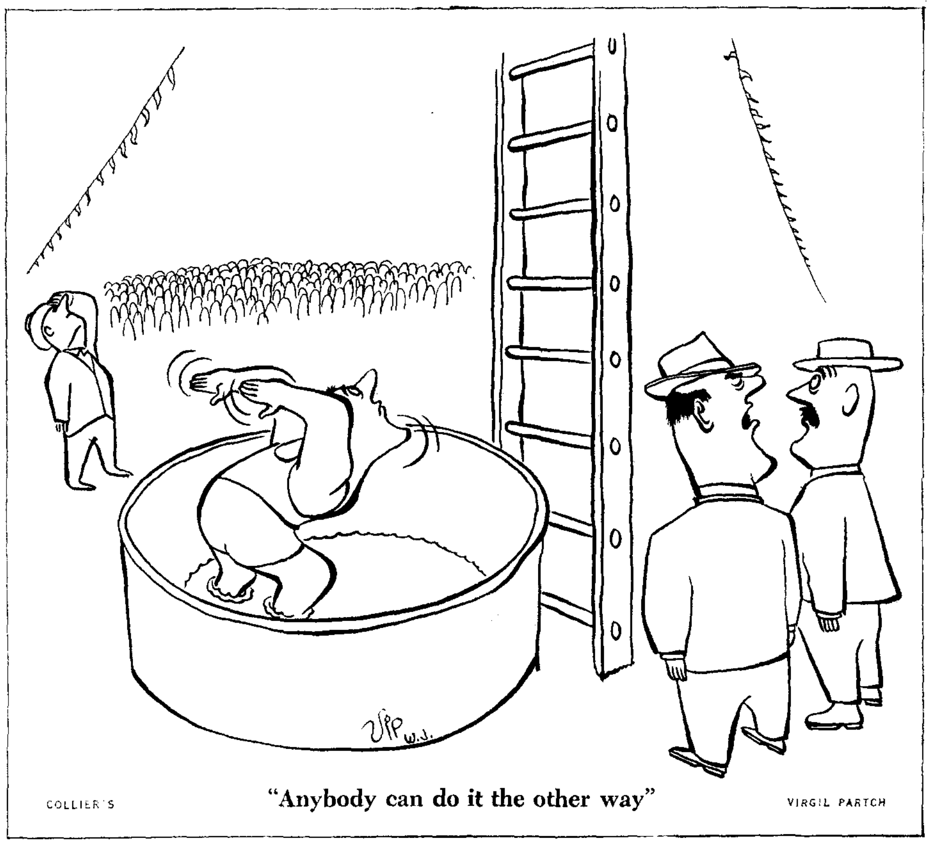
There were four niches and four urns, and looking down on the dark green grass in the shadowy gloom of dusk were the four heads of the four men, modeled in massive, brooding planes and cast in bronze.

They were here as Edward had known they would be, and he shivered, thinking that here bloomed asphodel, the pale flower of the dead, where souls unbodied dwelt, and was this an act of innocent sentiment or a monument to death? Why had they died and how?

He glanced fearfully around and knew that he would never learn the truth. He would never go back and there would be no fifth bust here amid the dogwood.

Then he walked gently forward over the turf toward the ashes of the previous four, to read the name of the man in between.

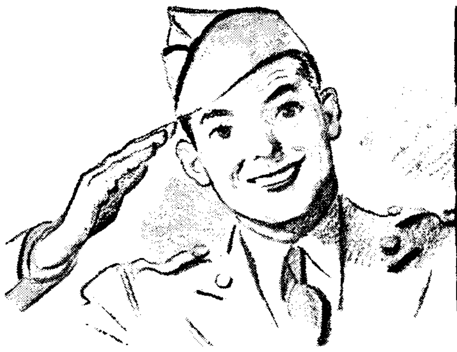
THE END



COLLIER'S "Anybody can do it the other way" VIRGIL PARTCH

Things a good secretary must do

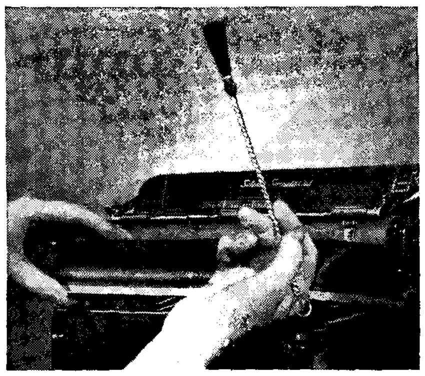
now that service repair men and new equipment are hard to get



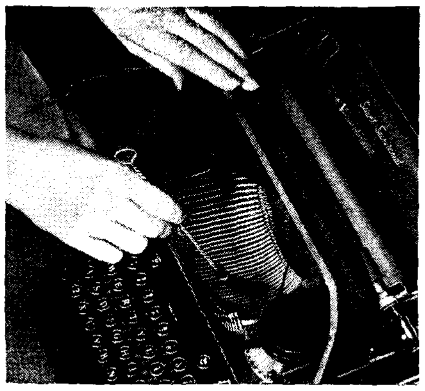
1 Repair men are scarce. Every month more go into uniform. From now on your typewriter is your problem

2 For example, even a simple, little thing like covering your machine when not in use can prolong its life.

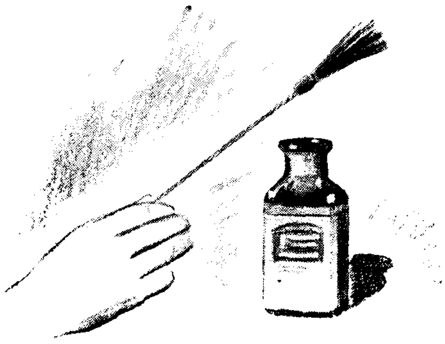
3 Even if you're loaded down with lots of extra work these days . . . care of your machine is *important.*



4 There are some things you should do each day. Brushing dirt away from typebars is one . . . and remember—

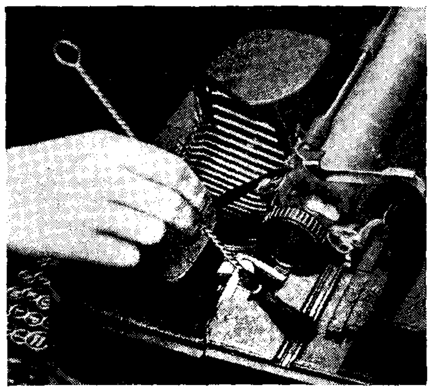


5 . . . be sure to brush erasures and dirt on the typebars towards the front of your machine.

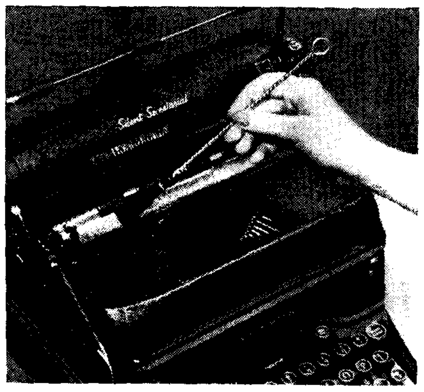


6 Use a brush like this and regular cleaning fluid for cleaning typebars. Moisten brush slightly, rub gently.

7 If you want clear, sharp letters that please the boss and customers, clean type daily. It takes just a jiffy.

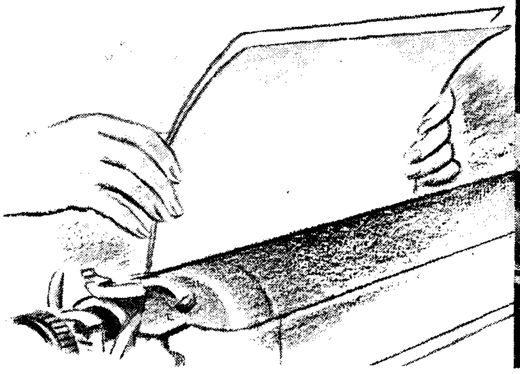


8 You can easily clean the carriage rails by moving carriage to extreme left . . . then reverse operation.

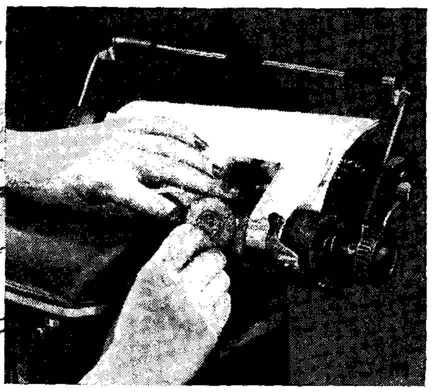


9 And while you're at it, why not remove the rubber roller and brush away the accumulated dirt?

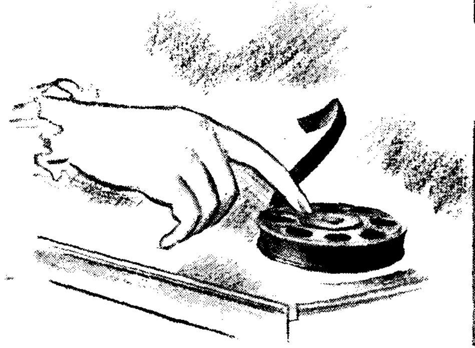
10 If you clean rollers with cloth slightly moistened with cleaning fluid, you will prevent paper slipping.



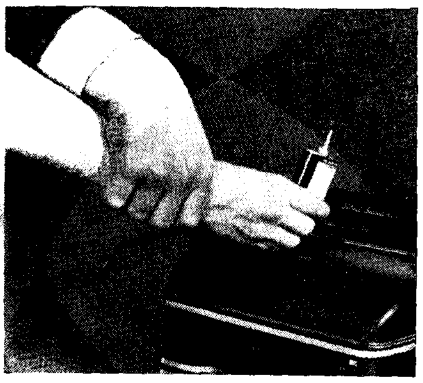
11 Incidentally, you can save your roller by inserting two sheets at a time. New rollers are mighty hard to get.



12 And when erasing, move carriage to extreme ends to keep dirt particles from falling into the machine.



13 When changing ribbons be careful . . . jiggle or tap them lightly. Never force them on the shafts.



14 Never, never oil your typewriter. Leave that for the service man when he comes to make a major repair.

15 Sales of new L C Smiths are restricted by W. P. B. We urge you to care for your machine.

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Inside Germany Today

Continued from page 11

sale limited. If you buy a can of any kind of food, the merchant punches a hole in it with an ice pick to prevent you from hoarding it.

Newspapers are rationed and you can buy them only by subscription. They limit war coverage to the official communiqués and a daily explanatory article by an official analyst. There are no casualty lists, but bereaved families are allowed to publish paid death notices, and in that way it is possible to judge the tempo of military losses.

Except in Berlin, there is almost no amusement. Rural Germany is sullen, silent, sad. The only distraction, outside of the radio, is the cinema. Although the materials have all been pooled and are rationed out to officially approved studios, there are far too few films.

Everywhere in Germany the blackout is complete. As a result, only those who are hard up for entertainment, or soldiers back from the fighting lines, go out at night. All the bars must close early and since public transport stops at 10 o'clock Germany retires early—but not necessarily to sleep.

The deep incursions of R.A.F. and American bombers and the ease and regularity with which they penetrate the "curtain of steel," which Goering promised would preserve the country from air attack, were a shocking surprise to the Germans. They pass many sleepless nights, out of worry and fear.

While at the hotel, I was on the receiving end of 127 Allied air-raid alarms. We were on the main route to the upper Rhineland, the industrial basin of Mannheim, Frankfort, Strasbourg and Munich. I saw British and American bombers fall out of the skies, but I also saw the red glare of burning German towns; I heard and felt the explosion of bombs which tipped the scales at four tons. The shock was terrific, morally and materially.

Up to fifty per cent of that vital portion of Germany's war production machine which is located in the Rhineland, the Ruhr, the Saar and the Main valley has been destroyed. There are thirty great towns in that quadrangle which are more than half destroyed. They include factories as well as churches, decentralized warehouses filled with vital war stocks as well as hospitals, crucial communications, canals, railways, river ports as well as orphanages.

From a mountaintop in the Black Forest at 10:30 A.M. on September 6, 1943, I had a ringside seat for the first great all-American daylight raid on the Rhineland. During more than an hour I watched a perfect performance by more than 400 Flying Fortresses. The Gestapo guard who was in charge of our exercise party crouched for safety in a gully. Overhead for 50 minutes the Americans flew in paradelike formation. Not a shot was fired, not a plane crashed within my sight, not a single German fighter dared to take to the sky.

Witness to Allied Bombings

I saw one squadron bomb and hit, from about 12,000 feet, the vital Rhineland North-South railroad at Bühl. The bombs whistled their dangerous catcall over our heads as they fell in an arc from a mile behind us to a target visible another mile or so in front of us. We saw every bomb hit and explode on or near the railway tracks. One direct hit burned the freight house to the ground.

I saw another squadron veer sharply to the left and, unhindered, bomb the airport, railroad yards and river port at Strasbourg.

More than 2,000 tons of bombs had been dropped by those planes. Yet the German communiqué announced the Americans had been shot out of the skies and the formations broken up before they could plant a single bomb on a useful target.

After every such raid, the fields and forest around the target were combed for Allied propaganda newspapers. The Gestapo and local police, forest guards and troops found thousands of them and burned them. Outside of the Gestapo, I couldn't find a German who had read a tract.

Goebbels had a field day when the first American Negro airman was taken prisoner —or so he says. Immediately, German newspapers blazed with indignant headlines and sour cartoons picturing our airmen as naked cannibals of Africa brandishing fire bombs and high-explosive bombs as their African ancestors used their spears.

The November bombing of Frankfort came just in time to squash a story which got widespread belief—that Frankfort was a "taboo city" for American and British bombers because it was the biggest Jewish residential community in all Germany, and American Jews had obtained an official promise to spare it. Then we raided it five times in a month.

Goering was one of the few high Germans who didn't resort to the easy custom of calling British and American bomber pilots "Terror-fliers," "Air Gangsters," and "Murderers." He assigned his best fighter squadrons, the revamped Richthofen "Circus" and the "Schlageter Squadron," to the hard task of stopping them. Each squadron now claims more than 2,000 victories over British and American planes.

The Richthofen Squadron is commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Mayer, who won his 100th air victory by shooting down a four-motored bomber on February 7th.

But these continuous raids have taken their toll of German manpower, which is critically short. Boys of 18 are now inducted directly into the army and I was told of several cases where they were under fire less than 18 weeks later. The military mobilization of manpower is so complete that the chances are 7 out of 10 that any young man not in uniform is either a member of the Gestapo or he stands high in the Party. Hitler maintains his police and home-front protection forces at full strength and exempts them from mobilization.

The mobilization of women and children to supply farm and forest labor is only one consequence of the terrific German losses—unofficially estimated by careful observers at not less than three and a half million dead and permanently maimed.

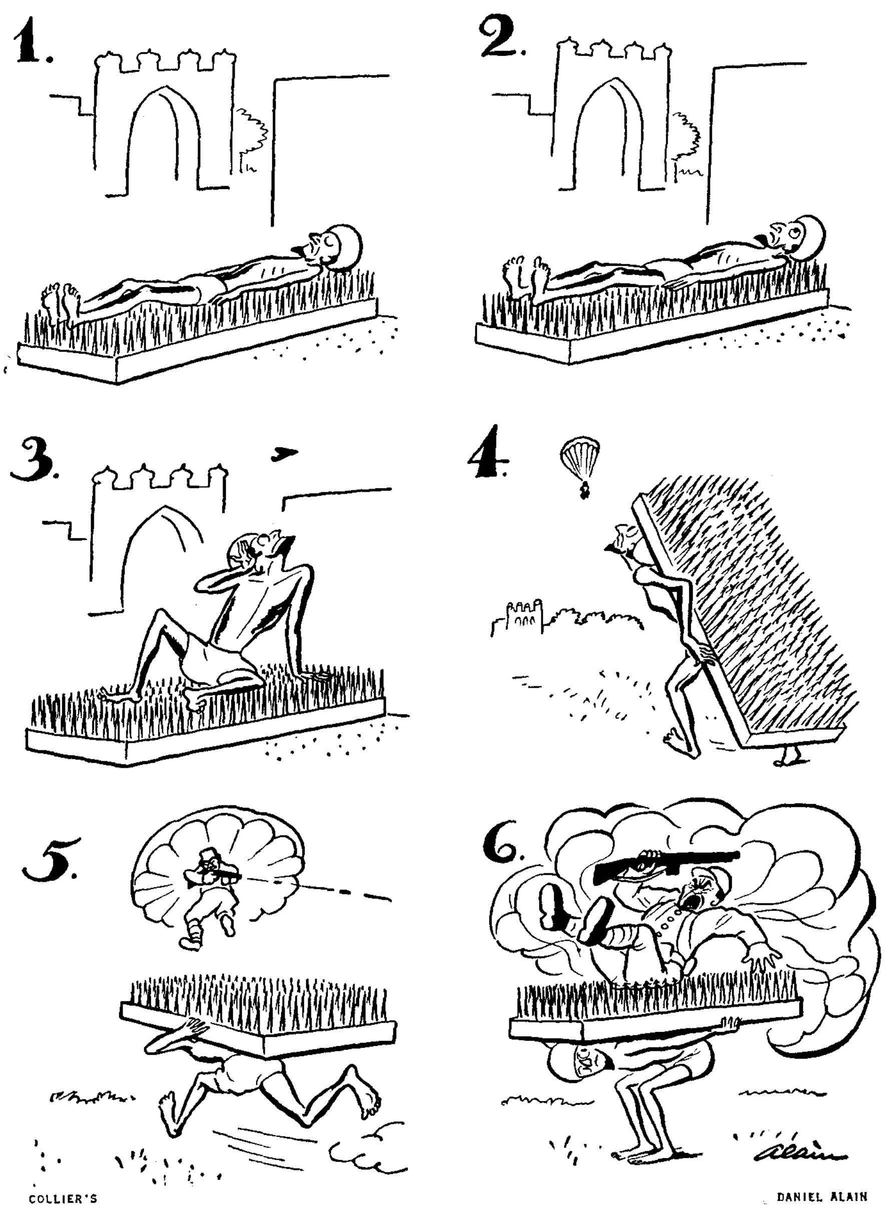
But the forced labor of millions of prisoners of war—perfectly legal under existing international conventions—is a poor palliative for Germany's manpower shortage and labor ills. The prisoners of war are notoriously underfed and are physically incapable of long or heavy effort.

The 1,200,000 French prisoners of war are given preferential treatment, momentarily, because Germany hopes to use them for political propaganda. More than half have been put on German farms, and have adapted themselves very well. I know of several who replaced mobilized German farmers in all their functions, even in their bedchambers. Those fortunate Frenchmen live really luxurious lives, because they direct the labor of the farmers' wives and children, live in their houses, do all the duties of a husband, eat and sleep well and are paid besides. It is not surprising that many of them decline their liberation. Some have even taken "wives," have fathered families and cut themselves off from their French families forever.

Attitude Toward Americans

The first American prisoners of war, taken in Tunisia, only began to arrive in German camps in May, 1943. They are not as adaptable as Europeans and may even be said to inspire a little awe, if not envy. Like the British prisoners, they may expect to escape drudgery and may not be forced to work unless they consent.

American aviators are in a camp by themselves. The Luftwaffe makes a point of keeping its own prisoners and since there is a sort of gentlemen's agreement among airmen of all nations to treat defeated aviators well, the Americans are living a prison life of comparative luxury. Parachutists who were captured in Tunisia and Italy, howe go to the general prison camp.



Even in prison they have their triump A group of Americans in a camp near great Friedrichshafen Zeppelin factories ordered to lay a concrete runway in a airfield. They protested it was "war wo and refused to do it. The Germans c tinued to insist and delivered to the ca a new tractor for the job.

Within an hour the entire tractor had appeared. Able mechanics among the Am cans had taken the tractor apart. Small pie disappeared in pockets—bolts wrapped handkerchiefs made very dangerous weap in the dark. Rubber tires were hacked i bits. Pieces too big to disappear into pock were either buried or thrown into a riv When the German authorities came b they could find neither their tractor nor trace of it. The runway job was called off.

The Polish and Russian prisoners, ho ever, have a hard life. The Russians liv in ramshackle huts set in muddy fields wh were surrounded by double rows of barb wire; the whole was inside another ca where their German guards lived. Outsi of the German camp was another doub hedge of barbed wire, 15 feet high.

They and the Poles were used for all t menial jobs in the region. They repair the roads, dug the drainage ditches, collect the garbage, hauled coal, emptied freig cars, chopped down the pine forests, buri the dead. Silent and sullen, those prison of war ran the silent, sullen German vilians a close second for cold indifferen

The incentive to escape alive in all priso ers is strongest among the newly captur The most common method is to group small number of prospective escapists a dig a tunnel. The dirt extracted from t hole has to be carried in pockets and hurl over the barbed-wire fences to the fields ou side or scattered on the camp grounds.

One ingenious French prisoner of war, p to work on a farm, stole a cow and a halt and started west. Whenever he was halted explained he was leading the cow to mark in the next village. He kept moving towa France from village to village until he final crossed the frontier, sold the cow to a "bla market" butcher and rode home in sty with plenty of money in his pockets.

Others conceive fantastic plans, most which fail. One very able American sewe himself the complete uniform of a Germa officer out of a field-gray blanket from h bed.

The Ultimate in Disguise

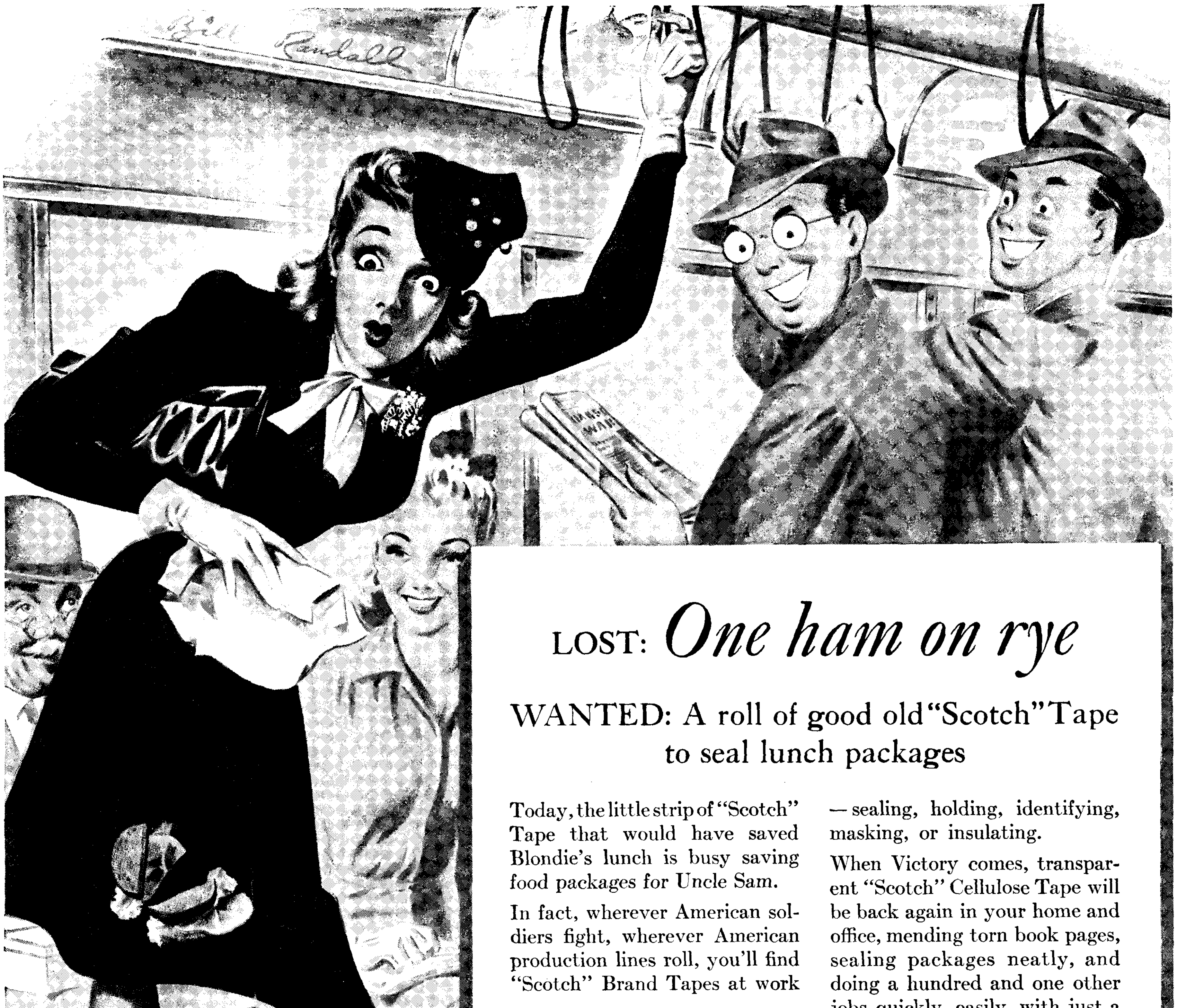
Unfortunately he aimed too high, for in stead of making a simple lieutenant's uni form, he made a general's. When he boldl walked out the prison gate, his handiwor was so excellent that the astonished sentr called out the guard for inspection.

The camp commander had not been informed of any visiting general and made a immediate inquiry. Walking up to the "general" he saluted and barked his name in guttural German. The American stammered turned and ran back into camp.

Confinement seems to bring out laten talents as cook, actor or tinkerer in all prisoners. In any camp they may be seen cooking their own meals at any hour of the day. In almost every camp there are "universities" with daily classes and a really imposing curriculum. Amateur actors stage weekly shows, make all their own scenery, props costumes and even write their own scripts Softball or touch football leagues function Tinkerers turn every bit of string, cardboard, wire or cloth which gets into their hands into something for the camp decoration. Musicians are banded into camp orchestras or choruses so professional that in one camp the orchestra has given a "Mozart season."

The Y.M.C.A., through its agency in Switzerland, sends instruments to camp bands, books and magazines for libraries and "universities" and sporting equipment for the baseball and football teams.

The American Red Cross, through Geneva, sends each American prisoner a food package every week, and the civilian internees fortnightly parcels. These boxes contain coffee, sugar, hardtack, corned beef,



LOST: *One ham on rye*

WANTED: A roll of good old "Scotch" Tape to seal lunch packages

Today, the little strip of "Scotch" Tape that would have saved Blondie's lunch is busy saving food packages for Uncle Sam.

In fact, wherever American soldiers fight, wherever American production lines roll, you'll find "Scotch" Brand Tapes at work — sealing, holding, identifying, masking, or insulating.

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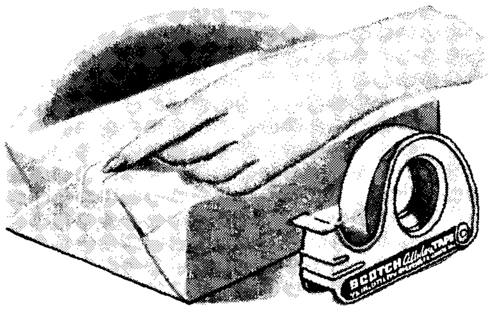

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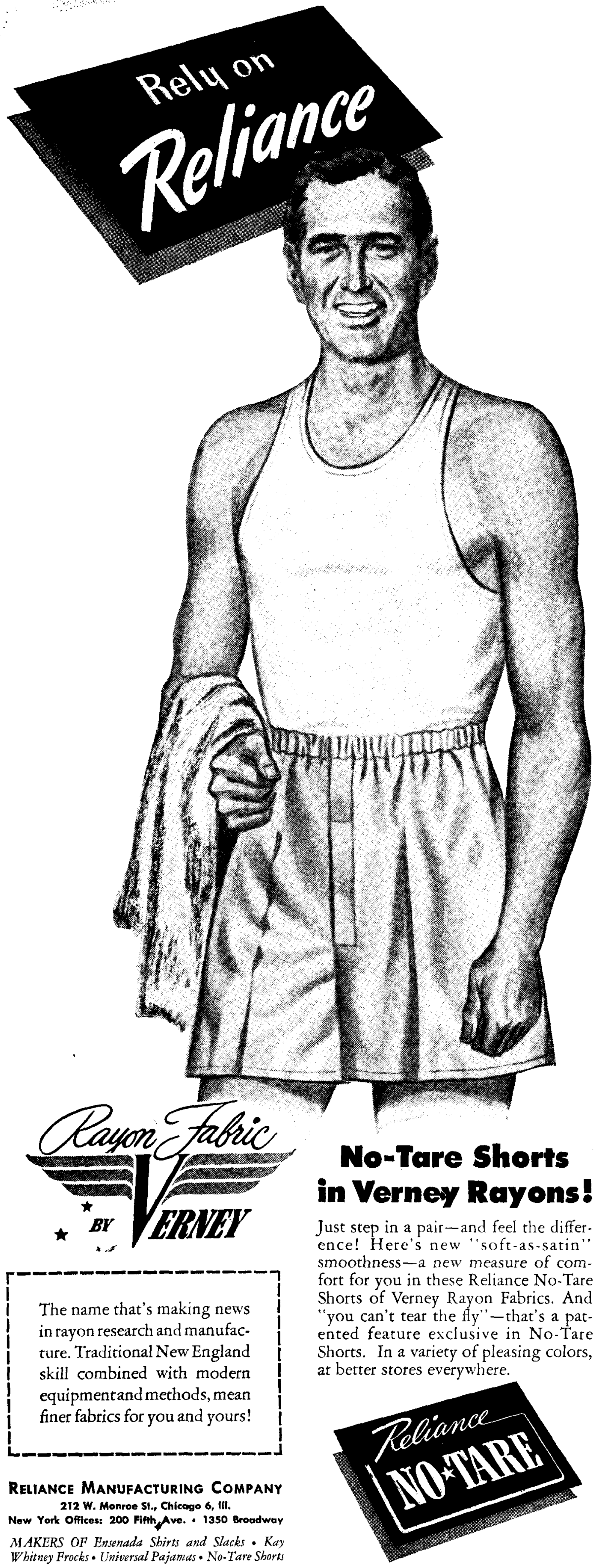

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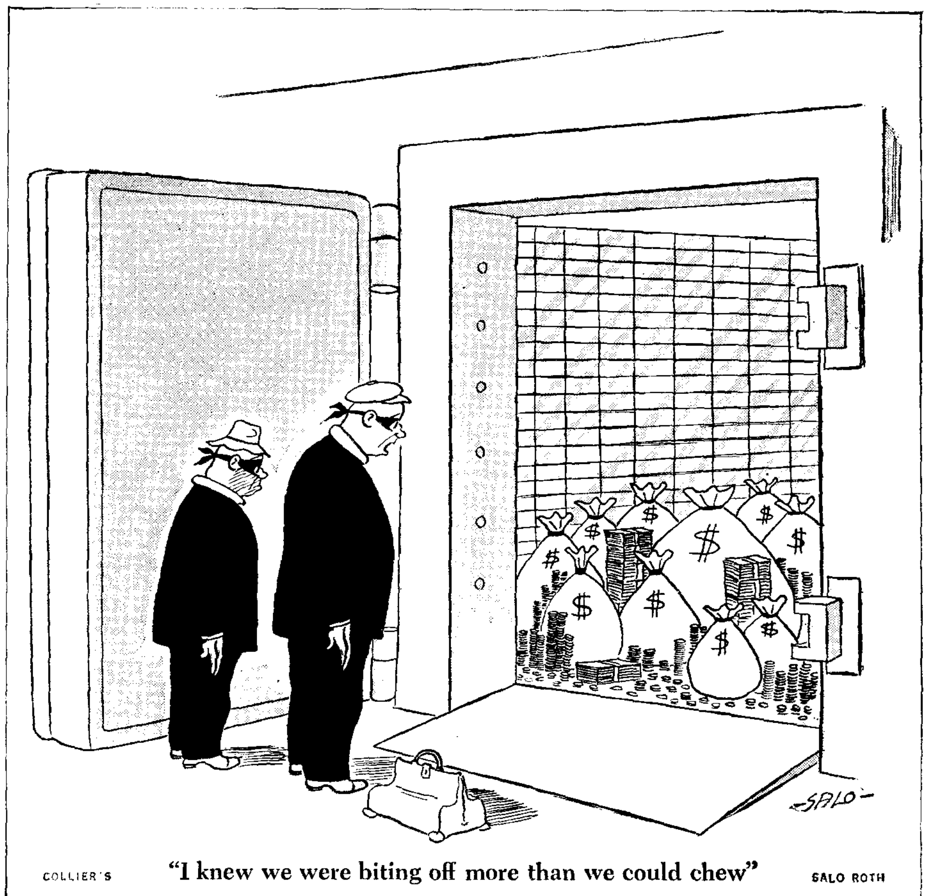


COLLIER'S "I knew we were biting off more than we could chew" SALO ROTH

pork loaf, chocolate, oleomargarine, powdered milk, salmon, soap and cigarettes.

In the early days the quality of the food packages was low, doubtless because the Red Cross lacked experience in planning and packaging food which might spend many weeks in transit. Coffee arrived with lids carelessly unscrewed so that all the powdered coffee had fallen out, or had hardened into the consistency of lava. Orange concentrate was often replaced by a poor orange-flavored powder which was useless to the vitamin-hungry prisoners. The cigarettes were sometimes not the standard brands, but of cheaper quality.

Soon, however, these kinks were eliminated and now the packages are literally the staff of life to the prisoners.

But these men will never see an egg, an orange, an apple, or poultry until the end of the war. Their standard food consists of ersatz coffee—acorns and barley roasted and blended—in the morning, with dry black bread. At noon they have a thick soup which is chiefly potatoes or cabbage with very little meat. At night they have bread and lard. They never see a roast or chop. They have no relishes, no puddings, no fish, no fruit.

Camp populations are constantly increasing. In each of the big day or night air raids over Germany, a number of big bombers are shot down. Since there are ten men in each big bomber and as many as 30 or 40 bombers are shot down in a single big raid, the number of prisoners rounded up the next day is considerable. After every big raid, special squads of German military police "cover" the countryside by motorcycle, scouring woods and fields, to find the wandering or hidden escapees. Most of the British airmen shot down are in full uniform.

The American fliers, contrarily, have adopted the unfortunate habit of wearing their old clothes when they leave on a raid. Many are shot down in their shirt sleeves. Some wear bedroom slippers. Most are hatless, and few take the precaution to bring a toothbrush. Yet these are the clothes they must often wear for months.

Effect of the Foreign Element

In addition to prisoners there are twenty million non-German "volunteers" working in Germany, chiefly in war factories, but also in hundreds of other types of civilian jobs. They are hated by the Germans because they escape all military obligations and because each has made it possible for the German he has replaced to be inducted into the army.

This is fast becoming a serious problem, because one of every five persons in Germany now is a foreigner, and, in the absence of the ten million Germans engaged in war outside the country, these twenty million form a very dangerous fifth column.

Many Germans, who are very keenly aware of the problem, are afraid of what may happen if those millions should succeed in staging a revolt when the Allied armies cross the German frontiers.

They got a foretaste of this when two Russian war prisoners broke out of their camp on Christmas Day, 1943, by assaulting their guard. They gouged out his eyes, slit his throat and took his bayonet.

Going to a neighboring farm they killed a fifty-three-year-old German peasant, his wife and son and sister-in-law. The two escaped prisoners were then killed by more guards as they were trying to bind up each other's wounds.

Even this labor force cannot supply all wants, for the Allied blockade is almost airtight on anything which has to be brought from outside of Europe.

Down to the Bare Essentials

Baby carriages have no rubber tires; a can is prized as a rare metal because tin has disappeared. Housewives cannot buy kitchen utensils, or tea, coffee, natural silks, quinine. There is not enough insulin in Germany to give diabetic Germans one per cent of what they need to stay alive.

Doctors ceased writing prescriptions because druggists have almost nothing in stock except domestic medicinal herbs. There is not enough radium to take care of all the cancer cases.

The shortage of fats is evident on all sides. Since there is nothing from which to make good soap, there is no soap. As a result, linen has disappeared from tables and beds, and the population is visibly dirty.

All children's diseases have increased sharply—diphtheria, scarlet fever, infantile paralysis and spinal meningitis—but the gravest consequence of the unbalanced rations is the swift rise in the infant mortality rate and in the spread of child tuberculosis and rickets. I saw reports that in Munich only 3 per cent of the school children are wholly free from some degree of rickets.

Tuberculosis is no longer a bar to mobilization on the war or the labor front. Unless the patient is in the advanced stage of the disease, he or she is subject to special classification in the armed forces or factories.

The death rate of civilians has risen, especially in the 1-to-15 and 20-to-45 age groups. The birth rate is higher than before the war, despite the absence of thirteen million men, as a consequence of the high-pressure campaign urging all German women patriots, married or unmarried, to have more babies.

But the increase in births is now considerably less than the tremendously increased death rate.

German boys and girls, the Hitler Jugend, from little more than diaper age to the labor camps, are the real problem children of Europe. They are the generals, politicians, electors and teachers of the next generation. They are the Army of the Revenge of 1965-1970, unless the problem they present is solved.

Since they toddled at their mother's apron strings, they have been regimented. They were educated not to reason for themselves but to obey blindly. Their nationalism has been superheated to the extent of fanaticism. Hitler is their god, and Mein Kampf their bible.

German boys at fifteen are warmly invited by newspaper advertisements, billboard posters and direct pressure to volunteer for the army before they are drafted.

Long before they reach the age of fifteen however, they have been taught the rudiments of war and have been pointed toward some military specialty.

In many villages and small towns, where the men have been called to the colors, boys and girls man the fire engines. During my stay I saw a propaganda film of one such, in which all but one of the 40 volunteers were boys under sixteen.

German children get fifty per cent more to eat than their parents. In the schools and in the camps they receive extra vitamins and are subjected to frequent physical examinations.

Hitler interned us—145 Americans and others—in the best hotel of Germany's finest watering place, Baden-Baden, in the Black Forest, so near to France that on clear days you could look across the Rhine valley into Strasbourg 40 miles away.

Gentlemen of the Gestapo

Our contact with the Gestapo began there. Ten very suave, smooth, suspicious gentlemen in mufti took over and we soon learned that their much-touted ferocity was phony. A Gestapo agent playing banned American jazz on a piano for forbidden dancing by American internees on New Year's Eve is a picture of "Gestapo terror."

Another Gestapo agent charged with taking us on an exercise walk was actually goaded into escorting us 10 miles to the Rhine, right in the center of the Siegfried Line. I washed a handkerchief in the river and hung it to dry on one of the casemates of the Line just to beat the British out in the promise they made so widely in song in 1939. On either side of us stretched great curves of the Rhine and we counted 31 casemates and forts.

We were allowed, for exercise, to quit our hotel and walk in the Black Forest. Gradually, we stretched the walks into all-day picnics to Neuweier, whence comes the justly famous Mauerwein vintage of Riesling.

As time went on, the picnics developed into pub-crawls which resulted in some outsize hang-overs. Our Gestapo guards entered into the spirit of the crawls so enthusiastically that on one dramatic occasion the picnickers had to carry their Gestapo guard back to the hotel.

We were completely isolated during our stay, and were, of course, deprived of our radio sets. There was but one radio in the hotel which was kept dialed to the official German stations. Every day at 2 P.M. Americans and Germans gathered to hear the communiqués, but, regardless of which way the news leaned, both were painfully careful that the other should see no signs of elation.

Berlin ordered us to be "educated" in German political theories. A pile of English-language pamphlets appeared in our reading room. The Outcasts: Documents of British Social Policy, and Britain and the Boers were typical of what they wanted us to read. Since the supply was limited, it was easy to wear them out. After a week none were left.

Late Mail for the Internees

Mails were a source of continuous discontent. Incoming mail always arrived two to three months late.

The Berlin censors held up much of it because of the American "Victory" stamps on the envelopes. Finally, after much complaint, the stamps were steamed off and in each letter was placed a typed slip announcing that they had been removed because of their "political tendency" or "unfriendly sentiment."

Outgoing mail had to be submitted to triple censorship at the hands of the Foreign Office, the Gestapo and the military censors in Berlin.

The German-American relations in Baden-Baden began with a chill. Herr Brenner objected to the requisitioning of his hotel as an internment camp. He sniped at his unwanted American "guests" in a series of daily notes addressed to Dr. Schlemann, the German Foreign Office representative, or to the Gestapo:

"Herr Heinzen's dog has torn the curtain in his room. Heil Hitler. Brenner," read one.

"One of the dogs forgot himself on the carpet between the second and third floor. Heil Hitler. Brenner," read another.

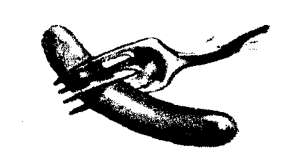
Finally, Brenner said that the dogs and cats had to go. He was not running the world's finest hotel to provide a kennel for dogs.

The Americans pooled their indignation. If Herr Brenner was afraid for his carpets he could take them up. If the German government wanted to send the dogs back to France, the Americans would gladly accompany them.

That settled the argument; we kept our dogs, the carpets stayed down and Herr Brenner's face was red.

THE END

The arrogance of the Hitler Jugend, shown parading in their sports uniforms before the war, has now worn as thin as the uniforms themselves. The youth groups no longer parade in the sullen, silent Reich, and the chances are that many of the youngsters shown here are now dead in Russia or Africa



THE SAME HIGH QUALITY AS BEFORE THE WAR!

Swift makes only as many of these plump, delicious frankfurts as the supply of better-flavored, better-quality meats will permit. Only selected quality cuts are used—just as in the days before the war!

Swift's Premium Frankfurts

Pre-cooked to juicy tenderness

Secret worth knowing! After 5 minutes' simmering, these frankfurts are ready to eat. That's because they're pre-cooked as well as smoked over spicy hardwood fires.

You eat every bit you buy! Because they're all meat, all good to eat, there's no waste. Served with a tossed vegetable salad, for example, they make a meal that's money-saving, point-saving, and time-saving.

● Made of selected beef and pork, Swift's Premium Frankfurts give the benefits of 2-meat nutrition. You get the highest quality proteins, valuable B complex vitamins, important minerals. These nutrients and the flavorful meat juices are retained by the delicately tender skins. So don't prick the frankfurts when heating!

So tender! They cut at the touch of your fork. They're Swift's Premium, and that means the finest in meat.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Look for this label on every 4th link

THE BEST WAY TO KNOW YOUR FRANKFURTS IS TO KNOW THEY'RE SWIFT'S PREMIUM.

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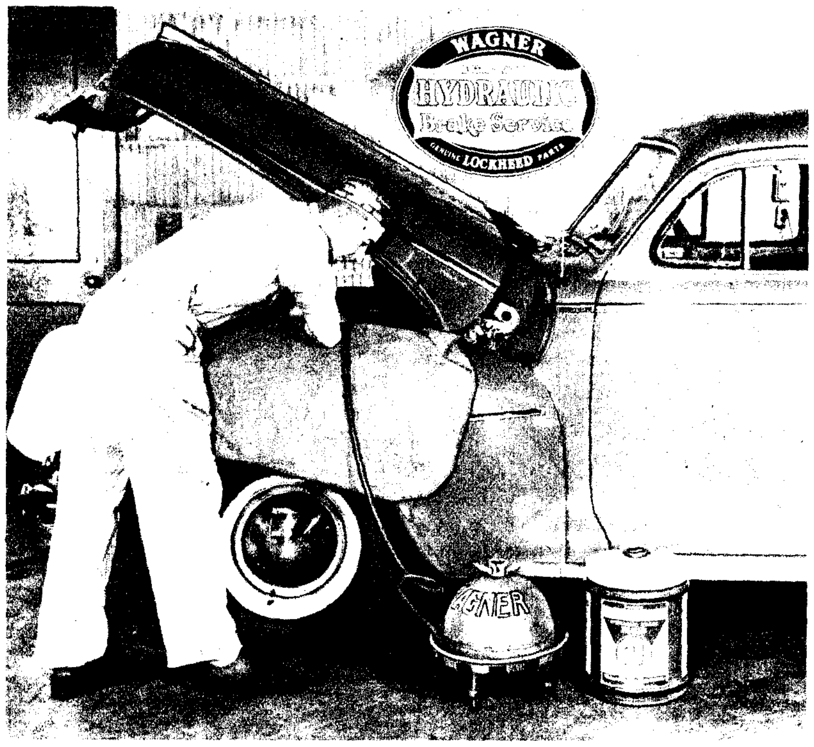


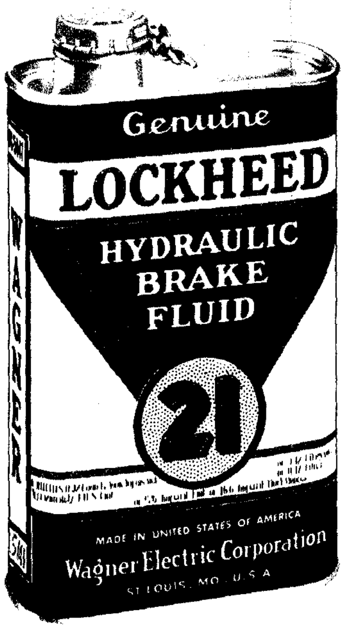
Have the hydraulic brake system checked regularly--and your automobile will last longer

Just because you haven't experienced any serious brake trouble is no reason for you to go on month after month without having the brake system checked. Sooner or later wear will occur, and certain adjustments and services will be required . . . Consult a brake expert immediately. Action now may stop major brake trouble before it starts.

In addition to checking wheel brake parts for wear, your serviceman will check the level of the fluid in the master cylinder of the brake system.

If fluid is needed--FOR SAFETY'S SAKE specify

WAGNER LOCKHEED



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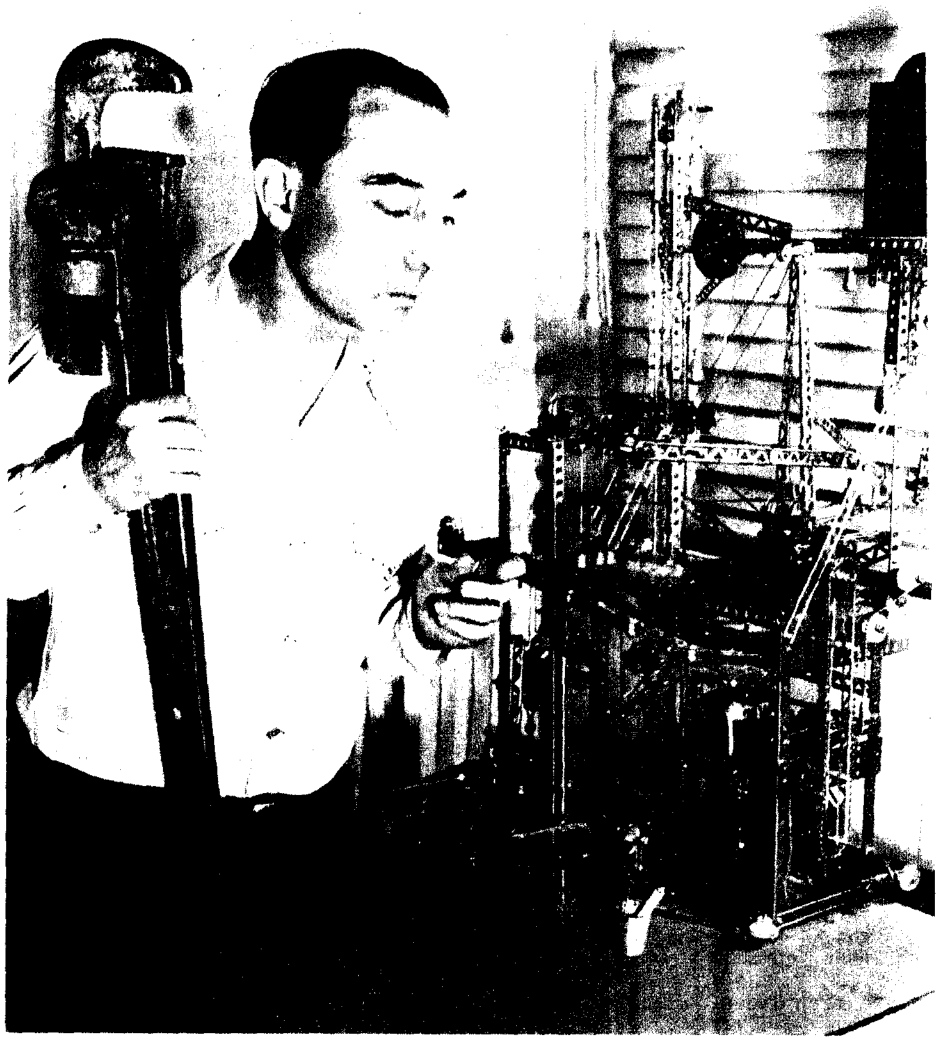


This simple little gadget is a cigarette lighter, a recent invention of Buster Keaton, erstwhile comedian and today a Hollywood gagman

Strictly for Laughs

BY ASHTON REID

Unseen for years, Mr. Keaton goes merrily on his way as a gag master for the films

MILLIONS of people who tell today's kids how they used to laugh at Buster Keaton don't know that he's still making them laugh. Although scads of kids never would recognize Buster on the screen, he's making them laugh, too. Mr. Keaton, once known all over the world as "Frozen Face" and the hero of scores of early-day comedies, now is Hollywood's No. 1 gagman.

But the title he loves best is Pie Pitching Champion of the World. He has held that honor for a quarter of a century, and if there were Oscars for pie pitching, he'd have a row of them on his mantelpiece. There should be Oscars for this art, because strategically placed pies have made more money for the movies and more entertainment for patrons than any other quirk of self-expression among actors.

Mr. Keaton reached the zenith of his powers some time back in Hollywood Cavalcade, in which he threw twenty-seven pies at Miss Alice Faye, registering twenty-five direct hits and two near-misses. One of the hits was from a measured distance of 25 feet 4¼ inches, a world record in which both Mr. Keaton and Miss Faye take justifiable pride.

A gagman usually is a dour, silent fellow who wanders around watching pictures being shot, with the idea of preventing them from becoming too poignant. It is he who suggests, right after a high-powered dramatic scene, that Walter Pidgeon should drop a banana peel for Miss Greer Garson to skid on. When ideas like this are frowned on as lacking dignity, the gagman goes away and invents a dignified gag involving a herd of elephants, a score of gold pianos, $65,750 and the twenty most beautiful girls in the world. And when, on the screen, this notion is received with clammy silence, the gagman does not despair.

He just goes back to pies.

Mr. Keaton was born in Piqua, Kansas, forty-eight years ago, while his parents were playing in a tent show. Another member of the same troupe was Harry Houdini. There was some discussion about naming the baby, with the elder Keatons holding out for Joseph, and Houdini favoring Buster. A compromise resulted in Joseph Buster Keaton, now officially Joseph B.

For the first forty-two months of life, the child was allowed to idle, but after that, he became one of the Three Keatons and placed on a salary, a position which Mr. Keaton has maintained ever since, never missing some sort of a regular payday for nigh onto forty-five years.

The Great Days of Slapstick

He played in vaudeville for years, working up from tent and medicine shows to Hammerstein's and the Palace in New York. He got into movies in the spring of 1917, being teamed with Roscoe Arbuckle. Those were the great days of slapstick comedy; the Keystone Cops ranged far and noisily; old burlesque and medicine-show routines were revamped and cleaned up, and used to make millions laugh.

The war took a chunk out of Buster's career, but after it he came back and made a series of comedies that are still remembered. After that he got involved in some two-reelers that didn't pan out, and decided to become a director. His first efforts were with the Ritz Brothers, Eddie Cantor and a series called The Jones Family, patterned after The Hardy Family. Nothing much came of all this, and Buster went to Metro as a writer and gagman, doing scripts for such divergent geniuses as the Marx Brothers, Clark Gable and Lana Turner. Many of the laughs produced by these players came from Buster Keaton.

From this, he worked into his present job of senior gagman, wandering around on sets, inventing comedy routines and teaching players how to be funny. In many a comedy sequence you laugh at, the body may be that of your favorite actor, but the antics are pure Keaton. Occasionally he doubles, under heavy disguise, for some actor who just can't be funny, or whose precious architecture cannot be risked in comedy falls.

Buster can still fall down a flight of steps, skid yards on a banana peel, fetch up against a lamppost and walk away smiling. It is quite a relief for him to be able to smile because, for years on the screen, that is the one thing he couldn't do. The man who dubbed him "Frozen Face" condemned him to a film lifetime of dead-panning.

Pie-throwing, still the old stand-by of the gag trade, can be costly work—especially if the marksman is a poor shot, and the girl is wearing an elaborate costume. Unless the pie hits just right, the actor on the receiving end has practically to be taken apart and reconstructed—hair washed and rearranged, face remade and costume changed. The entire set often has to be cleaned up, too. Sometimes, when the script calls for a pie in the ear, the receiver has to go to the hospital for a thorough cleansing.

Comedy with a Crust

Movie pies are made with beaten eggs, laid in a crust built double thick of graham cracker crumbs. Since Technicolor pie filling is usually colored to contrast with the hair and complexion of the victim, brunettes react very well to white or yellow pies, but blondes come out better with blueberry.

Mr. Keaton's favorite eatin' pie, however, is punkin.

His chief ambition, for some years, has been to throw a pie at Don Ameche, on the Keaton theory that Mr. Ameche has an ideal pie-stopping face. Some years ago, Mr. Ameche was willing, and the thing was almost set. It was frowned on by the producers, however. They were making a dignified character out of Don. He was, in fact, about to invent the telephone.

In the gag business, timing is the difference between a wow and a flop. Mr. Keaton learned this fact the hard way. When he was a mere stripling, part of the Three Keatons routine called for Old Man Keaton to whack Buster on the seat of the pants with a broom. The kid found out that if he yelled "Ouch!" instantly, no one laughed. If he ignored the whack, no one laughed. But if he ignored the whack for five seconds and then yelled, that was funny.

It was funny because it conveyed the idea that it took five seconds for the whack to travel from Buster Keaton's pants seat to his brain.

"Either you have a sense of timing or you haven't," says Buster today. "It can't be taught. If you have it, you can make anything sound funny; if you haven't, you'll never get laughs, no matter how funny the script may seem."

Mr. Keaton's sense of timing stood him in good stead soon after the 1918 armistice, when he found himself AWOL with a friendly lieutenant in Paris. Back in the old picture days with Al St. John and Fatty Arbuckle, a strange character, dressed in the height of fashion, used to hang around the set, hopelessly in love with a girl player. Finally, this began to worry the comedians—this silent, yearning love.

In one sequence, Mr. Arbuckle had to throw a pie at Mr. St. John, who ducked, so that the missile hit Mr. Keaton. By some maneuvering, the three managed to line themselves up with the Yearning Stranger, who had eyes only for his lady. Then when Mr. Arbuckle delivered his pie, both Mr. St. John and Mr. Keaton ducked.

The Yearning Stranger was pretty mad about it, but the comedians had a laugh and forgot it. That is, two of them forgot it, but Corporal Keaton suddenly remembered it one evening, AWOL there in Paris. Because the Yearning Stranger, still faultlessly attired, suddenly showed up in the bar in which Corporal Keaton was stashed. The faultless attire this time, however, was a major's uniform.

Corporal Keaton took one look, timed the thing expertly, and a split second before the major remembered, dashed through the kitchen out into the street and gave himself up to the protection of the first MP he ran into.

In the comedy business, a "commercial laugh" has a top price tag of $60 on it, but one that rocks audiences into the aisles is worth almost anything it costs, because people go away and talk about it and thus advertise the picture by word of mouth.

Gags often have to be fixed when a preview audience fails to laugh at them; in The Cameraman, Buster was a newsreel man, filming a tong war in Chinatown. Bullets zipped off the legs of the tripod; knives and hatchets flew as he ground away. Finally it got too hot, and Keaton fled. At the preview: No laughs.

So they went back to the studio and ran the thing again and tried to figure out what was wrong. Then they refilmed the scene and tried it out on another preview audience. This time it got laughs. It got them because Buster started to run away, stopped, dashed back, grabbed his camera and then really fled. That, it seemed, was what people wanted him to do.

"You have to do what people expect," says Buster. "Once I got so tired of slipping on banana peels I thought it would be funny not to. In one picture, a fellow walked ahead of me, flipping peels onto the walk, and I came along, dodging every one. The audiences wouldn't stand for it. They didn't want to be surprised; they wanted to be satisfied."

This demand for satisfaction once led Mr. Keaton to drive Nat Pendleton, a movie heavy, almost nuts, by inserting into Mr. Pendleton's copy of a script a fake page describing in detail how Mr. Pendleton was to get a pie in the puss. Mr. Pendleton had never engaged in this undignified action before and was not helped by friends, who told him that actors sometimes got kayoed by edge-on pies, and cast grave doubts on Mr. Keaton's throwing ability.

Mr. Keaton had a dummy built, patterned after Mr. Pendleton, and when Nat came around, practiced on it. As the shooting progressed, Mr. Pendleton developed a deep desire to have it all over and done with, and asked a dozen times a day when the throwing would start.

For thirty-two days, the answer was, "Not yet, Nat!" The picture finally ended with no pies whatever, but it took Nat a long time to forgive Buster.

About three years ago, someone gave Buster Keaton one of these erector sets, full of metal strips, bolts, nuts, miniature motors and other gadgets. Since then, his office on the Metro lot in Culver City has looked like a machine shop. The latest gag contraption is a cigarette lighter for Red Skelton's The Bathing Beauty.

Gadget to End All Gadgets

This machine, standing three feet high and constructed of 567 parts, takes two minutes to feed a cigarette and set off a lighter concealed in a small piece of artillery. As the flash goes off, Old Glory rises on a flagstaff, and an orchestra plays eight bars of Hearts and Flowers.

Another machine, even more complicated, will crack walnuts, and Mr. Keaton has under consideration monster contrivances for tooth-brushing, salt-shaking, child-spanking and other household chores. He is handicapped just now by a shortage of erector parts and gifts of these would be welcome. Mr. Keaton will pay off in laughs.

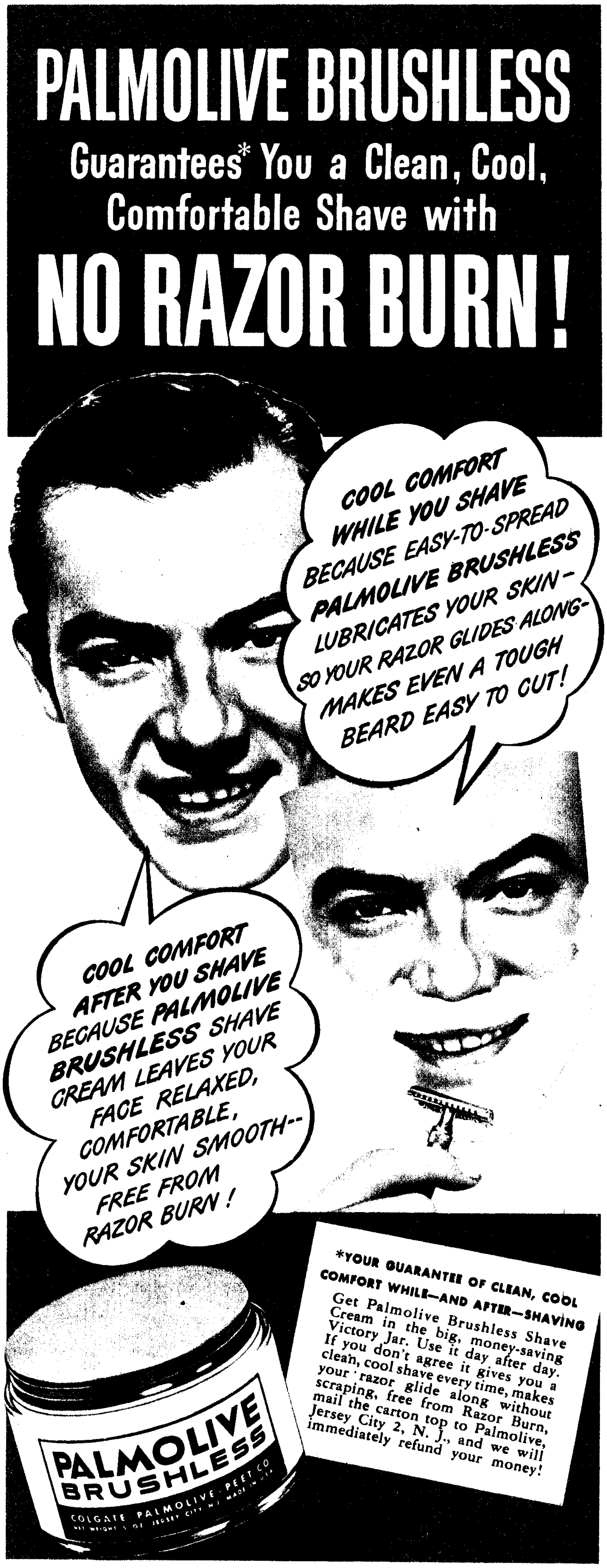
Any director who busts in on Buster while he's engaged in gadgeteering, and demands a gag for a picture is likely to be told, "Get a penguin!"

A penguin is the simplest and surest-fire laugh-getting labor-saving device in the gag business, and Mr. Keaton is thinking of putting up a statue to the species.

Monkeys are naturally funny, too, and so are goats, mules, swaybacked horses and, occasionally, lions. But bears, no. Dogs, no. Except ferocious dogs—sometimes.

The lowest gag in show business involves skunks. The gagman who, at the end of a long story conference which has failed to turn up any funny ideas, suggests desperately, "Well, we could have this guy pat a skunk," has reached the depths. Usually he is scorned by all other gagmen and wastes away into poverty.

If you ever see a skunk in a Keaton-gagged picture you can send Buster a wreath. He will be all through. ★★★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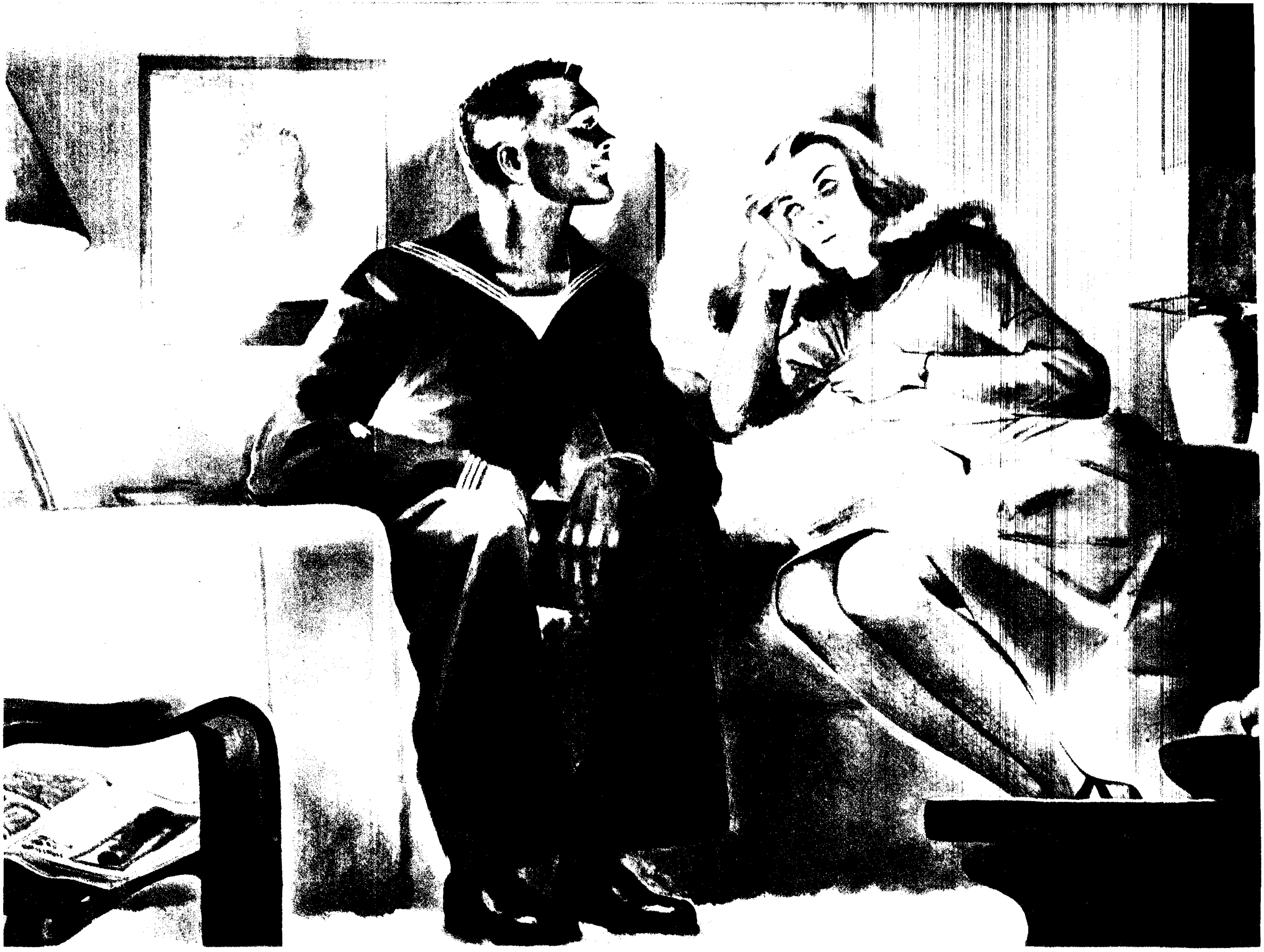
*YOUR GUARANTEE OF CLEAN, COOL COMFORT WHILE—AND AFTER—SHAVING

Get Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream in the big, money-saving Victory Jar. Use it day after day. If you don't agree it gives you a clean, cool shave every time, makes your razor glide along without scraping, free from Razor Burn, mail the carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, N. J., and we will immediately refund your money!



"Eddie," Elizabeth said softly. "I have a confession to make. I didn't cook the dinner. I can't cook at all"

THE HEART IS A MUSCLE

BY VIRGINIA LEE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

Love may be blind, but Eddie wasn't. He knew just what his wife had to be — until he met a girl who knew what she wanted in a husband

SEAMAN EDDIE BRANDON clasped the beautiful Sugar Plum fondly in his arms, as he cut an expert path with her around the dance floor of the New York canteen. The troubled haze overcasting his gray eyes was not attributable to the smoke-screen atmosphere of the canteen, nor was the worried expression on his uncomplicated face its usual one of irrepressibility.

"Stand by for a blow, Baby," he warned, in a clear tone. "You may as well know the worst. You just aren't the type, Bonbon. Papa can never marry you."

The confection within his arms gave no indication of having been mortally wounded by his pronouncement. Her sunbeam tresses flip-flopped from side to side, and the blue glance that darted from beneath her brown lashes was calculated to wither the hardiest salt-water plant.

"Which leaves me free," deduced Elizabeth sweetly, "to live happily ever after."

"A brave attitude, Bluebell," approved Eddie warmly, patting her shoulder. "Papa's only known you four days, but he's told you something of himself."

"He left out a comma back in 1932," said Elizabeth, "but the proofreader'll catch that."

"Then you know what sort of wife Papa needs."

For answer Elizabeth merely turned her two crystal-blue searchlights on him, thus paralyzing him completely and saving herself the trouble of dialogue.

But even the upheaval caused within him by the demoralizing effect of this azure gaze couldn't distract Eddie from deadly seriousness about the life he intended to lead after the war. He had just embarked on that life, in great earnestness and with equal zest, when Uncle Sam had slipped a middy blouse over his head and told him not to let the submarines catch the little cargo boats.

It was the life of a construction engineer in fair rolling country, where two tempestuous rivers bordered a rich valley, giving an engineer dreams to dream. It was the life of a poor engineer, with his way to make, whose wife would have to cook and sew and do battle with a washing machine and further exhibit stamina, fortitude and other sterling qualities that Eddie, exhausting his vast knowledge of human nature in the process, had been totally unable to detect in the beguiling Lotus Bloom in his arms.

"PAPA knows too much about human nature," said Eddie sadly. "Papa can never marry you."

"And where did Papa learn?" asked Elizabeth, in a voice that would have sent anyone knowing either more, or less, about feminine psychology back to sea.

"Life," confessed Eddie modestly. "College courses. And the world," he added grandly. "Papa's studied people. It's Papa's hobby. He can't help it, if he has the low-down."

It was not for lack of trying that Eddie had failed to unearth in Angel Plum the noble characteristics which he sought. He had dug like a gold miner, his fever mounting to veritable frenzy, as her slight, graceful form became more obviously the perfect fit for his arms. But he had excavated in vain.

Blossom Bud prattled amusingly of night clubs and frivolities. She persisted in referring to his home town as a burg. When he had asked her, in all earnestness, after half an hour's acquaintance, what sort of man she wanted to marry, she had lightly replied, "Oh, some millionaire." Having failed dismally, in every direction, to discover a single piece of evidence that would place her behind a washing machine, in fair rolling country, he had felt called on to tell Elizabeth exactly where he stood.

Elizabeth's words now wafted gently toward his ear. "And where," she wondered simply, "does the heart come in?"

As far as Eddie was concerned, the heart entered from all directions at once and held front center. But he had no intention of letting the weakness of a moment betray him into handicapping that future life, about which he felt so strongly. "The heart," he said coldly, "is a muscle."

(Continued on page 71)

This wonderful new color film...perfected in war...will soon be available to you

ANSCO COLOR FILM
DAYLIGHT TYPE
Ansco
COLOR REVERSIBLE FILM

Practically every foot of Ansco Color film and paper has been going to the armed forces and essential industries since June, 1940.

But there are encouraging signs that a limited amount of this remarkable film may soon be released for civilian use.

Natural, lifelike color

And, good as Ansco Color was originally, it is even better now that it has been tested and improved under exacting battle conditions.

We sincerely believe that Ansco Color is far superior to anything you have ever used. With this amazing film in your camera, you'll be able to take beautiful pictures...in *natural,* lifelike colors.

A word of caution

It is important to remember that color film cannot be handled as casually as black-and-white. It requires careful exposure. And the processing must be done under carefully controlled conditions for best results.

We'll let you know, the minute Ansco Color is available. When you get it, we think you'll get the most beautiful color pictures you ever saw!

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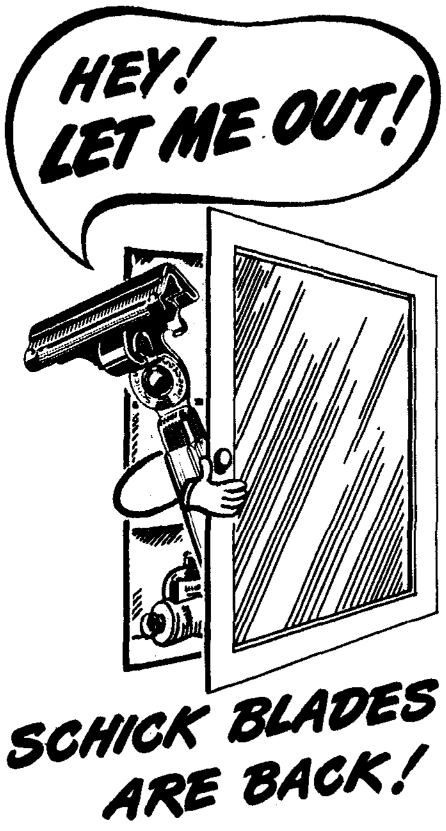
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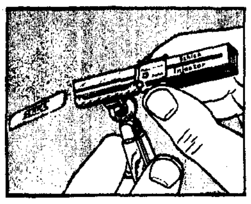
SCHICK BLADES ARE BACK!

Your Schick Injector Razor says and we quote: "I've been on the shelf long enough. You can put me back to work tomorrow morning! Schick Injector Blades are here again—in force!

'Nuff said? From now on, you and I can get together on some really smooth shaving!"

While we're still unable to get material for new razors—we're now supplying *all* military and civilian demands for the blades. So go right ahead and enjoy these Schick Injector features . . . the only basic safety razor improvements in the past 40 years!

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE



. . . an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.

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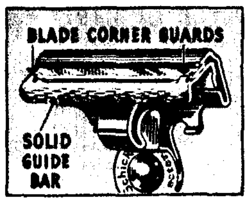
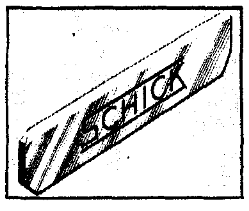


. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.

DOUBLE-THICK BLADES



. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

Frustrated Engineer

Continued from page 23

He talks on a little more, but you gather that the thirty per cent of the Wrigley stock he votes is a bigger block than anyone else owns and that he *will* still run the gum business without the title. In fact, a few hours ago he had shown his stockholding power by putting his old executive vice-president, Jim Cox, in as the new president.

The reporters go. Meyerhoff and Howe and Gallagher stay on for a few minutes, lounging around the outer provinces of the office. Wrigley talks of gum. He sells somewhat more than 600,000,000 sticks a month, all to the Armed Forces. His factory packages almost a million pounds of Army food per day. A stick of gum goes into each ration package.

"Gum buying," he says, in the tone of a man who has said it many times before, "is impulse buying. A man buys a magazine or a newspaper. When he pays for it, if he sees gum on the counter, he has an impulse to pick it up. If the gum is hidden under the counter, it doesn't move. In the chewing-gum business, we have one hundred and ten per cent distribution. One hundred per cent of the people who should be selling gum are. Ten per cent who shouldn't are.

"As an example, take the elderly lady who stands on the sidewalk outside a theater. Technically, she shouldn't be selling gum, but she is. When you come right down to it, we are selling an adult pacifier. That's what chewing gum is. We have made saliva tests and nervous-tension tests by the hundreds, and they *all* show that gum can make a monotonous job more bearable and ease nervous tension almost any time."

His father founded the business in 1891. William, Jr., came out of Philadelphia at the turn of the century selling soap and then baking powder. He gave gum away as a premium. The gum was made by Zeno of Chicago. Wrigley found that the premium was so popular that it would be smart to drop the baking powder and sell gum. He merged with Zeno, called it the Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company and uttered his credo: "Anybody can make gum. Selling it is the problem." The company today is more of a sales organization than a manufacturing company. A single plant in Chicago makes practically all the gum Wrigley sells.

To make the stuff, you need sugar, chicle, jelutong, and other gum bases. The principal sources of many of these are Malaya and Borneo. That's why production had to be cut. However, chicle and other gum bases are still obtainable from Central America. Fifteen thousand tons of coagulated latex—an amount which could be dropped in the holds of a good-sized freighter—is more than enough for the normal annual needs of the American gum industry.

Poppa Wrigley devised all the trade names for his gum. He has sold thirty-odd different brand names. Juicy Fruit came first. Then *Spearmint*. Then *Doublemint*. And lastly, P.K.s. Philip K. Wrigley denies that P.K.s were named for him, and to bolster his contention, he has an involved *explanation which no one believes*. The flavor for Spearmint is in a plant of the same name. It abounds in Michigan and Indiana. The Doublemint flavor is pure peppermint and comes mostly from the same states. P.K. is a sugar-coated peppermint.

Young Wrigley likes to think of Spearmint as a man's gum, and Doublemint as a woman's chew. Juicy Fruit is most popular among children and foreign elements. It is made with artificial fruit flavors. P.K. was the first gum to disappear from the domestic market. A few weeks ago, Wrigley pulled all his gum off the domestic market and now sends it to the Armed Forces overseas.

Phil did not have to be coaxed to get into his father's business. After a formal education at Andover and some chemistry at the University of Chicago, he took time out to go to Australia for the company in 1915 and, in 1918, became a naval lieutenant (j.g.). He returned to the company as vice-president in 1919. Six years later, Pop stepped up as chairman of the board, and Phil became president. His father died in January, 1932, and left a multitude of interests to his widow, his daughter and his only son. It is doubtful that he could have left them in more capable hands.

World-Wide Holdings

He owns or (through the company or the family estates) has a heavy interest in the following enterprises: The Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company; the Arizona-Biltmore Hotel; the New York Subways Advertising Company; the National Boulevard Bank; the Chicago Cubs; the Wrigley Building Restaurant; the Wrigley Buildings North and South; Wrigley's Australasia, Ltd.; Wrigley's Ltd., of England; Catalina Island and a men's wear store.

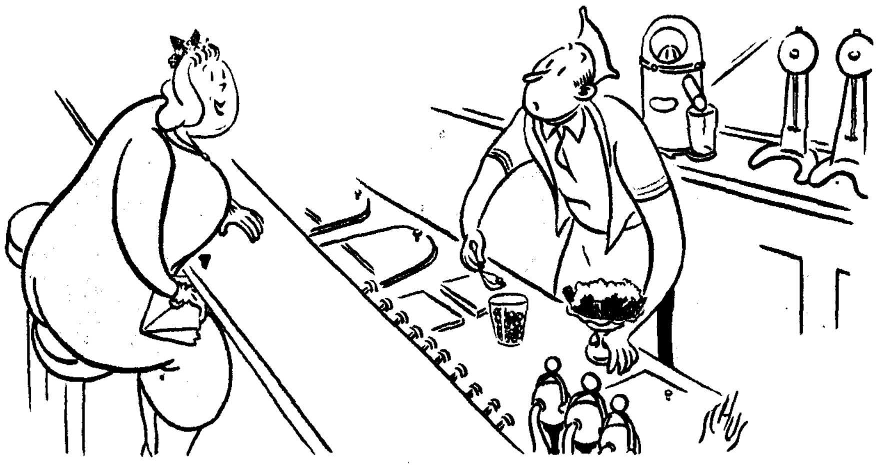
As president of Wrigley, he drew a salary of $65,000 a year. His iron honesty was hard to take. When he made a trip to New York to see his Cubs play the Giants, he stopped the salary while he was away. Now that he has quit as president, he has stopped the salary permanently. He owns 98,000 shares of Wrigley outright and a one-third interest in 500,000 more. Last year Wrigley stock paid $3.25 a share. That comes to $860,166 for Philip alone.

He controls Catalina Island, a big playground off the California coast. The only way of getting to it is by Wilmington Transportation Company (planes and boats). He controls that, too. He controls the Arizona-Biltmore at Phoenix outright. But he winces when he thinks of the price per day of staying there.

A few months ago, he was introduced to a woman who told him how she enjoyed the hospitality of his hotel. He shook hands with her violently and said it was a pleasure to meet someone who could afford to stay in it. He's a member in good standing of the Cooks and Waiters Union. He is benevolent toward organized labor. And yet his factory employees are not heavily unionized.

He has a big apartment in Chicago where he lives with his wife and children. He has a home in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, where the family spends its summers. He has a third big home at Catalina, and he bought his father's fine old brick house in Chicago in *1919*.

In sum, he has plenty. And yet, those who know Phil Wrigley best call him "the frustrated engineer." Fixing automobiles and powerboats is more than a hobby. It's an ecstatic obsession. On week ends he removes carbon, grinds valves, sets new rings in, adjusts carburetors, puts on new head gaskets and fixes flats.



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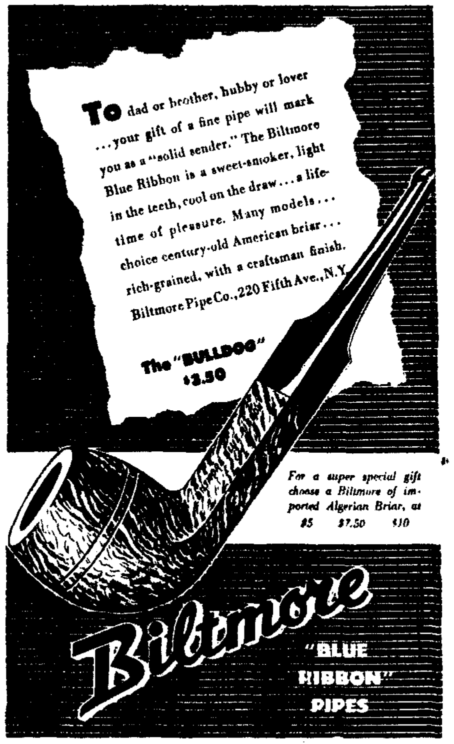

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He has other hobbies. But this one is *it*. He spends as much spare time as he can in the big garage behind his dad's brick house. There he tinkers with limousines and has tackles and hoists and blocks and all sorts of tools on racks to help him with his work. One Sunday when he was working, a jalopy full of Negroes drew up.

"You fix flats?" the driver asked.

"Sure," said Wrigley. He ran and got a jack, put it under the front axle, pumped the wheel off the ground, took the wheel off, found the leak, patched it, water-tested it, put it back on, removed his jack, and, when the driver wanted to give him a half dollar, Wrigley grinned and said, "Oh, that's all right."

Once, when he came into Chicago on Lake Michigan aboard his yacht, he found that a blade of the bronze propeller was bent. A few hours in drydock would be enough to straighten it. Wrigley said no. He said he'd fix it himself. He bought a diver's suit. And a deckhand pumped air to him. And every morning he stepped heavy-footed down a ladder over the stern and tinkered with the propeller.

A few blocks away, a sad-eyed man with a little boat was selling rides around the lake-front for a quarter. Business was abominable. He heard about Wrigley and the diving suit and he put up a big sign: "See a man in a diving suit—50 cents." Business was terrific. Wrigley heard about it. He ordered his deckhand to keep an eye out for the little tourist boat. "When it comes near," he said, "give two tugs on the air line." It was done. And each day, Wrigley would climb slowly up from his work below to take a profound bow.

Phil Wrigley has a fine appreciation of money. He thinks you can understand it best not by saving it but by learning to spend it wisely. When his children were hardly out of the three-cornered-pants stage, he gave each of them a checkbook and told them he had deposited money to their accounts and to please start spending. He thinks it had a more salutary effect than if he had asked them to save money.

Politically, Wrigley is an enigma. Even his close associates do not know how he votes. The nearest they ever come to finding out is in the middle of a political discussion when he coins a cliché: "Don't try to buck the tide." He said it in 1932, 1936, 1940, and says it this year. It could mean one thing the first three times, and something different now.

Promoter of Ladies' Ball Teams

Right now, he is interested in his girls' professional softball league. His idea is to furnish additional entertainment for factory towns with war plants. The girls earn between $40 and $100 a week. Last year he had four teams and each one cost $20,000 to operate. The prizes for the championship were high-school scholarships. He wants to build a girls' national sport, and he thinks he has it. He won't permit a mention of the name Wrigley on the uniforms or in the advertising.

Over the garage where he putters with cars, he has a photographic studio. It's big and is complete with enlargers, developing tanks, cameras, film, papers of all grades and sizes and weights, and special gadgets he has rigged up himself. Yet he doesn't like to take pictures and he doesn't like to pose for any. He likes to develop and print pictures.

Probably his greatest pride is in what he has done to convert his gum business to war. Besides making rations for the Army, he has a Sunday coast-to-coast show devoted to the Army Air Forces (America in the Air); a Thursday coast-to-coaster for the Navy (The First Line) and a 15-minute daily woman-power show (American Women).

He has only one known worry. And it haunts him. That comes when he gets to thinking of the man who has just put a penny in a Wrigley gum machine and received no gum. He worries about things like that.

THE END

The Heart is a Muscle

Continued from page 68

Elizabeth batted her long eyelashes around extravagantly. "Where did you learn that?" she gaped. "In your little burg?"

"Town," corrected Eddie. "You're frivolous. You neither cook, sew, spin, nor weave. You're unadapted to life in my home town. You'd hang no washing on the line. You're pretty, Caramel Cream. A confection. But you're without the character essential to—"

Elizabeth's right arm rose in an ominous gesture. "Why, I ought to—"

"Hold it!" cried Eddie, seizing the arm, while the muscle in his chest began to contort painfully. "Believe me, Bluebell, this hurts Papa worse than it does you."

EDDIE had no sooner dismissed Sugar and Spice with this character-reading than she made a beeline for a handsome lieutenant, whom he had noticed for the past two days sitting practically motionless, near the edge of the dance floor, staring at Caramel Cup with an intensity that betokened a major fixation. Elizabeth paused, en route to her objective, only long enough to snatch up a plate of doughnuts.

Elizabeth, too, had noticed the fixation.

She now smiled at it, in her most entrancing manner. "Have a doughnut," Eddie heard her say to the lieutenant and add, obviously by way of guarantee, "I didn't make them."

"Why, thank you," the lieutenant said, with a start of pleasure.

"I don't know how to make doughnuts," added Elizabeth, gratis.

"You don't?" The lieutenant accepted this, as if it were altogether delightful information, adding immeasurably to her stature.

Eddie moved disdainfully away from this unedifying scene, taking up his position, as was his wont, when not dancing with Elizabeth, beside a rapidly diminishing stack of ham sandwiches, at the counter across the room, and staring at her with rapt and critical attention.

Elizabeth settled down beside the lieutenant with a swish. She had noted, even from a distance, the breath-taking regularity of his features, but she saw, on close-up, that he was as impressive as a job of color photography and had, besides, a manner of infinite strength and assurance. "I want to talk to you," said Elizabeth, wondering if any pin-up boy had such black hair and such blue eyes.

"That's a coincidence," the lieutenant said, staring hard at his doughnut. "I've been trying to get up nerve to talk to you."

This repartee, naturally, was inaudible to Eddie, although it was apparent to him, from their facial expressions, that it was of a wholly vapid and unenlightening nature.

As a matter of fact, the lieutenant happened to be saying at the minute, "You see, I used to be a professor of psychology—"

"Mrs. Wickham told me," interrupted Elizabeth. "That's why I want to talk to you."

"—and can analyze motives and desires," he continued, ignoring the interruption, "and even deduce the mental and emotional results of given behavior. But I can't direct my own actions as I want to." He bit rather savagely into the doughnut. "I'm shy," he interpreted.

"That's too bad," said Elizabeth. "Couldn't you take a course?"

The lieutenant shook his head glumly. "The more courses, the more conscious I become of my psyche. And the more that happens, the more prone I am to analyze, instead of act. I'm self-conscious," he translated.

"I only got B in psychology," said Elizabeth, adding, to keep the record straight, "That was because the professor liked me."

"I can believe that," said the lieutenant, his eyes doing an admiring right dress in her direction and a shy return to attention.

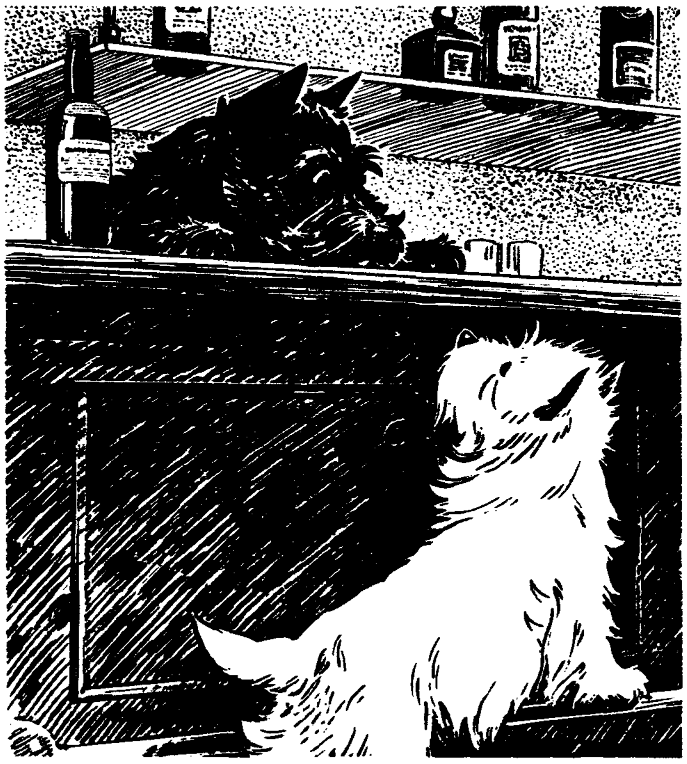
"But you look so calm," marveled Elizabeth.

"Purely defense. Why, I'm in love with a girl who used to be my assistant at the university, a beautiful girl, whose interest in me seems quite unpsychological, yet I can't make the necessary advances—" He paused miserably, then added with a rush, "But I've always felt that if I could once break through my timidity—"

"Well, we might get off to a crawling start, if I asked you to dance."

The lieutenant looked undecided whether to seize her in his arms at once, or bolt for the door. "I don't dance very well," he compromised.

Elizabeth cast an eye at the patch of dance floor, where what appeared to be the greater



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Blackie: "I'm afraid we won't be able to take care of all of our friends, Whitey."

Whitey: "Don't worry, Blackie, most of them will come back when BLACK & WHITE becomes plentiful again!"

Americans always will stand in line to get a superior product. That's why BLACK & WHITE can't supply the demand today. As a result, we may lose some of our friends, temporarily—but we share Whitey's faith in the ultimate reunion—and we hope it will not be too long before there will be enough BLACK & WHITE to go around.

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CHRIS-CRAFT CORPORATION, ALGONAC, MICH. ★ WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS rt of a regiment was engaged in complited mass maneuvers. “Who'll notice?” she id.

From his vantage point across the floor, rd by a now diminished stack of ham sandches, Eddie had missed none of this relting pantomime. As a result of his wide owledge of human nature, one thing was mediately obvious to him. This was that e lieutenant was unquestionably a millionre.

With a mental aside that for the first time e canteen sandwiches had given him indistion, he noticed how fervently Elizabeth as gazing up into the millionaire's face, as at awkward goon let little Joy and Rapture trampled on by half a battalion.

Their words, of course, were lost to him. But the lieutenant's head was bent very ar Elizabeth's at the moment, and the lieunant was saying, in a tone of great envy, That sailor you've been dancing with has a ry free personality.”

“Temporarily,” replied Elizabeth. “That's hat I want to talk to you about.”

HE turmoil his vast knowledge of human nature and other factors had stirred up ithin Eddie's chest seethed and bubbled, ntil, when the canteen opened the next day, e found himself reduced to a state bordering n the pitiable. None of his usual pastimes, either bowling, nor shooting—both gallery nd crap—nor the small fortune an independnt pinball machine, to the fury of the mangement, had dumped on him, instead of on he house, had been able to put a bloom on is lusterless day.

He anchored his sailor cap on the back of is head, where it rode the bristles of his hair ike a ship about to slip over the horizon, nd headed purposefully for the canteen.

Eddie admitted to himself that it would ave been just as well if the subject of mariage had never pricked his consciousness at ll until after the war, but as long as it had een brought so forcibly to his attention, with the entrance into his life of Slim and Lovely, he saw the futility of trying to banish t. Digging into his reservoir of psychology, e realized that the only thing for him to do was to sublimate his present frustration by ransferring his affections to another, and more suitable, object. As he pushed open the door of the canteen, he was looking everywhere at once for a sensible girl, who could wrestle a washing machine and settle down to life in fair rolling country, where an engineer had dreams to dream.

He leaned one blue-clad shoulder against the wall, while the juke box jogged a surrey over Oklahoma roads, and looked them over structurally for size, having something more substantial in mind than butter cream. A smooth, well-proportioned form, sizable, but shaped, had no trouble at all catching his eye. He allowed himself ample time to note that the accompanying face was flawless, framed in wavy, dark hair and devoid of those elfin qualities that made Lambie Love as unpredictable as the ocean.

Having made this discovery, Eddie swung the new candidate onto the dance floor, with no appreciable delay, whirling and jumping into little holes left vacant by retreating couples. Although Moira hadn't the knack of melting against him like a sunbeam, a trick at which young Frivolous excelled, she was an easy armful. No doubt about her being able to wrestle a washing machine.

“How's with you and the cookstove?” inquired Eddie, coming bluntly to the point, but grinning infectiously to offset whatever might need offsetting.

“Okay,” said Moira calmly. “I baked the cookies we had at the canteen yesterday.”

The low whistle that escaped Eddie sent a flush of pleasure over Moira's creamy cheeks. “And with the cleaning and sewing?” he followed up his advantage.

“I'm the domestic type.”

Eddie pretended to swoon. “But you wouldn't like to live in a small town?”

“Why, I was brought up in one! I don't think I'll ever get used to New York.”

Eddie's delight at this would have known no bounds, indeed, if, at the moment, his eye, catching the clock, hadn't impressed on his brain the abhorrent fact that Daisy Doll was already ten minutes late.

He saw immediately that she was late entirely to spite and torment him, and because she was the irresponsible type, wholly unable to meet her obligations. The mutual exclusiveness of these two reasons plunged him into a psychological impasse of which he was entirely unaware, but which caused him, nevertheless, momentarily to forget the new candidate in his arms and, by some inverse reasoning, to look around for the millionaire.

The lieutenant was sitting in the same chair, as if, in fact, he had never left it, wearing the same wooden face. But Eddie's sharp eyes detected a subtle change in his manner, an uneasiness mingled with a new intensity. The uneasiness was apparent, when the lieutenant's glance swung from the clock to the door and around the circuit again. The intensity became visible, when he transferred his gaze to Eddie and began to concentrate like a seer going into an advanced state of hypnosis.

Eddie returned the gaze and bumped Moira into a marine. He turned his back on it and bumped her into a sailor. When Elizabeth came in, he opened his mouth like a fish and bumped himself against the wall. It took her practically no time at all to whip off her hat, flip the sunbeam stuff into place and bear lightly down on the lieutenant, smiling like daffy.

The lieutenant's wooden expression splintered wide in a smile, as he leaped to his feet, proving himself capable of motion after all.

Eddie transferred his attention forcibly from this offensive show to Moira.

“Sorry. I haven't a drop of rum left in the place. How about a rye or bourbon?”

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

“Let's dance,” he said quickly.

“Why, we are!”

Eddie frowned. Elizabeth would merely have retorted, “I wondered when you were going to start,” which, while it wouldn't have hung any washing on the line, would have afforded him a certain esthetic satisfaction, of which he felt badly in need.

Elizabeth, in the meanwhile, was allowing the lieutenant to lead her to the dance floor and encircle her with his ready right arm. “It gets easier,” he discovered with delight.

“Go to the head of the class,” said Elizabeth. “How's Exhibit A?” she nodded toward the Navy.

“A simple case. I've been watching him.” He was now watching Elizabeth. “He hasn't any subtlety, or inhibitions. He'll respond to the most rudimentary treatment. In fact, psychologically, he's quite uninteresting, although, naturally, a scientist is always glad of any practical demonstration, especially when it includes such a—such a—” His deep blue eyes tangled confusedly with hers. Elizabeth realized that she would have had no trouble at all getting A in psychology, with the right professor. She also thought that there was something very appealing about the nice lieutenant and that his feet showed signs of eventually giving in to the music.

“I mean—jealousy,” stammered the lieutenant, with an embarrassed rush. “He'll respond to it, in its most obvious form. Although just what shape his reaction will take—”

“Oh, I don't think he'll take a poke at you,” said Elizabeth. “Although he might at me.”

“I can take care of myself,” said the lieutenant stoutly. “The Army's taught me that. And of you, too.” With these words, his arm tightened around her and, although a flood of color overwhelmed his regular features, he made no effort to release it.

Elizabeth experienced a pleasurable stir of confusion. “Teacher'll have to get your diploma,” said Elizabeth quickly.

As far as Eddie was concerned, he stood the repulsive sight of Sunny Love and the millionaire lumbering around the room, as long as it was in the power of mortal sailor to do, then he cut in.

“Papa wants to see if little Buttercup has forgotten how to dance,” he said.

Elizabeth merely smiled.

“The pretty millionaire ought to brush up on his minuet,” said Eddie tartly. “He gavottes all right, but Papa doesn't like the way he points his toe in the minuet.”

“Millionaire? Oh, Harry,” said Elizabeth.

“Harry!” Eddie repeated the word, as if he would have to follow it with a stomach pill.

“Isn't he beautiful? They made him for the cover of a magazine, but now he's mine.”

Eddie saw that it would be unprofitable further to pursue the subject of money and magazines. “You were late,” he accused sternly, ridges scowling across his forehead, like waves breaking on a beach.

“I'm frivolous,” said Elizabeth. “Haven't you heard? I don't hang any washing on the line. I neither cook, sew, spin, nor weave. I—”

THE ensuing twenty-four hours saw Eddie reduced to an even greater state of deterioration, despite the comforts of psychology. He passed the major part of the time staring moodily into space, reassuring himself on his knowledge of human nature in general and on the unblemished condition of his future life.

He thought firmly of the gentle valley, between the full flowing rivers, and of the friendly little burg—er, town, where he would have a white house on a hill. He planned two spectacular engineering projects, a dam and a bridge, acknowledged the plaudits of press and public, and returned triumphant to his wife, who, turning off the current of the shiny, new washing machine, ran to meet him. A frilly, white apron curled around her slender figure, and the sun tangled in the glint or her shining hair, as young Love and Kisses threw her arms warmly around his neck and—no dammit!

He jerked himself away from the trap into which his undirected emotions had plunged him.

As soon as the canteen opened, he went casually around, covering the last fifty yards by means of a dash. Almost immediately on entering he caught sight of Moira, as pleasant and acceptable as he remembered her. He also saw that there had been no need for his great rush in discovering her. The room seemed full of capably built, pleasantly shaped girls, with advertisable complexions, healthy irises, and undoubted ability to handle a washing machine. He could pick one up later, at his leisure. It was only when it came to Elizabeth that nature had apparently forgotten the pattern, which, in view of her shortcomings, was just as well.

At the end of half an hour it began to dawn on Eddie that Creamy Pie's frivolity had degenerated today, not only into tardiness, but into complete absence. When he discovered that the millionaire's wooden presence was no longer visible on its wooden chair, it didn't take anyone with his knowledge of human nature long to put two and two together and get a severe headache.

He plunged headlong across the room to Mrs. Wickham, the senior hostess, bringing up with a skid and a bang. “Where's Elizabeth?” he roared, somewhat startled at the volume of sound emerging from his larynx.

Mrs. Wickham shuddered genteelly back from this broadside. “Why, Elizabeth has a cold,” she said. “Her mother thought it best to keep her home.”

Eddie burst out into the street. He knew very well where Elizabeth lived, having beaten a track to her door in the first, foolish days, before his understanding of feminine psychology had come to his rescue. He also knew very well the cost in taxi fare, but, at the moment, he scorned to count it.

Elizabeth's mother opened the door of the apartment, herself.

“Elizabeth has a slight cold,” said Mrs. Watkins pleasantly. “But you may go in to see her.” She nodded toward the bedroom.

Eddie edged nervously toward the door.

“Oh, it's quite all right,” Mrs. Watkins smiled. “Another friend is there.”

Eddie took the last steps down the hall with a rushing slide, due to the unfortunate conjunction of speed with a small hooked rug. Just as he had supposed from his deep understanding of human nature, the lieutenant was there.

“Why, hello,” said Elizabeth, looking totally undamaged by her conflict with germs. “It's nice of you to come. Do you know Lieutenant Milnor, Eddie? This is Seaman Brandon, Harry.”

Solely for the sake of the Navy, Eddie condescended to shake hands. Sugar Love was ensconced in a chaise longue, impersonating a day dream in pastels. She was wearing a pale blue satin robe and had a pale pink throw over her knees. Her hair ribbon was blue; her cheeks were pink. During his first numbed admiration, Eddie calculated rapidly that, in all probability, there was not a single chaise longue in the whole of his home town. Naturally, one could be imported, if anyone wanted to wrap herself up in pink and blue and recline on it, after a hard day at the washing machine. He quickly got the better of this unworthy thought.

Even to a healthy man, it was nauseating to see the lieutenant's eyes doting fondly on Elizabeth and Sweet Dream's own orbs gazing raptly into his. After a minute of this, their eyes would go simultaneously to an enormous vase filled with deep, red roses and return fondly to their starting point.

Eddie got the point. He put his hands on his hips and stepped belligerently between them. “You don't look very sick,” he bellowed.

“Sorry,” said Elizabeth. “I'll try.”

“I only came because I thought you might be in need of comfort.”

“Did you?” said Elizabeth.

“But I see you're not in need of comfort, so I'll be going.”

“Oh, must you?” said Elizabeth.

“Some people have other things to do,” retorted Eddie with dignity and headed, with furious dispatch, out of the door, but remembering, even in his haste, the hooked rug.

The lieutenant leaned his handsome head toward Elizabeth and whispered enthusiastically, “He's listening outside the door.”

“I know.”

“I think I'd better make love to you.” He turned and addressed the doorway in stentorian tones. “Darling,” he said, “I must kiss you.”

He perched himself clumsily on the foot of the chaise longue and reached out for her. Somehow he managed to draw her to him and place his lips experimentally on hers. After a second or so he let her go and drew back, with an expression of annoyed frustration. “Oh, I ought to be able to do better than that!” he exclaimed with irritation and seized her abruptly. Some seconds later Elizabeth wondered vaguely whether the violence with which the front door slammed had anything at all to do with her sensation of having been blown a mile in the air.

The lieutenant released her at last and regarded her with steadily enlarging eyes. “Yes,” breathed the lieutenant slowly, “indeed,” and reached out for her again.

“Uh-uh,” gulped Elizabeth, lifting a restraining hand. “You win the diploma, Junior. But keep away from Teacher.”

THE lieutenant rose from the chaise longue and began to pace around the room, in a dazed, but thoughtful way. “I was going through some textbooks last night,” he said at last, in a shy, eager voice, “and I think I have a new angle on this. If you want to be really convincing, I believe you'll have to put him out of your mind for the experiment and concentrate entirely on me.”

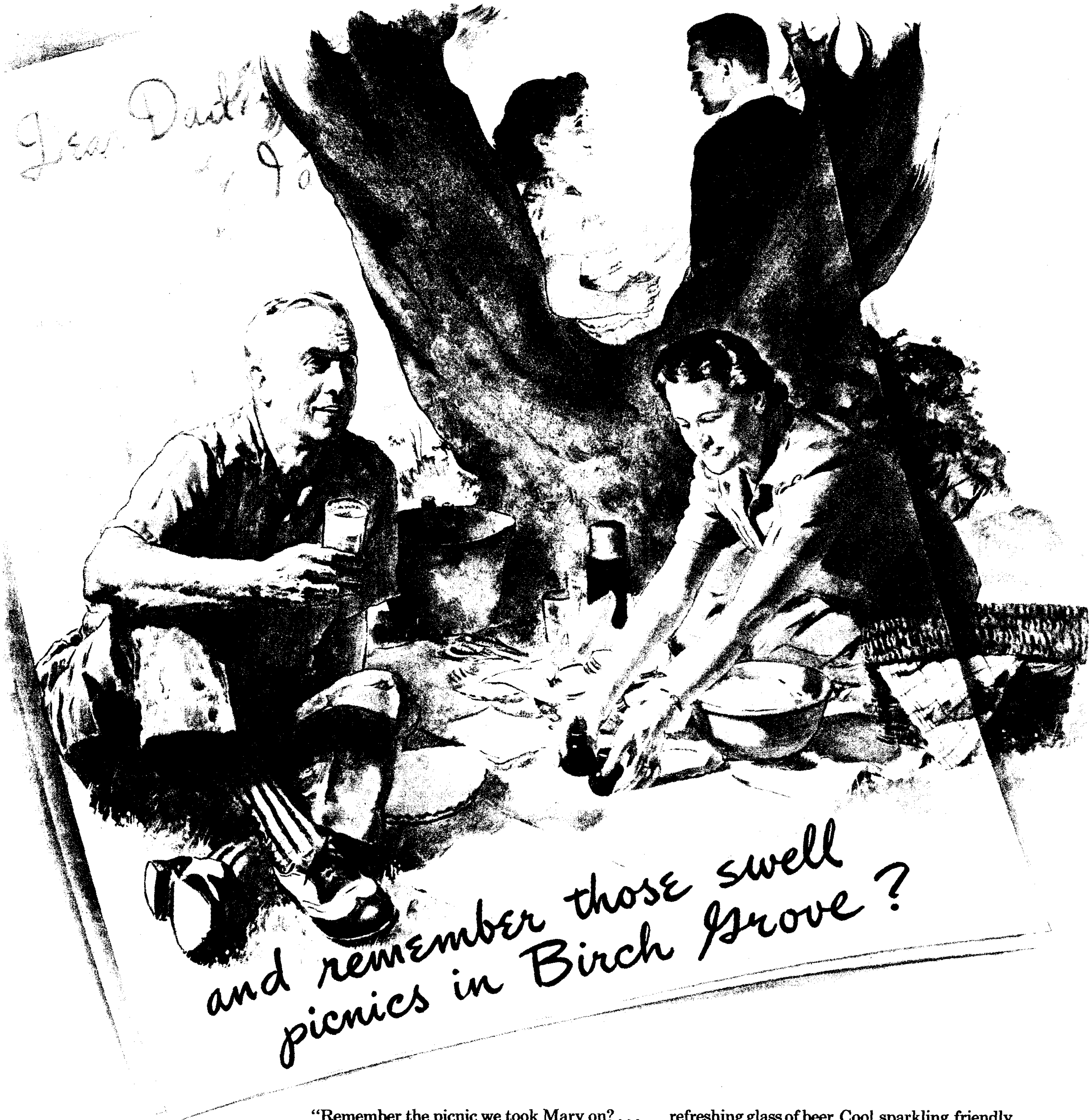
“I will?” said Elizabeth.

“It's a new psychological approach, of course,” he added hastily, with a swift, sidelong glance at her, “but some of the best schools of thought endorse it. It may seem strange to you, but I believe the quickest way to bring this to a happy conclusion is to dismiss him completely from your mind. Whenever you start to think of him, just think of me, instead.”

“Is that what the textbooks say?” inquired Elizabeth.

“Some of the most learned psychologists favor it. It's a very subtle method of approach, but satisfactory. I don't think it's ever failed. I hope.”

“Isn't it interesting what you can read in books?” breathed Elizabeth.


Dear Dad,
and remember those swell picnics in Birch Grove?

Men of the Marine Corps say letters keep up morale . . . Write that V-Mail letter today.

"Remember the picnic we took Mary on? . . . How is the garden doing this year? . . . Sure could go for one of Mom's apple pies."

Yes, he has weightier matters on his mind . . . battles to be fought and a war to be won. But where there's time . . . he writes a letter home—to ask about the small, familiar things that he remembers. These are the things that he'll be coming back to when the war is over . . . the *little* things that remind him of home.

It happens that to many of us these important little things include the right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer. Cool, sparkling, friendly, beer is a sigh of satisfaction . . . a forehead wrinkle erased . . . a firm-set mouth relaxing into a friendly smile.

Wholesome and satisfying—how good it is as a beverage of moderation after a hard day's work . . . with good friends . . . with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer or ale—not of crucial importance, surely . . . yet it is little things like this that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale—ours and his.

Morale is a lot of little things

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

3ut she had already invited Eddie to din- the next evening, because it was his last ht of shore leave. She said she thought would be nice for him to have a home- ked meal before he left, and he felt there s something in what she said.

He dropped his hat on the hall table, cran his neck warily around for the lieuten , but found he was nowhere to be seen fact, no one was to be seen but Heaven nt, herself, who was wearing an expression dering suspiciously on the smug.

'Father and Mother went to the movies,' d Elizabeth. "They'll be home early. The it cup's on the table. Let's sit down."

The fruit cup had an unmistakable tang d came in large enough quantities to be re than a sample.

'I'll take off the dishes," said Elizabeth ng so. She came in from the kitchen bear a huge platter laden with a large, succu t-looking loin of pork, surrounded by asted potatoes, onions and apples, and ced it before Eddie. "Would you like to ve?" she asked gently.

Eddie picked up the carving knife and k, gazing inquiringly the while from ney Glow to the doorway leading into the chen. "Where's Ermintrude?" he said th wonder.

"Imogene has left us for a drill press."

"Then, who's out in the kitchen?"

"No one," said Elizabeth sweetly.

Eddie waved the knife and fork incredu sly from Flower Face, to the loin of pork d back to Flower Face again. "You mean you—this— No! Papa doesn't under nd! Papa's from confusion! Papa—" He nged suddenly forward, plunging the knife adly into the loin of pork. A piece split nderly away from the rest. He dashed the rk precipitately into a potato, an onion, an ple. Rich, juicy portions were revealed. he gravy!" he cried wildly, sticking his ad in the bowl. "There aren't any lumps it!"

"I didn't know you liked them," said Eliza- eth.

HE COLLAPSED in his chair, his hands dangling helplessly over the sides, still utching the knife and fork. "Papa's in fog," he muttered weakly, his eyes rolling from side to side. "Papa's in a swoon. apa—"

"Is Papa hungry?" asked Elizabeth, her ngers drumming ominously against the table.

"Papa's starved."

"Then why doesn't Papa eat?"

As he downed the tender, juicy loin of ork, the richly roasted potatoes, onions and pples, Eddie also digested the ambrosial nowledge that there had been a slight flaw his understanding of human nature, which as now blissfully corrected, making his nowledge complete. Angel Food was not he untutored featherweight he had thought er. She was a cook par excellence, a woman f ability and character. There was no doubt hat anyone who could cook like that could lso learn to be efficient in any other matters requiring her skill. A washing machine would be mere child's play.

"Papa didn't know you could cook," he mumbled dazedly, helping himself to a second piece of pork.

"He didn't?"

"The gravy—" he stammered, taking some.

Elizabeth fixed him with a matter-of-fact eye. "Do you know what gravy is?" she asked. "Flour and water and meat juices."

"It is?" he marveled, staring idiotically, although he knew perfectly well what gravy was. "But the meat—"

"You put it in the oven," said Elizabeth firmly. "And light the gas."

These simple statements so resolved Eddie's inner conflict that he could hardly wait until he had downed the second piece of apple pie before proposing to her.

"I'll do the dishes later," Elizabeth said. "Let's go in the living room."

EDDIE settled himself on the sofa, sighing the sigh of the victor, whose flag is flying from the fort. "Papa's been an idiot," he said apologetically. "But Papa loves you, Moonbeam." He leaned over and took her hand. "Will you marry me, Elizabeth?" he asked, his voice husky with intensity. "Will you, Elizabeth?"

He had entirely forgotten that there was such a thing as a doorbell. But one rang. He had also forgotten the existence of the lieutenant. But that plutocratic nuisance walked in.

Every trace of woodenness had disappeared from the lieutenant's manner, leaving his composure, in fact, reduced to a pulp. "I must speak to you, Elizabeth," he said, with great agitation, and added pointedly, eyeing the sailor suit in the living room, "alone. Isn't there some place we can go?"

"We might go into Father's study."

"Elizabeth!" roared Eddie.

But she simply led the lieutenant down the hall.

Elizabeth was the only one in the apartment at the moment who was having a good time. As she gazed up into the lieutenant's handsome face, distress signals flying all over it, she wasn't in the least bit worried, or confused, or unhappy.

"I have a confession to make," said the lieutenant nervously, twisting his cap around in his hands and eyeing the floor with his deep, blue gaze. "When I told you to stop thinking about the sailor and concentrate on me, I was employing a ruse. I was really hoping that if you paid enough attention to me, I might overcome my inhibitions."

"Oh, I see," murmured Elizabeth softly, having done so all along and now mentally noting what a shambles woman's intuition can make of textbooks.

"It wasn't fair, perhaps," he added contritely, "but I had to do it. As a matter of fact, you ought to concentrate on the sailor."

"From now on," said Elizabeth.

"You're a wonderful girl, Elizabeth," he said timidly, lifting his eyes to hers at last. "You've given me confidence in myself. Just dancing with you and talking to you and, er—everything, has helped me over the hurdles. From now on it's only a matter of practice." He twisted his cap around again and looked shyly aside. "I'm leaving tonight to see my own girl," he said.

"Oh, Harry!" beamed Elizabeth.

"Well, what am I waiting for?" he said.

From his position in the living room, Eddie craned his neck into a U turn to watch the lieutenant's departure.

"Eddie," Elizabeth said softly, coming back to him. "I have a confession to make."

Eddie sat down abruptly on the sofa, as if his knees had collapsed, as, indeed, they had. The muscle in his chest began to contort itself into a barrel hitch, with a lariat loop on the side, causing him no little pain in the process. It was obvious to him, knowing what he did about women, that Beauty Belle had just signed a life contract with the millionaire. He managed to pull his handkerchief out of his pocket and mop his brow. He even managed to put it back again and moisten his lips. Finally, he clasped his hands between his knees and settled on a course of staring straight ahead of him, as if nothing short of artificial respiration could ever bring him around.

Elizabeth sat down beside him. "I didn't cook the dinner," she murmured at last, in a small voice. "I can't cook at all."

While this had no conscious effect on Eddie, subconsciously it began to worm its way to his attention. "You—didn't—cook—the —dinner," he stammered weakly. "You mean you're not going to marry—!" He pointed excitedly toward the door.

Elizabeth shook her head. She edged shyly over and put a hand on his arm. "But the woman who cooked that dinner couldn't even butter a biscuit, when she got married!" she said triumphantly. "Mother! She couldn't spin, or weave, or even shear the sheep. And as for sewing, why, the least torn, the soonest mended!"

Eddie was experiencing a variety of overwhelming emotions, as well as an odd sensation in his head, caused by his knowledge of human nature banging rudely against conflicting evidence. But the muscle in his chest was beginning to relax, so he felt better. Only one thing seemed perfectly clear to him. This was that it would be nice to hold Fluffy Love's hand. This he did.

"And I promise you, Eddie," said Elizabeth earnestly, "I promise, darling, that the next time you get back from sea, I'll be able to cook."

EDDIE was now squarely facing the fact that he was in a state of delirious joy, a condition at which he had arrived entirely in spite of, and not because of, his deep insight into feminine psychology.

"You see," explained Elizabeth fondly, rubbing her cheek against his sleeve, "a girl isn't necessarily a good cook, or housekeeper, or even a sterling character, to start with. She just does the best she can with herself, until the man she loves comes along. Then she tries to make herself into the kind of wife he'll need." She looked up at his aggressive profile, with the hair rising in an abrupt vertical line from his forehead, and murmured softly, "Does Papa see?"

"Papa sees," breathed Eddie faintly. Papa was seeing a great many things, among them that, since his present state of bliss wasn't entirely consistent with his vast knowledge of human nature in general and of feminine psychology in particular, it would be just as well to dump the last two overboard and start all over again, with his present state of bliss as a firm foundation.

"And don't worry about me in your little burg—"

"Town."

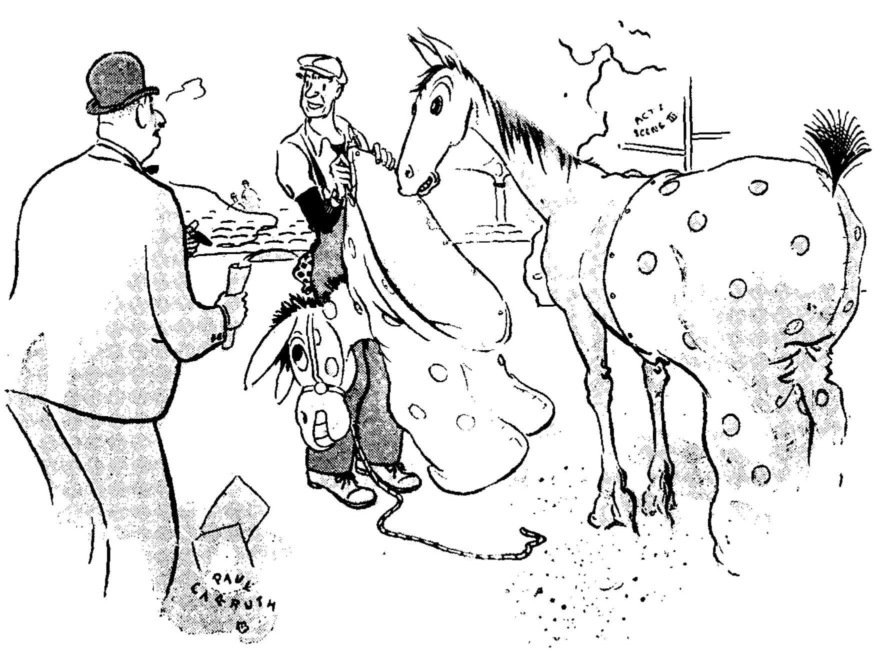
"Burg—town, what's the difference? As long as you're there, I'll be happy."

Without further ado, Eddie began to scuttle his vast knowledge of human nature, but found it necessary, in order to have courage to do so, to clasp Dreamy Dear ardently in his arms. And as he watched it sinking beneath the ruffled surface of human experience, he paid it a last, dying salute. "The heart," muttered Eddie faintly, "is a muscle."

"Well, I'm muscling in on yours!" whispered Elizabeth. "Puns with your pancakes! What more could you want?"

"Nothing!" cried Eddie ecstatically. "Absolutely nothing!" And proved that the Navy was satisfied.

THE END



"I'm doing the best I can with the cast, Boss. Don't you know there's a war on?"

COLLIER'S PAUL CARRUTH

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HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
Do you have headaches?	☐	☐
Do you lack pep or vim?	☐	☐
Do you get irritable easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel depressed—nervous?	☐	☐

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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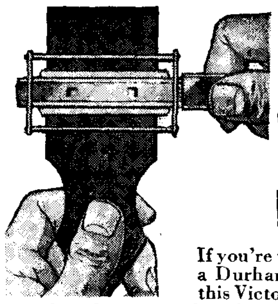

gives DURHAM blades NINE LIVES

If you're the lucky owner of a Durham Duplex Razor*, this Victory Strop will make your long-lasting Durham blades last even longer. Durham's famous *hollow-ground* blades are *twice thicker*—to take repeated stroppings for "new blade" smoothness every shave.

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Norwich

A NORWICH PRODUCT

Gorgeous Okie

Continued from page 16

acting. She came back to town in the fall and got a job as understudy for the role of Ophelia with Leslie Howard's production of Hamlet.

"Two things I remember about that tour," she reports. "The English lady who played Ophelia would have died rather than let me play that part and in fact almost did, acting it once when she had 104°. The other thing was my roommate who always stayed out late and came in with a head of lettuce, picking the leaves off one by one and making a crunching sound that will forever sour me on rabbits."

When the tour was over, she thought she was set as an actress, but the casting directors soon disabused her of the notion, and she went back to Chicago again. This time she had plans to visit Norway and maybe get into the State Theater. She spoke the language and was just getting passports when she met Frank Dare, Equity representative in Chicago, who heard her story about the Norwegian theater.

Then he leaned over and whispered: "The road company of The Women is here and it's awful and they're recasting."

Robert Sinclair, the director, remembered her from New York and told her to see the show that night and tell him next day what role she thought she could play. She decided on the Betty Lawford part—the dame who does the scene in the bathtub—because it was easy to play it.

She went with her father and, in the middle of the first act, gave thanks aloft that the old gentleman was slightly deaf and wasn't getting the dialogue.

On Top of the World

This time she came back to New York, certain the world was her oyster. She had clothes and money and she had played in The Women.

"Lady," said the agents, "you can play on the road till you're saddle-sore and it don't mean a thing here."

She happened to meet Richard Whorf in the street, and that seemed like a break because he was directing the Lunts in The Taming of the Shrew. Alfred Lunt liked her, and everything seemed set till Miss Fontanne saw her.

"Stand up, my dear," said La Fontanne. "Just as I thought—a head taller than I. That would never do."

But at least she was inside the Theater Guild and she pressed the advantage by insisting on playing in Saroyan's Time of Your Life.

From George M. Cohan in The Return of the Vagabond, in which she played the lead opposite him, she learned that the secret of acting was to enjoy yourself. "If you don't like it, how do you expect the audience to like it?" But the play was a failure, and on closing night Cohan made up his mind to quit the theater. "They don't want me any more," he said. "I won't come back."

She played later with Pauline Lord in Eight O'Clock Tuesday and learned from her that the secret of acting is to be simple. What followed was a disaster, a play called My Fair Ladies, which turned out to be dull, dire and dirty. She was in it before she realized what was happening and then she couldn't get out.

"I thought it couldn't harm me much because it would certainly close after the second act—and it ran five horrible weeks."

After playing in the Guild's Papa is All and The Damask Cheek for John van Druten, she heard about the Guild musical version of Lynn Riggs' Green Grow the Lilacs, which was to turn into Oklahoma! She almost forgot she was playing in the Van Druten play in her anxiety to get over to the Guild offices.

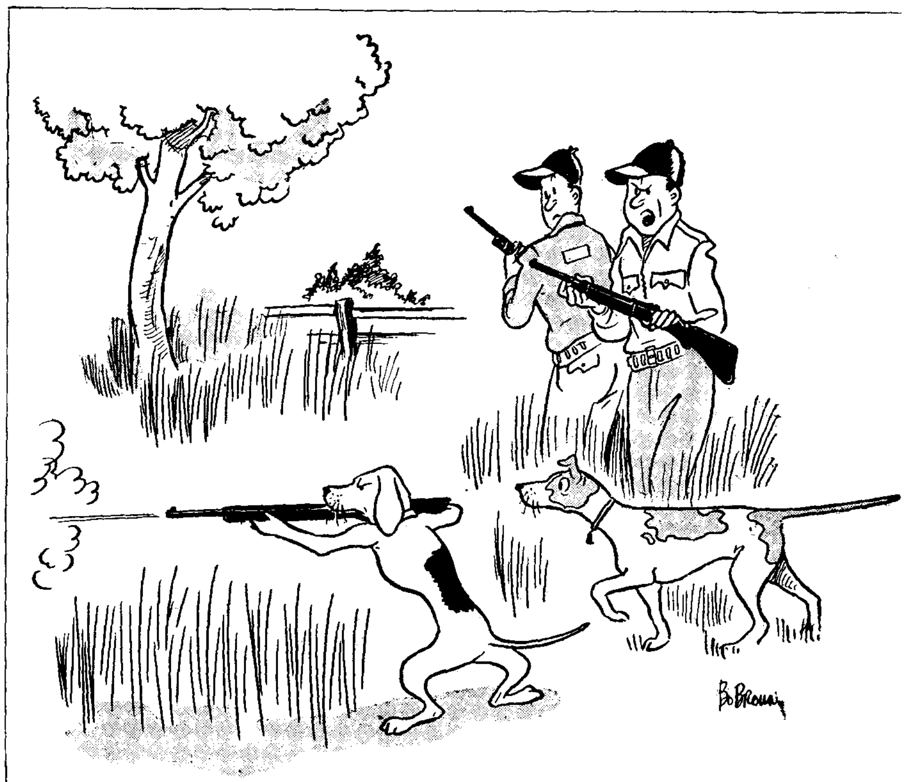
"But you can't sing," they told her.

"Sure, I can sing!" cried Celeste. "I've been taking lessons for five years."

At her audition, she brought along all her classy numbers—something in French, something by Grieg and Who is Sylvia?

"Why, Celeste," they said, "that's very nice. That's surprisingly good, but you must have the wrong idea about this show. It takes place on a ranch. Can you yell a song?"

"Yell!" cried Celeste. "I used to know how to hog call."



COLLIER'S "The Army ruined that dog!" BO BROWN

Whereupon she did same, and everybody held his ears and trembled and was impressed.

"All right, all *right!*" cried Richard Rodgers, the composer, hastily and in surrender.

Her success in Oklahoma! has been great, but it has had its bitter side. Friends met her after the opening and said, "Of course, you can't sing, Celeste; but you do that song awfully funny."

That burned her up, but she didn't know what to do about it until she started doing camp shows. In that setting, she found herself doing everything from comedy dialogue to ballads. It was her husband, Francis Davies, who started her on a new career.

"You know what?" he said. "You should be in night clubs."

"Me!" cried Celeste. "I hate 'em!"

Nevertheless the matter was looked into, and it was found that La Vie Parisienne would take a chance on an Oklahoma! celebrity even without hearing her. Her success there brought her to the Plaza, which is the class spot of all in New York, and she can practically stay there for life. She has wo a following even without using the Oklahoma! songs, which have not been release for café use.

The experience in Oklahoma! has included everything from forgetting the line of her song to losing her drawers. The company has had marriages, children born an a divorce. Before it closes, grandchildre may appear.

But the success in Oklahoma! and the offers from Hollywood have not cured Celest of the past.

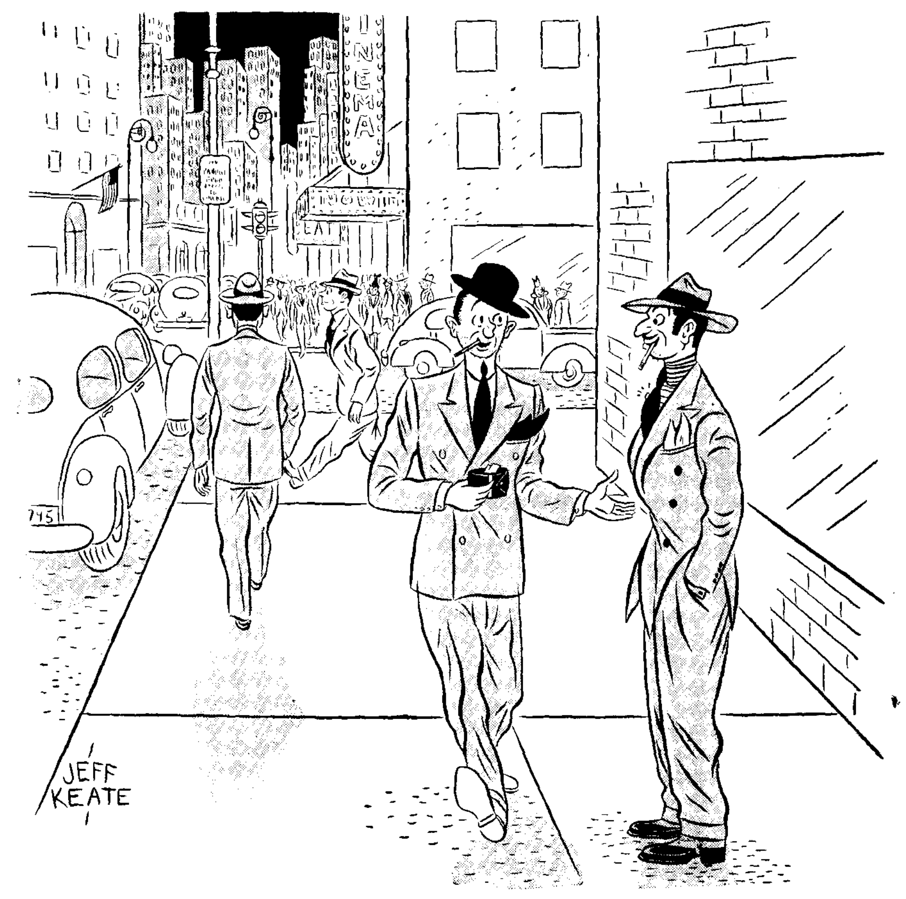
Recently the stage manager of Oklahoma gave forth a thought: "You know, Celeste . . . You're still not sure of yourself, ar you?"

She considered it for a moment. "No maybe not. But did you ever work in anything like My Fair Ladies?"

The gentleman drew himself up wit some *hauteur.* "I *have worked always* fo the Theater Guild," he said.

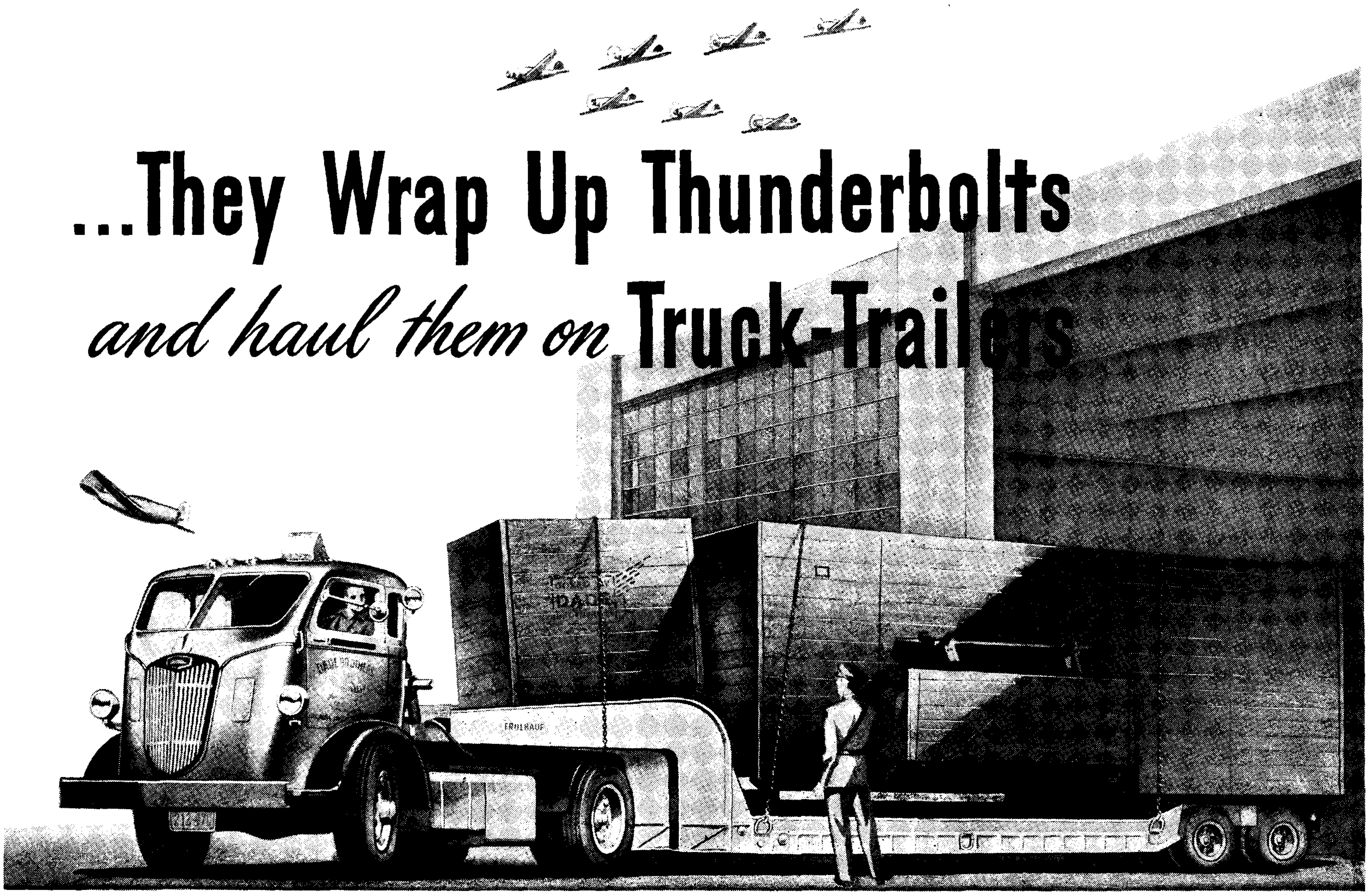
"Oh, pardon me," said Miss Holm.

THE END



COLLIER'S "What a haul! Four tickets for Oklahoma!, three gas coupons and a couple of bucks!" JEFF KEATE

...They Wrap Up Thunderbolts *and haul them on* Truck-Trailers



Dade Brothers, Inc., have one of the toughest packaging and delivery jobs you ever heard of. They package and ship Thunderbolts, Hellcats, Lightnings . . . and nearly every other type of plane that can't safely be flown to the battle areas.

Whether the planes are weather-proofed for on-deck transit or crated for shipment under-deck, preparation for shipping is a precise engineering job. But actually the most difficult task is *transporting* the huge loads to the ship-side . . . usually many miles away and through congested metropolitan traffic.

Truck-Trailers were the answer for Dade Brothers. In fact, Dade officials will tell you that no other method of transportation would be remotely practical for this type of work.

The Dade operation is highly specialized, of course. But Trailers do specialized and routine jobs with equal facility. They've proved their advantages in daily use in more than 100 different kinds of business. And most of their tasks, in both war-time and peacetime, couldn't be done as well, if at all, by any other method.

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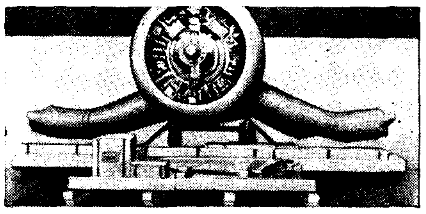
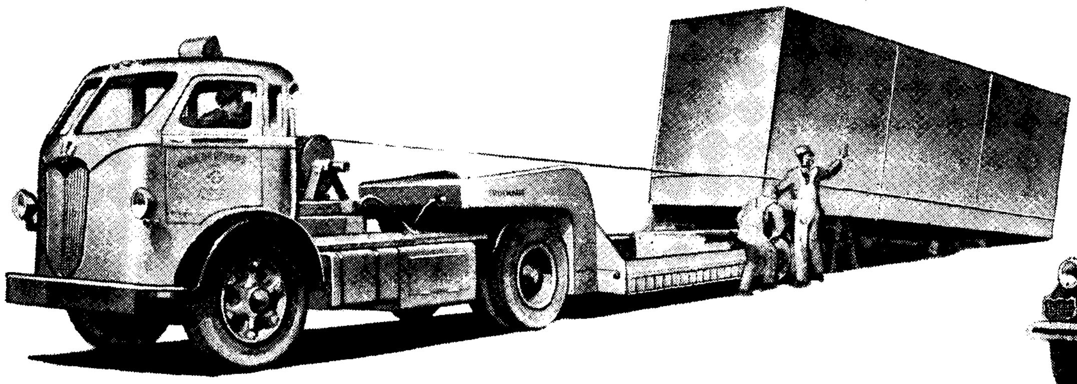


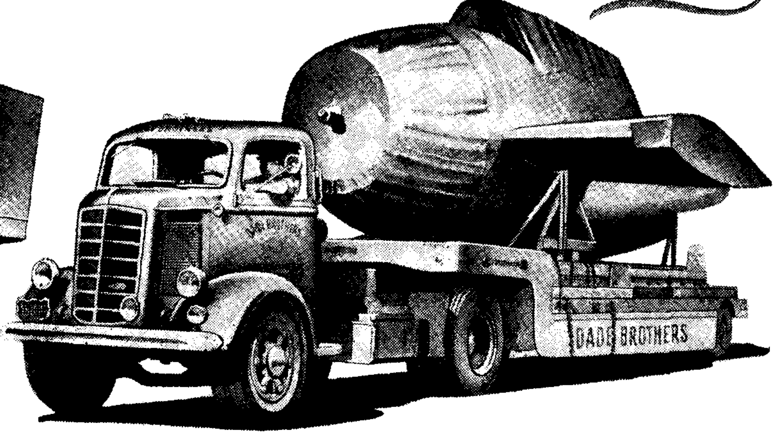
Below—High speed automatic winches on the Truck-Trailers help get the cases aboard ship quickly and safely. These precious cargoes are handled as if they were fragile glassware.

Above—A Vought "Corsair" being readied for travel to the battle zone. Wing-butts have been weather-sealed and the fuselage mounted on the floor-stringer of the export case.

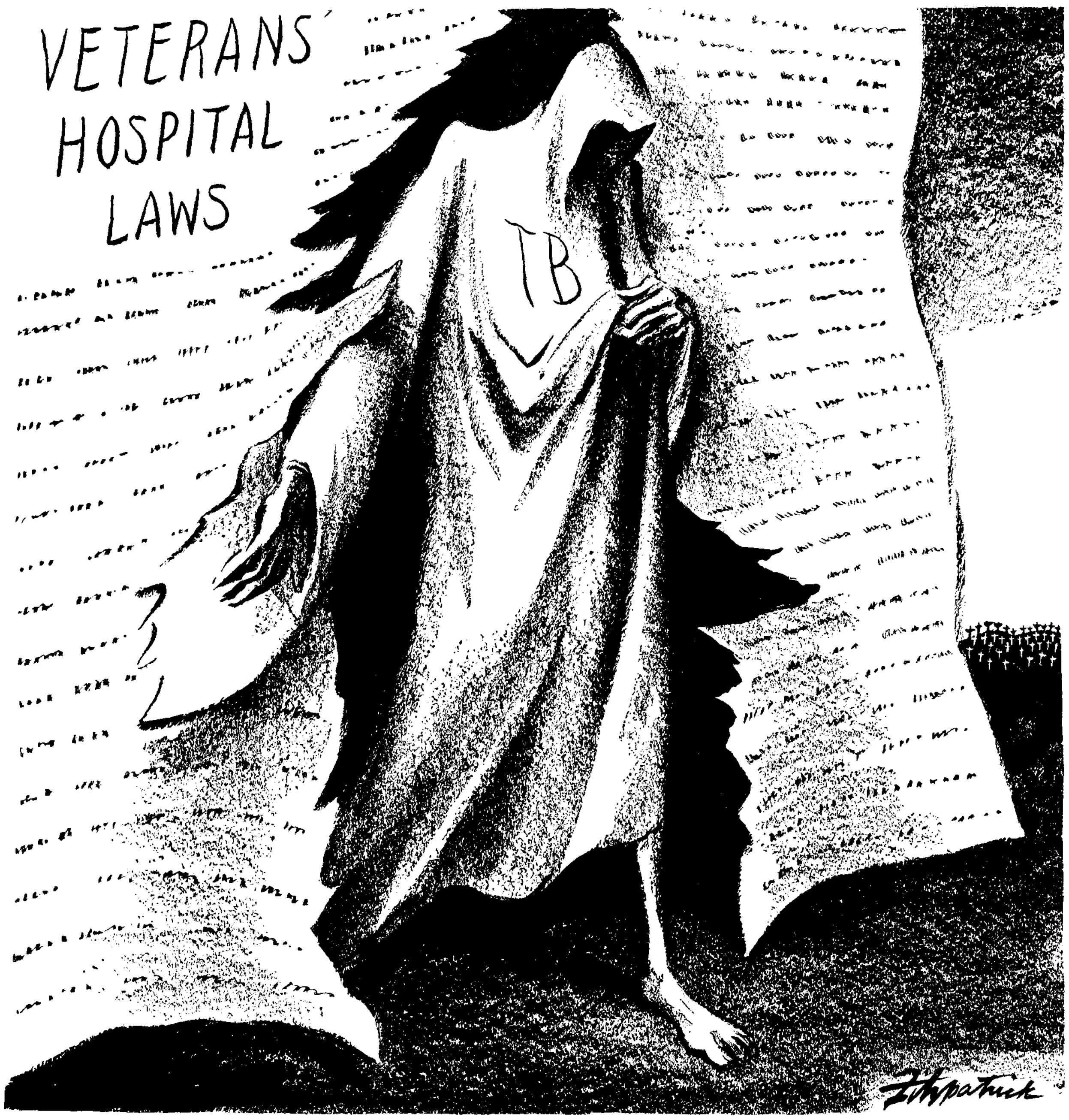
Dade Brothers, Inc., are technical advisers to the Army Air Forces Materiel Command. Airplanes prepared by them are so mounted that the stress and strain centers are exactly the same as those encountered in flight and landing.

BACK THE ATTACK ★
★ BUY WAR BONDS!





TRUCK-TRAILER TRANSPORT IS DOING AN ESSENTIAL JOB FOR ALL AMERICA



VETERANS WITH T. B.

THERE were a number of ways in which we weren't any too bright after World War I; and it now turns out that we didn't do, and aren't yet doing, any too well by men who contracted tuberculosis as a result of war service.

The facts came out at the mid-May annual meeting of the National Tuberculosis Association. They were presented by Doctor Louis I. Dublin, Metropolitan Life official and statistician.

More than 200,000 World War I veterans have been admitted for treatment for t.b. in the last 25 years, most of them to hospitals and sanatoria run by the Veterans' Administration.

About 7,000 a year are still being admitted. But "with few exceptions," says Doctor Dublin, "these veterans do not get well."

In the first place, the Veterans' Administration hospital staffs are not empowered to keep patients hospitalized and compel them to follow necessary rules until cured. The men can check out virtually at will, and frequently do so while they are still open t.b. cases.

In the second place, veterans' benefit arrangements often work out so that a tubercular veteran can get more money from the government by going home than by staying in the hospital.

All this is obviously bad business. Tuberculosis can be cured, in most cases, if it is attacked early enough and if treatment is rigidly continued until cure is achieved. It can almost never be cured by half-hearted, halfway, hit-or-miss methods.

The worst of this situation is that several thousand men already have been discharged as tubercular from our World War II Armed Forces, and that our forces this time are three times as big as last time.

We're making long strides toward cutting tuberculosis in the United States to the irreducible minimum; but that progress will be seriously slowed down unless we tighten up the provisions for cure of the tubercular veterans.

ABROAD AT HOME

JULIAN STREET once wrote a fine travel book called Abroad at Home—all about some of the many fascinating places to be found right in the United States without foreign-travel inconveniences.

The time has come this spring, summer and fall for as many of us as possible to try out Mr. Street's formula on areas a good deal smaller than the continental United States. In plain English, 1944 is a year to spend your vacation at home, or somewhere near by, so as not to use up railroad space, rubber or gasoline.

Railroads are begging nonessential travelers to stay away. The Office of Defense Transportation warns that troops and supplies are going to move, regardless, and that it will be just too bad about vacationers marooned far from home. We can't care for the ODT's hectoring tone in voicing this warning, but the warning itself is timely.

And a vacation at home can really be a pleasant experience. There is fun in simply being able to stay in bed as late as you please in the morning. You don't run up hotel bills, or have to tip a lot of people, or find out that the vacation spot wasn't all you'd expected. In short, there's no place like home, and now is an ideal time to prove that fact to yourself all over again.

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Publisher

HENRY LA COSSITT, Editor

100 YEARS OF THE "Y"

THE Young Men's Christian Association—Y.M. —is 100 years old on June 6th. It was founde London by George Williams, June 6, 1844; and take pleasure in adding our round of applause to salvos the "Y" will be collecting as its first cent ends.

It has come in for its share of ridicule, suspici and so on, from time to time. Under some of its le ers, it unquestionably has made mistakes. But net achievement of the "Y" has been heavily on credit side, what with its gyms and recreation cent low-rate hotels, emphasis on vigorous and ambiti living for young men, service to fighting men in b world wars, and so on and so forth. A lot of us wo be considerably worse off without the "Y."

BACK TALK TO A SOLDIER

DEAR Mr. Doughboy: You're the man who recent wrote from New Guinea to Hanson W. Baldw New York Times military expert, a letter which M Baldwin printed in part. We realize that it isn't fas ionable to talk back to our fighting men, no matt what any of them may say; but we're going to ha you some good-natured but forthright back talk to th portion of your letter:

> *Too many* petty things are being wrangled over, in a out of Congress, by editors and news broadcasters . . . t much politics is being injected into the war effort at hom What I want to read about are U awards for Unity, rath than E awards. Look at the wrangling over the soldi vote, mustering-out pay, future bonus, labor legislatio business legislation, subsidies, and a price law. We re of the farm lobby, the labor lobby, the manufacture lobby, all out to get their pound of flesh. We hear foru on Win the Peace for Labor, Win the Peace for the Farme Win the Peace for Business—self-styled experts and plan ners of the future. Why in hell don't they shut up an concentrate on winning the war and the peace for a America?

You're unduly alarmed, soldier. You've lost sigh of the forest on account of the trees.

It's true that all the activities you complain of ar going forward in the United States in wartime—just a *they did in peacetime. Some people and groups ar* indeed striving to get something for themselves out o this war, and the hell with the general welfare.

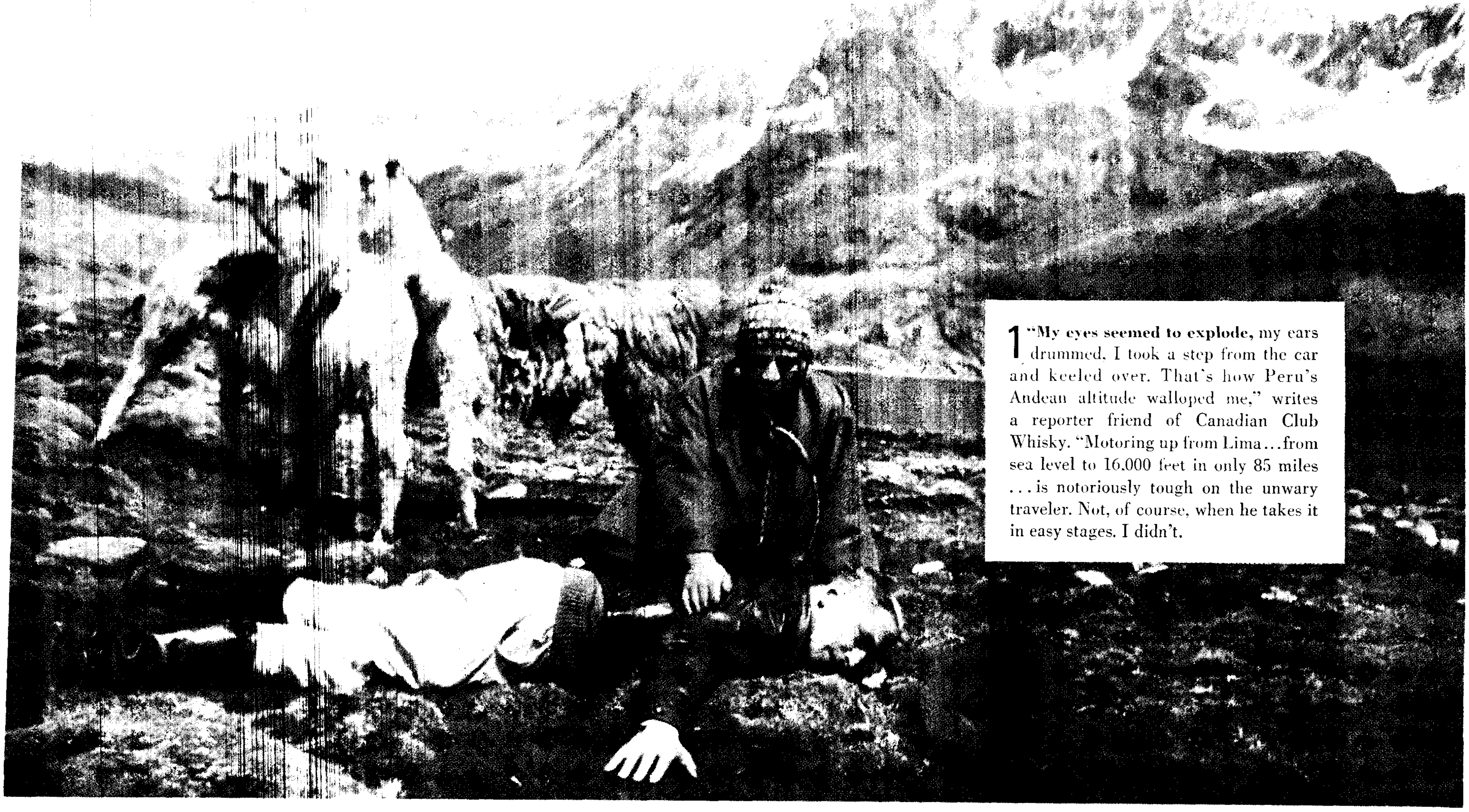
But that isn't the whole picture. These things ar just high lights. The whole home-front picture is on of people working together, as hard and as unselfishl as imperfect human beings can, toward the single ai of supplying the fighting services with overwhelming quantities of war supplies so that the war can be won at the earliest possible moment.

Have a look at figures on U. S. war production, for you and for our Lend-Lease beneficiaries, in the less dramatic sections of your magazines and newspapers from home.

The truth is, soldier, that the home front is doing its job just about as well as you're doing yours—and it doesn't forget for a moment that yours is by far the tougher of the two jobs, because you may lose even your life on your job. But the home front doesn't merit any abuse from you, any more than you merit abuse from it. The fewer the mutual recriminations between home front and war fronts, the better off both will be during the war, and the better chance we'll all have to solve the manifold problems that will be clipping us on our collective chin after you come home.

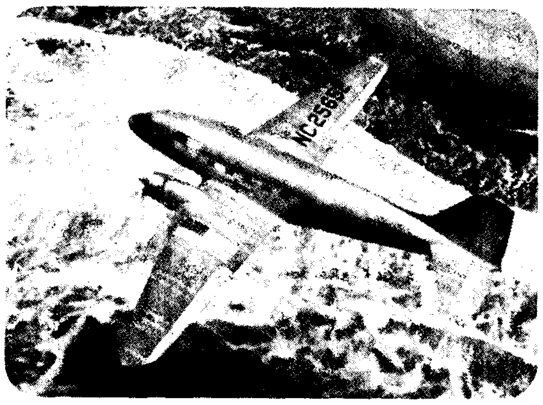
PUT PERU IN YOUR PLANS—BUT SIDE-STEP

THE Phantom Punch OF THE Andes

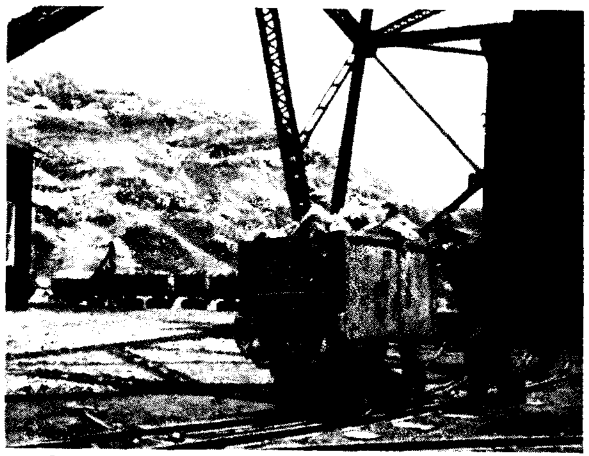


1 **"My eyes seemed to explode,** my ears drummed. I took a step from the car and keeled over. That's how Peru's Andean altitude walloped me," writes a reporter friend of Canadian Club Whisky. "Motoring up from Lima...from sea level to 16,000 feet in only 85 miles ... is notoriously tough on the unwary traveler. Not, of course, when he takes it in easy stages. I didn't.

2 **"The most exciting surprise** here, [illegible] is the all-out war effort. Smart Peruvian [illegible] seem to be all over, guarding the precious [illegible] copper and vanadium . . . and kapok and rubber



3 **"Much of the latter** actually flies to war . . . over the routes of Panagra and its associate, Pan American Airways, which can put you down here in a mere 3 days from U. S. ports.



4 **"Looking down** on the roaring Morococha mine from heights once trod by the ancient Incas, I realized why they call this the land of copper.

5 **"There's coal and iron** here, too—and steel plants already being planned. And there's Canadian Club—scarce, but unmistakably an oldtimer in Peru."

Once the war is over, it will be even easier than now to travel to Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again readily available for toasting all the "good neighbors" you will meet.

Right now, the distillery is concentrating on war alcohol; so Canadian Club is scarce on occasion.

- Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way, and you may sometimes find your dealer out of stock.
- Many fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves" by making two bottles go the length of three.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

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yes, LUCKY STRIKE
means fine tobacco

L.S./M.F.T.

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